Horace Eaton

TRIUMPH IN CHRIST.

(2 Cor. 2:14.)

A MEMORIAL

OF

Rev. HORACE EATON, D.D.

BY

ANNA R. EATON.

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In my husband's last prayer at the family altar, offered seven days before his death, while sitting in his chair,— in great feebleness of body, but with a pleading fervency of spirit,—he gave utterance to these supplications:—

"Regard in tender compassion *my kindred;* may their hearts and their influence be wholly the Lord's! Richly bless *all the dear people to whom I have so imperfectly ministered;* may no one of them neglect or refuse the Great Salvation!"

In the hope that, by bringing some of his words to their remembrance, these petitions may be answered, I have compiled these pages.

ANNA R. EATON.

PALMYRA, N.Y.

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CHAPTER I.

1810–1824.

ANCESTRY. — BIRTHPLACE. — THE BOY. — HIS MOTHER.

The subject of this sketch left no autobiography; but from his fireside conversations, his letters, journals, and an occasional sermon to the young people of his parish, delivered after some visit to his native State, we have gleaned much concerning his early life.

Horace Eaton was born on the 7th of October, 1810, in Sutton, Merrimack County, N.H. His parents were John and Mary Kimball Eaton.

We find in one of his papers the following reference to his ancestry and birthplace: —

As I learned from my mother, it is probable that the Eatons came from England to Haverhill, Mass. My great-great-grandfather was attacked by the Indians on his own farm in Haverhill, March 15, 1697. His wife escaped to a swamp, where she took cold, and soon died, leaving an infant son, one week old, named James. This James Eaton was my great-grandfather.[1]

My grandfather, Nathaniel Eaton, served from the beginning to the end of the Revolutionary War. He was at the head of a company at the battle of Bunker Hill, but did

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[1] Dr. Eaton was accustomed to recall the fact that his ancestors shared the perils generally known to the public as exclusively borne by the Dustan family. He rehearsed the account substantially as follows: "The Eaton homestead joined that of Mr. Thomas Dustan. The Indians made a simultaneous raid upon both families. They captured Mrs. Dustan and her infant child, born on the same day as was James Eaton, my great-grandfather. They dashed out the brains of Mrs. Dustan's babe upon an apple-tree growing on our farm. On their way to Canada they stopped at night on an island in Concord, N.H. Here Mrs. Dustan killed ten of the Indians. But one escaped. She bore their scalps back to Haverhill, and was generously rewarded by the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"When the Indians first assaulted his family, Mr. Dustan was in the field. He seized his gun, mounted his horse, and, thinking it impossible to rescue but *one* child, determined to save the one he loved best. But the father's not receive a commission until General Washington reached Boston. One day my grandfather's captain became secretly alarmed lest a bloody engagement was about to take place. He represented himself as very anxious in regard to his saw-mill at home, and desired the commander-in-chief to give him leave of absence for a few days. General Washington, no doubt acting on the principle of an ancient warrior,— "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return, and depart early from Mount Gilead,"—gave him the desired furlough. As he did so, my grandfather overheard Washington's remark, "*Captain S., I have a great deal more to attend to at my home than you.*" The commission of the cowardly officer was forthwith handed over to my grandfather.

Some ninety miles from Boston, up the valley of the Merrimack, you come to a mountain, the summit of which commands a view of nearly the entire State,—*Kearsarge*, from which the ironclad steamer, victorious over the "Alabama," was named. Over eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, on the southerly spur of this mountain, is an old square mansion, built by my forefathers more than a hundred years ago. There six generations of my kindred have lived and died.

On the morning of his seventy-third birthday, just two weeks before his death, he said:—

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heart forbade a choice. By repeated shots he kept the foe at bay until they all reached the garrison."

"And from those dear ones make thy choice:
The group he wildly eyed,
When 'Father!' burst from every side,
And 'Child!' his heart replied.

* * * * * *

"And firmer still he drew his breath,
And sterner flashed his eye,
As fast he hurled the leaden death,
Still shouting, 'Children, fly!'

"In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,
Like famished tigers chafe:
The sheltered roof is neared, is gained,
All, all the dear ones safe!"

When I came into this world, seventy-three years ago to-day, I do not suppose I was wholly a welcome visitor. Some of the relatives thought Molly's family quite large enough before I, the twelfth, was ushered into it. But my widowed mother clung to me, her youngest child, with fond but wise devotion.

From his journal:—

August, 1875. I have been back to look into the faces of my fast friends, the hills and rocks of New Hampshire. I was kindly entertained by a younger generation of my kindred at the ancestral homestead, which they have enlarged and beautified. The song of the pines, the murmur of the mountain brooks, the ready response of the trout, seemed to me a hearty welcome after fifty years' absence. The whippoorwill, the bobolink, and the solitary thrush,—that bird of the sweet, shrill whistle, never seen, but heard at sunset in the deepest shades of the wood,—came back to me with all their early inspiration. I have slept in the room where I was born—in the room where I was taught the Scriptures—in the room where my mother daily in prayer commended me to God. I have picked blackberries where stood the house to which my mother used to take me to the weekly female prayer-meeting which she established and sustained. I have been up and down the hills over which, from five to seven years of age, I walked three miles to the meeting-house to recite my Sabbath-school lesson,—not one "Golden Text," but many. My mother thought all the verses *golden*. The kind man, the teacher, gave me a blue ticket for every ten verses recited; and when I had gained ten blue tickets, he exchanged them for a red one.

In a letter written to his family in August, 1881, he thus alludes to his first visit to the sanctuary:—

I have a clear recollection of the Sabbath day on this same spot at least sixty-seven years ago. Sister R. and Aunt L. had been at much pains to fit me out with boy's clothes. Some gifts kept in my purse furnished the means for a new cap. And then, as though they had some premonition of my ministerial life, I was made to appear in the family pew under the pulpit. I think I have always been a good hearer. I began then. It was at the "South meeting-house." The pews were in the sheep-pen form, the seats of the slam-bang order, Rev. W. T. the preacher. The text, Ps. 55 : 6–8, "Oh that I had wings like a dove," etc., made a prodigious impression on my young imagination. I could repeat the text to my grandmother, and some of the sermon. . . .

When seven years of age, he and his mother removed to the home of his oldest brother in Warner, N.H., five miles from his birthplace. Here, when not attending school, he worked on the farm and at his brother's woollen mill. An aged friend distinctly remembers going into the mill, and pitying him as he turned the crank of the roller on which the cloth was wound. He was standing upon a box that he might reach the handle. Outside, the day was sultry and oppressive: within, a fire, which was needed, made the heat almost intolerable. But the little fellow toiled on diligently without complaint.

He now regularly attended church and the day and Sabbath school. These were nearer of access than before, — less than two miles away. Rev. John Woods, D.D., afterward of Newport, N.H., was the minister. Late in life he recalled many of the texts and thoughts of this able and devoted pastor of his childhood.

In an address upon "The Dogs of Damascus," he thus reverts to one of the pleasures and pangs of his childhood: —

As my imagination returns to life's young morning in my mountain home, the first living form that bounds down the road to meet me is "Rover." He and I were the only youthful hearts left in the family. Though of a mottled black and white, he was "altogether comely." His eyes brimmed with wit and good-nature. His inward life, beauty, affection, were expressed in his form, features, and motions. Our lives interpenetrated each other. Our fun and fears mingled. We scarcely knew any individual life.

But a blight of ill-fame came down like night upon my innocent friend. Under the villanous cry, "Sheep, sheep!" without a hearing or a defence, my boon-companion was cut off, and thrown lifeless at my door. Here, as in the case of David and Jonathan, the Philistine separated chief friends. He was four years of age, and I seven. Never was there a sincerer mourner. Where the willows sent down their pendent, weeping branches, alone, under the pale crescent and the baleful star, I buried my friend, darkling; in my very tears imprecating just retribution on the murderer.

Forty years passed away, and neither distance nor time had effaced my early love and bereavement. And I regret to admit that a lingering umbrage shaded my mind all these years. But since my residence with you, I made a visit to the spot of my birth. As I mused among the nettles and ruins, where once were pleasant gardens and cheerful homes, at a sharp turn in the road, now nearly grown up with alders, I suddenly came squarely in the face of the man whom forty years before I had denounced over the grave of my dog.

At once the wound was opened, and, quick as the lightning's flash, the old indignation came to my face, and almost to my fist. But when I saw his careworn cheek, his pinched features, his triangular eyes; when I saw his harness tied up with a fish-line, and, for want of buttons, his coat held together by a thorn, his horse hobbling, his wheels wabbling, as he made his way over the stones, — my anger was turned into pity, and I repented that I had not forgiven more, and execrated less.

In his ninth summer, when returning from a neighbor's, where his mother had sent him after fire (this was before the days of lucifer matches), he was prostrated to the ground by lightning. The bolt spent its force some five rods from the spot where he stood, cleaving in twain a large rock, and killing several sheep. He received no injury. Quick as thought, on rising to his feet, one of his Bible verses flashed upon his mind with terrible vividness, — "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear."

Of his life at ten years of age, he thus writes when seventy: —

My tenth winter was spent in the bleak north, under the shadow of Kearsarge. With buskins on my feet, linsey-woolsey around my body, a red cap, culminating in a tassel, upon my head, I defied the storms. Save a tingle in an ear or toe, the mercury at 20° or 30° below zero touched, only to quicken my blood. Fifteen head of cattle and a corresponding number of sheep, geese, and hens, were my pastoral charge. Those were lively times at the winter school of two months on the ledge. I snow-balled, slid down hill, wrestled, got whipped by larger boys, grappled with Webster's Spelling-book, Morse's Geography, and Adams' Arithmetic, was swamped in Murray's Grammar, and read with great delight the prose and poetry of the English Reader. I deemed it a strange vicissitude that one so innocent should share so much of the ferule. I was *unfortunate.* My consolation was peculiar. Our eldest brother, Frederic, was the teacher; and it was safe, if not heroic, to make me an example. In distributing presents at the close, there was a fitness that the ferule fell to me. My tenth was a memorable winter. I mastered the sums in Double Position and most of the "Miscellaneous Questions." I grew tough and strong in the strife.

When twelve years of age, his mother sent him to North Sutton, about five miles from home, to live with Robert Lane, M.D., the doctor "for all the country round." Here he began to look out upon the world, his circle of ideas broadened. He remained in this place two years.

From his journal: —

Aug. 20, 1875. Came at length through the alder-groves to the sight of the hills on Dr. Lane's old farm, where I used to labor. Now I am at the gate. I enter at the north door. I am welcomed to the parlor. Mrs. Dr. Smiley, the cultured and excellent daughter of Dr. Lane, greets me. Her husband accompanied me over the premises. The stables were lined with oak plank that I drew from the mill far beyond Squire Harvey's. In this barn I took care of the doctor's horses. Saw the channel of a ditch I dug, visited the orchard I set out, roamed upon the hill I cleared, where I fought fire, and hoed in rye. In the house I found the little bedroom which was finished off for me. I painted the floor. Here I daily read the Bible, and prayed with self-righteous gratulation; fancied myself much better than some of the godless and profane men with whom I worked. Went into the doctor's room, where I made the fires, and waited while he consulted his books.

In other manuscripts we find the following allusions to his childhood and to his mother: —

I began life amid high hills, like the hill of Bashan. I was rocked in a mountain cradle in the Granite State, in its hardest, roughest town.

By birth and education I was from the wild Gilead region, east of the river, the home of the Tishbite, where Amos was a gatherer of sycamore fruit. Snow, snow, from November to May — late springs, short summers, lean harvests. The men of Western New York know little of the hard work, coarse fare, severe frugality, of this part of the Alpine State. When stern necessities were met, little was left for the elegancies and luxuries of life. Here my humble experience strikes the common chord of poverty, — not, indeed, that chill penury that freezes "the genial current of the soul," — not the indigence that crowds the poor into tenements of filth and vice, — not the poverty that dulls the spirit, and makes tramps, but that which stimulates courage to "take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them," — not the poverty which starves the intellect, shuts the schoolhouse, the church, the college, but rather crowds them all with earnest, inquiring minds. We were indeed poor; but we were not serfs. There is a poverty that holds back from ruin, that saves. The Phœnix wings of genius are as likely to melt before the sun of fortune as they are to be paralyzed by the frosts of adversity.

From a lecture on "The Tuition of Rocks": —

It is not unlikely that some son of New Hampshire, after a long absence in the fertile West, on returning to the spot of his birth, will feel that the rocks have grown larger, the soil more unrelenting, the mountains more lofty and cragged, than fifty years agone. He will almost pity his own feet and hands, that once bled as they ran and wrought on such acres. He pities a long line of hardy ancestors, who cleared, walled, ploughed, and reaped these fields. The renewed sight of the old home is in danger of awakening sickness rather than joy of heart. But careful reflection upon the discipline of these austere beginnings may discover compensations that go far toward balancing the hardships. If the bowlders were big and barren, the boys were the bolder for the climbing. If the glebe was stubborn, it called out a stubborn energy to conquer it. If the share became dull as it crashed through the stony furrow, the ingenuity of the ploughboy waxed keen and bright. Obstacles overcome in youth gave courage for encounters in manhood. If the storm raged, the cheeks grew red on the way to school, the mind more vigorous for a successful encounter with books. The sharpest frost brings down the acorns. If the Sabbath journey was long, if the feet were bare, weary, sore, when arrived at the house of God, the singing of Watts' Hymns was all the sweeter, the truth all the more impressive, every word like "a nail driven in a sure place." If in climbing the mountains a ladder was needed, the steeper the ascent, the swifter the streams, and, the swifter the streams, the more spindles they will drive. The mills and manufactures on the working, singing rivers and rivulets of New Hampshire, are no little recompense for the hardhack in her pastures and the hackmatack on her highlands.

And then acres are not always to be estimated by the bushels of grain garnered. Mental excitement, ideas of beauty and sublimity, are sometimes worth more than wheat. The highest feats of faith have been achieved on the bald mountain-tops. Who shall say that Hermon, towering in grandeur over the temples of God, did not contribute as much to the solid prosperity of Israel as the valley of the Jordan, or the plain of Esdraelon? Who shall say that the rocks and hills of Palestine were not more valuable to the world than the fertile plains of Assyria?

"What glowing thoughts, what glowing themes,
To mountain-tops belong!
The law from Sinai's summit came;
From Sion, sacred song.

"And Genius on Parnassian heights
His banner first unfurled,
And from the seven-hilled city waved
The sword that swayed the world.

"Then let us raise the song of praise;
To us the heights were given:
Our granite hills are altars still
To lift our hopes to heaven."

For the rugged soil there is an offset in the tuition of rocks. These severe disciplinarians gear the young life to an industry, economy, perseverance, and invention that will live well on what others waste.

Our rock-ribbed hills furnish the solid foundations for the temples and capitols of other States, and the pillars and architraves cut and polished after the similitude of Athenian grace. For hard hands we have a reward in the free air, free schools, free churches, free consciences, that nourished our early life. . . .

Sept. 22, 1878, he preached a sermon on "The Early Memories awakened by Ancient Localities": —

The well of Bethlehem, which was by the gate, suggested to the shepherd and the warrior king not only his native region, but his early, humble home. This was the polar star to which the needle of his soul ever settled. His home might have been in ruins, he would have clung to it still. The sight of ruins calls up the voice of years. I have mused amid the deserted temples, where silence and the owl have for ages kept their solitary reign. Within the crumbling walls of the Roman Coliseum, imagination still hears the ravings of the wild beasts and the groans of the dying gladiator. Grooves worn by wheels in the pavement at Pompeii bring back the din of her "jumping chariots." But such echoes of the ancient world are distant and shadowy, like the slender voices of the phonograph. While absent this summer, wandering on a time through an obscure and neglected field, I came to a forsaken cellar. There were "sermons in those stones." They were carefully laid by my own father's hands. Eighty-seven years ago, on this foundation, he erected the humble dwelling in which my parents began their married life. Here six of my older brothers and sisters were born. Here occurred the first death in the family. How much of history is unwritten! What labors, joys, sorrows, sympathies, charities, could be evoked from this old cellar! Here was a cheerful hearthstone. Here the Bible, the Hymn-book, the Catechism, and prayer had their place. On the grassy lawn the children used to sport in childlike innocence. Near by, a rosebush showed "where once the garden smiled." In this little paradise among the rocks my mother appeared in her happiest attitude, seeking both to delight the senses of her children, and to find analogies with which to point a moral.

It was a tender service when, three years ago, five of our family were permitted to stand around this old cellar, and mark where our mother used to plant the coarse and honest sunflower, the erect and soldier-like hollyhock, the flaring poppy, the curt pink, and the gorgeous peony. But now, save the rose and the lilac, the nettle, the mullein, the elecampane, have usurped this sacred soil. Farewell to this old and lonely cellar! The moon will shed its cold rays upon it. The northern tempests will sweep over it, and fill it with the drifting snow. But the hearts once cherished there are gone, "all gone from their mountain home." . . .

The returning pilgrim will soon be away to the site of the old schoolhouse. Sixty or seventy years ago a New Hampshire schoolhouse among the mountains had little of modern helps or attractions, — no cabinet, no library, map, or stove. The floor was rough, the fireplace, the teachers, rough. All our lessons were enforced by a generous anointing of the "oil of birch."

> "O ye who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
> I pray you flog them upon all occasions:
> It mends their morals."

The pressure to make the most of three months drove us as far into "Cube Root" and "Rule of Three" as might the more leisurely study of a whole year. When four years old, I was entered as freshman at the people's college — the district schoolhouse — by my oldest sister. Returning to the old ledge, for that schoolhouse was "founded upon a rock," I could mark as early friends every crevice and indentation, and find also in my own being lines and impressions of truth here engraved. "Marm Evans," my first instructor, was not there; but I was permitted to meet one old teacher, "Master Page." He remembered me: I remembered him. Of all my teachers, he never whipped me. . . . On Sabbath morning I craved it as a means of grace to make my way alone and on foot to the ancient sanctuary. At every turn of the road troops of sweet memories sprang up to greet me. I passed in at the worn threshold, and took my seat in the old family pew. But I found myself amid a new generation. The dear pastor had long since ceased from his prophesyings. The old choir had concluded their songs. In vain I looked for my faithful and ingenious teacher in the Sabbath school. Gone were the deacons, the venerable men who bore the vessels of the Lord, — gone the old members, save here and there one, "like two or three olives in the outmost branch, after the ingathering." But the church still lives. Her gates were filled with devout believers. It was delightful to hear the old hymn, "I love thy kingdom, Lord." I was impressed with the thought, how much I owed to the Sabbaths, sermons, songs, and supplications of this time-honored place of worship. Here I recited the Assembly's Shorter Catechism to the pastor, and much of the New Testament to my Sabbath-school teacher. From this spot, principles, convictions, purposes, followed me that have guided me in doubt, held me back in temptation, cheered me in trials. My mother was never more happy than when she could see her children thus "planted in the house of the Lord." How eagerly she listened to a good sermon! She treasured it in her heart, taught it from her lips and life. *I bless God for my mother and the old Congregational Church of Warner, N.H.*

In various letters he thus speaks of his mother: —

My mother was a woman of great strength of mind, of wonderful equanimity and self-control, of few words, but those fitly chosen. She was "mighty in the Scriptures." In the painful and protracted sickness which preceded her death, when unable to read, she solaced herself by repeating chapter after chapter, without prompting or mistake.

I cannot remember the time when she did not pray daily with us children.

When I think of my mother, it is the mother that used to weave in the north chamber, that used to pray in the bedroom, and have a female prayer-meeting on Thursday afternoon.

That old home at Brother F.'s, on "Hard Scrabble," bears witness to mother's prayers: so does the old bed-room at Grandfather K.'s. As I slept with her in my infancy, I remember her kneeling by my bed, and, with her hand upon my head, commending me to God. Brother J. says, that on awaking in the night he would hear her praying in a low voice. It was her uniform practice to rise from her bed, and, kneeling by it, to have a season of prayer in the deep silence of night.

My mother was a "mother in Israel." When I was an infant, she was left a widow, utterly penniless, with eleven children, the oldest eighteen. I am astonished as I reflect upon the heart so calm, brave, cheerful, believing, with which she met the trial. I rarely remember a tear, and even then it was shed in gratitude. For her brood she found homes, where they were served to coarse food, coarse clothing, and plenty of hard work. With one hand she held on to her seven sons and four daughters, and with the other she grasped the horns of the altar.

Maternal faith was not unrewarded. She lived to see all her children, save one, useful members of society and of the Christian church. Her prayers ever followed that other child, who early removed South with the family that adopted him. In the vicissitudes of the late war all trace of him was lost. The mother believed she should meet him also in heaven.

When Dr. Eaton, the youngest child, was fifty-three years of age, eleven of the brothers and sisters were living.

CHAPTER II.

1824–1833.

A LONG JOURNEY. — ST. ALBANS, VT. — HIS CONVERSION. — DECIDES TO STUDY FOR THE MINISTRY.

Till I was fourteen, I had it as rough, and worked as hard, as any boy I ever knew. At that time my mother planned for me an exodus.

After the lapse of fifty years, he thus speaks of the new departure: —

Aug. 20, 1875. Rose early this morning, and was off in good season for North Sutton. Endeavored to recall the impressions of that eventful hour when I left the spot of my birth for St. Albans, to learn the trade of watchmaker and jeweler of Brother H. Could but notice how the trees had overgrown the fields, and invaded the road. Fifty years have not enlarged the boundary of pasturage and arable land in New Hampshire, but contracted it. I heard the drumming of partridges where fifty years ago I heard the bleating of sheep and the song of the ploughman. It was a bold push in those days for a poor boy, fourteen years old, to leave his home, mother, and friends for a journey on foot of one hundred and sixty miles. I did not fear any danger, or the toil of the way, but had a certain solemn foreboding of an unseen destiny. I knew not what might betide me. It was like looking out of a window in a dark night. Mother had put up in a bag food enough to last me three days. She had made me a vest and pants from the worn-out popularity of some other boys, and, for a coat, had cut up her best fulled-cloth shawl. These were my Sunday clothes. In them I expected to make a good appearance before my Uncle J. at Montpelier, and before Brother H. at the end of my journey. I admired their texture and beauty vastly more than a suit I afterwards purchased in Paris. I had a good thick pair of boots, which I forbore to put on, lest I should wear them out. All my effects were packed into a knapsack, together with a Bible given me by Dr. Lane. The burden was some sixteen pounds. In my wallet were ten dollars, which I had saved from my wages.

A week before, I had found in the road a pine cane, slim, straight, and painted blue. I had no "faithful dog to bear me company"; but this cane was no little comfort. Barefoot, clad in my every-day clothes, this pack on my back, I started off early one morning in September. Mother commended me to God in the "west room," and attended me down to the willow-tree. There she blessed me, and gave me the parting kiss. Soon the house disappeared from view. Like Jacob when he fled from his brother, I was utterly alone. Every stream, tree, rock, was like a dear friend, and I bade them farewell with a tearful sympathy. I passed the saw-mill, the house of M. R. I did not call at L. G.'s; though while at Dr. L.'s I had spent many a pleasant hour there. The groups of boys and girls I did not care to see. But to the next house, — that of J. M., whose wife was my father's sister, — to that house my heart drew with childlike yearnings. My dear aunt wept with sympathy over my solitary undertaking. She left her cheese-tub, and walked with me down to the spring. I went along the shore of Gile Pond, where I had fished and skated and bathed. It looked placid and kind upon me. Over New London Hill I sat down to my dinner. My heart glowed with love for my precious mother as I opened the sack's mouth and looked upon my favorite eatables. I hastened on toward Sunapee Pond, crossing the bridge. Here a moment of home-sickness came over me. I was feeling weak and unwell. To be sick among strangers has ever seemed to me the most forbidding of calamities. I climbed over mountains, and threaded valleys, till the sun went down; then I called at a lowly but pleasant and inviting house, where they consented to allow me to remain for the night.

One evening he put up at a small country tavern, and overheard suspicious whisperings concerning himself. "Posters were out," it was said, for a "RUNAWAY BOY!" "Perhaps this is he!" Leaving his blue cane and bundle in the corner of the hall, he paid his bill and retired to his chamber, but by no means to an untroubled repose. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" Without observation, three o'clock the next morning found him on his northward way. He was sure his parcel had been examined, and he always believed that the Bible it contained was the reason that further investigation into his case was suspended.

As he journeyed, he came to Hanover, N.H., arriving there in the daytime, as the young men of Dartmouth College were taking exercise at their various sports. For rest and refreshment he called at a shop or store opposite the institution. Dr. A., the middle-aged man who kept it, was very cordial and communicative. In answer to the boy's question whether he would be allowed to go into the college buildings, he readily directed him to the right door. He took a general survey of the lower hall and some of the empty recitation-rooms. On returning, the kind gentleman gave him some healthful food and drink, for which he would not accept money, and with much good advice and a "God bless you!" sent him on. When this same lad, ten years after, entered Dartmouth College as a student, the trader recognized him at once, greeted him warmly, and ever took much interest and some pride in *his* Dartmouth boy.

Up through the sightly passes of the Green Mountains, Montpelier, Vt., at length hove in sight. In that city lived an uncle whom he had never seen. Footsore and weary he sat down by a shaded brook some distance outside the town. Taking out his miniature mirror, he was himself surprised at the change which a thorough bath, his comb, his boots, and new suit had wrought in him. After a restful Sabbath and a comparatively short season of travel, he was welcomed at St. Albans. Much to his chagrin, his brother at once procured for him better and more modern clothing. The "age of homespun" was even then taking its flight from New England.

He was soon busy and happy at work, adding to his duties in the shop those of janitor of the church.

The "set time" for his conversion to God drew nigh.

The struggle between dependence on self and on Christ continued for several weeks. He redoubled his prayers. He multiplied the chapters he read in the Bible. He was most attentive to the services of the sanctuary. He wondered that no peace, no rest, visited his soul. At length a young friend of his own age came out a joyful Christian. Then he saw his heart. It was full of enmity against God because his comrade, who had not lived half so blameless or devout a life as himself, had been forgiven. He was overcome with horror and alarm at his own self-righteousness and depravity. When the day's work was done, he entered the back shop, his "closet." His words were few, "*O Lord, I'm a lost sinner. If thou save me, I live; if not, I perish. I can never, never save myself. I cast myself upon the infinite mercy of Jesus Christ, the Saviour.*" A strange quiet stole over his spirit. He rejoiced that God had so favored his companion. He felt that God would be blameless were he himself unblessed. He was so satisfied with God that he left himself in his hands without concern or anxiety.

Kneeling by the bench, wearied in body and mind, he at length fell asleep. The angels that rejoice when one sinner repenteth, ascending from that lumbered room, "counted, as they wrote up the people, that this man was born there." No wonder he called it his "Bethel," where the Lord met him at the first.

His mental distress was gone; but he did not indulge a hope that he was a Christian until the meeting of the next monthly concert, held in those days on the first Monday evening of the month. Then the Redeemer seemed to him unspeakably precious, and he longed that all whom he knew, that "earth's remotest nation, might learn Messiah's name." In his pocket was one silver dollar, earned "out of hours" by collecting and selling the ashes of his own and neighboring shops. Joyfully he placed it "in the hat" as it was passed around near the close of the service. From that hour, love for Christ's cause and a burning zeal for its advancement took possession of his being. Doubts in regard to his acceptance with Christ seem rarely to have annoyed him. Henceforth Paul's motto was his: "One thing I do." Even the early years of his spiritual life were characterized by great earnestness and enthusiasm in work for the Master.

He united with the Congregational Church in St. Albans the first Sabbath in June, 1828.

In after-life he refers to the more direct agencies which led to his conversion, — his brother, his Sabbath-school teacher, and his pastor. Of the first he says: —

H. was a dear, loving, pious brother. He lured and prayed me into the kingdom.

Of his Sabbath-school teacher he writes, in 1878: —

When I went to St. Albans I fell into the class taught by Joseph H. Brainerd, Esq. He took an interest in me. His instructions directed my mind upward. He often spoke to me during the week. He secured my name to the total-abstinence pledge when fourteen. When I was seventeen, I stood up with H. S., another boy of the same Sabbath-school class, and gave in my personal experience prior to joining the Congregational Church. And Mr. B. has followed me with tender regard and special prayers ever since. A few weeks ago I received a letter from him, telling me that he was feeble. Last week came the news of his death and the remarks of members of the Franklin County bar, testifying to their very great respect for his memory. Says one, "If asked what we remember of him, my answer is, *Character*, not want of character, but character, positive, clear, and well-defined, character founded on principle. He believed there was a right and a wrong; that there was a God; that there was such a thing as virtue, as sin; that God had given him something, and required something of him. He could not compromise with wrong, or practice the arts and devices of the demagogue."

I could tell you now many of the books I read while connected with that Sabbath-school class. The first was, "The Christian Father's Present to his Children," by John Angell James. I remember how my mind was stirred by John Foster's "Decision of Character," Dick's "Christian Philosopher," and the "Life of Rev. Thomas Scott."

In narrating the incidents of a visit to New England in September, 1861, he alludes to his valued pastor, Rev. Worthington Smith, D.D., afterwards president of Vermont University at Burlington: —

On the Sabbath I worshiped with the living: on Monday morning I went to the congregation of the dead. Those godly men I used to hear in the prayer-meeting had taken their places here. There I could still mark the graves of some young persons whose remains I attended as bearer when I was myself young. How impressive was the funeral where I first served as a bearer! Resting with a majority of his flock, I found the wise and instructive pastor to whom I owe so much for time and eternity. As I leaned over his headstone, memory brought back the first sermon I ever heard him preach, and the sermon in which he drove home the sharp arrows of the mighty upon my own conscience, another on the greatness and sovereignty of God, and another on the danger of a false hope, from the verse, "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

In a sermon to the young people, May 4, 1879, he spoke of his return from Vermont to his mother, and of his decision to enter the gospel ministry. His text was, "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry."

Nearly six years were passed, in working as apprentice and journeyman at my trade, in St. Albans and Burlington, Vt. I then visited my mother at Concord, N.H. An absence from fourteen to twenty brought back an enlarged edition of the boy. This was true: the change was so great that the mother did not know her youngest son. The surprise afforded a moment of innocent enjoyment. The remarks of the inquisitive youth, and his somewhat impertinent questions, were fitted to confuse the thoughtful and inquiring matron. But one word came so near the maternal heart that her eyes could no longer be holden, or her child hid.

In after-life once only in preaching did I have my mother as an auditor. Her good judgment did not forsake her. She was sparing of compliment, and said, "I *was* pleased with your text." But at that time her heart was opened to make a revelation of her feelings, purposes, and prayers when she sent me away at fourteen: "I did expect that you would grow in stature and knowledge. I did expect you would be converted to Christ. Deep under all this I had the secret desire that you might preach the gospel. For all these I watched and prayed. All these I have now realized from the hand of a covenant-keeping God. 'Now, lettest thou thy servant depart.'"

And here I must say that it has been my joy and constant support, that in some measure I have been enabled to carry out the prayers and the programme of a "mother passed into the skies."

At this time my peace was disturbed by a fierce inward wrestling with this question of duty, — shall I pursue a pleasant and lucrative trade, or spend my days in obscurity, poverty, and self-denial as a humble missionary at the West?

Save the point of submitting my will unconditionally to the will of God, no trial of my life drew so deep, so across the grain of my natural heart, as the turning-away from the craft I had chosen, to a preparation for the gospel ministry. In my early life, in my impenitent state, save the influence of my mother, I was brought up in the nurture and admonition of this world. The chief end of man, according to the catechism of my native town, was to make money. That article of their creed I had hid in my heart. In my eyes that man was the hero who made money. If I looked upon a company of students, I admired the candidate for the law, for medicine, for political life, because of the hopes of wealth that beckoned him on. The student for the ministry, for missionary service, seemed to me a spiritless starveling, a white-livered knight.

At conversion a light broke in upon me which changed the centres and inward motives of my life. While I resolved to prosecute my business with a prudence and energy that should compel success, to be rich was no longer the goal at which I aimed. Christ and his cause were to be the legatee of my gains. Students for the sacred office I regarded as the most honored of the sons of men. When one of my classmates in "clockology" laid down his file for the Latin grammar, I said, "Go ahead, I will do all I can to support you!" And when that brother's zeal ran down, and he returned to his bench, I cannot tell you how deep and secret the inquiry that went into my heart, why not take up his purpose and carry it out?

This kindled a smouldering fire, that sometimes almost broke out into a blaze. Then I would throw on ashes to smother it. I had at this time made for myself a full set of tools. I had accumulated some money. My prospect for business was not a little inviting. To relinquish such stock in trade, and the fruit of years, gave me pause. Then, again, I might not succeed as a minister: I could succeed as a mechanic. There was much risk of spoiling a good clock-maker for a poor preacher. With such reasoning, for a time I silenced conviction. I continued active in the Sunday-school and in the prayer-meetings, and was sometimes sent out to speak in schoolhouses. Here I was frequently plied with the question, "Do you never feel that you ought to prepare to preach the gospel?"

In this state of mind I heard Dr. Labaree of Middlebury give an account of the destitution at the West. I read the Bible, and prayed over this question. I found Paul made one part of a call to the ministry a strong desire to glorify God in that way. His word is, "If any man desire the office." That desire I had. But the desire for the office without the ability, the aptness to teach, the natural readiness to communicate truth, could not be "a call." A thirst for the work I had; but of my ability I wot not.

At this time I read some remarks of Professor Haddock of Dartmouth College, on the true qualifications of a candidate for the ministry. I could come up to no such standard. Again, for a time, the ghost downed. My convictions were silenced. In this oasis of comparative rest, the pastor of the church came to me, inquiring with much earnestness, "Do you not think you should leave your trade for the ministry?" I threw before him Professor Haddock's pamphlet. He replied, that was an ideal perfection, that flesh and blood could not bear such a test, not even the professor himself. From this pressure I found no retreat. "While I kept silence, my bones waxed old." "Day and night his hand was heavy upon me. My moisture was turned into the drought of summer." There were moments when it seemed that life would go out of me. One afternoon, as I was passing alone through a pasture, I turned aside to a clump of pines. I fell prostrate on the ground and cried with all my heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Show me, and I will do it. Make my path plain, and I will walk in it." I think the submission was honest and complete. The burden fell off. I found light in the Lord.

The question of duty was now accepted and before me, but not decided. . . . God would not call me to a long course of education, and shut me up as to means. So far as I could see, not a dollar was at my command from any other source than my own exertions. I never had begged. I did not propose that method. I remembered that Paul had said, "These hands have ministered to my necessities." Mine can and shall do the same. I was confident I had a better trade than Paul. I will ask no charity. I will absorb no funds that may help another. If I do or do not go into the ministry, I will keep no other one out. To me "the call" was made out. My mind was clear and at rest. I was courageous for the undertaking.

CHAPTER III.

1833–1839.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS. — DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

During the two years from 1833 to 1835, Mr. Eaton was a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

From the time of entering this school, with but few interruptions until his death, he kept a regular diary. The early records are voluminous. Every week of every year can be reviewed. Occupations, passing events, travels, are noted. So are the services of each Sabbath. While at Andover and at college we have sketches of the sermons to which he listened. Sometimes several pages are devoted to one which "fed his soul."

In his earlier journals we find a conscientious account of his inner spiritual life. As the years go on, they show less of this minute and severe introspection. While he does not afterward neglect the command, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith," the eye is ever outward toward Christ; the pious peasant's couplet, one of his favorite mottoes: —

> "I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
> But Jesus Christ is my all, and in all."

He commences his diary with a series of resolutions: —

Andover, Mass., Jan. 5, 1834. Resolved: —

1. That my motives shall grow out of a sense that I am "not my own," but that I have been "bought with a price."

2. That I will do nothing out of pride or vain glory, revenge or envy, but that love to God and love to man shall always be my principles of action.

3. That I will each day converse with some impenitent individual and some Christian brother, and labor for a revival of religion.

4. That from the time I rise to the time I retire I will not lose one moment of time, but will improve it to the best advantage.

5. That I will undertake nothing but what is duty, and that I will thoroughly and in earnest accomplish it. If studying, I will master my lesson. I will avoid a loose manner of doing any thing.

6. At the close of the day I will review my conduct and see if it accords with these resolutions, and write down the most remarkable events of each day in this book.

Andover, Mass., Jan. 6, 1834. We were addressed to-day by Mr. George Champion, from the seminary, who is destined to the south-eastern part of Africa to a tribe called the Zulus. May I, with holy avarice, turn all the shreds of time into value more precious than rubies, such as will satisfy a dying-bed.

Jan. 13. Studied close to-day. We had a good meeting in the evening. Young converts took part in the exercises. Those new songs! They are music!

Jan. 19. This has been one of the days of heaven to my soul. I have had that joy which is unspeakable, and full of glory. Dr. Skinner preached in the afternoon, on missions. I visited some families, and proposed to establish a prayer-meeting among them, which they seemed willing to attend.

Jan. 26. Sabbath. This has been a good day. Went this evening to the factory; held a prayer-meeting. The Lord was with us and blessed us.

Jan. 29. Much driven in my studies, but find some of the hidden manna to feed upon. Had a letter from Brother H. to-day. He writes that Brother C. is in New Orleans. I have much anxiety for my dear friends, but all I can do is to commend them to my heavenly Father, who has so signally blessed us as a family.

Feb. 3. Theological Seminary missionary-meeting. Mr. Champion presented a report. Mr. C. has given $40,000 to the missionary cause, and expects to go himself as a herald of salvation to South Africa the next December. His soul burns with the love of Jesus. In the spirit of his Master, he inquired why the heathen were not converted. He proved it was not in the heart of God . . . It was not the hinderances in heathen lands; that these were not half equal to those in primitive times, which were then overcome. "The obstacles," he said, "lay in the hearts of Christians." Our sins have separated between us and our God.

March 22. This day has been spent by about forty students of our academy in putting a tract into every house in the town of Andover. I visited about thirty families. In general the tracts were gladly received.

Feb. 1, 1835. Heard Dr. Leonard Woods preach a sermon in relation to the death of Messrs. Munson and Lyman, missionaries to Sumatra, who were killed and devoured by the natives.

ANDOVER, MASS., Dec. 21, 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — . . . I have not forgotten you. As you pass down the declivity of life, my love for you strengthens. I feel desirous that your sun, which has so long been overcast with clouds, should set in calm serenity. . . . You ask me how I succeed at school. All I can tell you is, I love to study, and I study hard. My health has been good, and other things are favorable. As to my soul, I find much remaining depravity, much pride and love of the world, bidding me sigh for "the flesh-pots of Egypt." But yet I believe I can say with Paul, "I desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified," and am determined to make the most of this short life in extending the knowledge of his gospel. Oh for grace, wisdom, and energy to press on, never turning to the right or to the left until I have finished my work, and obtained my crown.

I shall enter college next fall. . . . Please preserve the numbers of the "N. Y. Evangelist" and "N. Y. Observer" I have sent you. Would you not like the "Missionary Herald" also? . . . Receive this three dollars. I hope to send you more hereafter.

Your affectionate son,
HORACE EATON.

And here it should be stated that, although his mother was now tenderly cared for by his brothers and sisters, he felt that he could not be denied the privilege of occasional gifts. In his greatest pecuniary straits he rarely failed in every letter to enclose to her a bill of three or five dollars.

In 1864 he revisits Andover, and thus alludes to his two years there: —

Oct. 11. My mind reverted to my life at Andover thirty years ago. I went into Room No. 3, House No. 3. In that room I have had spiritual and mental trials. God there often appeared for my help. There I struggled with a mind entirely undisciplined . . . Visited the cemetery back of the Old South. Saw the monuments of Dr. Swift and the Phillips family. Dear memories connected with Professor Stuart, Dr. Woods, Mr. Johnson, B. B. Edwards, were revived by visiting their chaste and beautiful monuments. "Squire Farrar" has no monument. Those dormitories built by him for the students of Phillips Academy are his monument in many hearts. Called on Mrs. Edwards. She is very kind to my boys. God bless her!

The following letter reveals his life at Phillips Academy, and his love for that favored institution: —

PALMYRA, N.Y., May 28, 1878.

Rev. C. F. P. Bancroft, Ph.D., Chairman of Committee of Arrangements for Centennial Celebration, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: —

One side of Gray's monument at Stoke Pogis has engraved upon its face a verse of the Elegy, and is turned toward "the country churchyard." Another side looks toward the spires of Eton College, and records a stanza of the poet's ode to this place of his early training.

At the call of Phillips Academy to her centennial, a chord responsive vibrates in the breast of every one of her thousand sons; and those farthest on, with the sentiments of Gray, can turn from the evening, the "elegy of life," to the gilded spot where dawned their intellectual morning: —

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Time has no tendency to efface the memory of my entrance into Phillips Academy. A conviction of duty, that would not down, drove me from my native crag, from the most rocky town in the Granite State, from the most rocky town in the world, to Andover. With sore feet and budget in hand, I crossed the Shawsheen Valley, came around by the "old white meeting-house," and climbed the hill. That evening I met the eye of "Squire Farrar," paid the usual fee, five dollars, and was assigned to "room number three, house number three, Latin Commons." That night my pillow was as lonely and as hard as that of the man at Luz. The next morning the bell summoned me to "The Old Brick." On my way a solitude came over me like night. I followed with hesitating step. The bell had just stopped as I stole into the great room, when the gaze of one hundred and fifty quizzical faces threw the poor wight into confusion and into the nearest and lowest seat. Then I knew the heart of a stranger. But when I heard the familiar words of the New Testament read in turn by the scholars, when I heard the old hymns in old tunes, when I heard the clear, soft tones of the principal, Mr. Oliver Johnson, and listened to his tender and appropriate supplications as he led the morning devotions, I felt that "God was in that place," that I was no longer an alien or alone. I took heart. I went to my teacher for my task, to my room, to Adams' Latin Grammar; and for forty-five years since that morning I have not had a moment of uncertainty, loneliness, or discouragement.

Phillips Academy has ever been the poor boy's friend. Gratitude compels the acknowledgment. It has been the grindstone for dull scythes. When I entered the school, my mind, untrained "as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," drew back from continuous thought. My efforts to hold my attention to a point were like attempting to balance a barrel upon the tines of a pitchfork. Samuel H. Taylor put the harness on my wayward brain, and by goad and rein obliged it to keep the furrow, and "to harrow the valleys after" him. Samuel H. Taylor broke me in.

Beside this daily discipline in the school, the whole spirit and atmosphere on the hill were tonic. The Theological Seminary contributed to clear, elevate, and confirm the purposes of an uncultured youth. To me that old chapel was the very Holy of holies. Sabbaths so impressive and so still I have never since enjoyed. Such sermons I have never since heard. I had seen Dr. "Porter's Analysis"; I had read of Dr. Woods; a student had described to me the Hebrew and Greek of "Rabbi Moses":[1] but at the sight of these three men I felt that the half had not been told me. Variety in unity, they were each the complement to each in a perfected whole. The word from their lips preserved the balance, and kept "the proportion of faith." The first time I listened to Dr. Woods, his sermon was on the love of God, the theme the same, morning and afternoon; and as he was long preaching, even to the going-down of the sun, he began to wax warm. First he ventured to raise one hand, then the other hand; then he threw both arms into the air, and, forgetting his notes, poured out a torrent of thought and holy emotion, which, if it did not lift the rafters, raised the audience into a rapture of amazement and delight: it was grand. Professor Emerson, like a "true master of assemblies," drove and clinched the nail as he preached from the text, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." On one Sabbath we were surprised to find Dr. Taylor, from New Haven, in the pulpit, and to hear from the words, "Make you a new heart." It seemed to us singularly providential that Dr. Tyler should soon follow Dr. Taylor upon the subject of unconditional election, from the text, "I have much people in this city." As those who watch for the morning, so we waited to hear Dr. Lyman Beecher from the West; nor did we wait in vain.

The *students* of the seminary, as well as the *professors*, were a blessing to the academy. There were stars then among them of the first magnitude. Some still shine in these lower heavens: others have been transferred to the constellations above. Hackett and Humphrey were among those who gathered us into Bible classes. Asa D. Smith took fifty of us through Edwards "On the Affections." Some hopes were settled; some were *un*settled. A band consecrated to the foreign field kept the missionary spirit aflame. We were suddenly called together one evening, to hear Dr. Wisner of Boston announce that Lyman and Munson had been murdered by cannibals. Said the secretary of the board, "Do not these murderers need the gospel? Who of you will go to Sumatra?" And many a heart responded, "Here am I; send me." There was power in that hour.

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[1] Professor Moses Stuart.

The year 1834 was crowned by a genuine revival. The fruit remained. Sixty of our number were converted. Many became ministers. In a crisis of great solicitude, lest the work should stop, a prayer-meeting was continued in House No. 3 during the entire night. At the dawn of the day, Rev. Dr. John P. Gulliver, an inmate of that house, came into the light of the gospel.

I am grateful to Phillips Academy for what it did *not* do for me. While it encouraged climbing, it did not boost. It helped indirectly, by stimulating the poor fellow to help himself. It stretched the sinews of exertion without cutting them. It cherished self-reliance and self-respect. Beside my tuition, I know not that I received a gratuitous penny. I went to Andover with hard hands. I knew no hours of leisure or recreation. When not at my studies or religious duties, I was digging rocks for Mr. Farley, on the farm, at eight cents an hour, or taking care of Dr. Skinner's horse, or sawing, splitting, piling wood, for Professor Stuart, perhaps dressing his garden. He liked my work because I could keep up with him. He called me "the fast and the faithful." The silver shekel he paid me was always of full weight. What I valued still more were the golden words of wisdom which he threw out as we worked.

But, after the manner of Paul, I had a craft, and I worked at it. I could fix clocks well. Here my *tic*tics helped my *tac*tics. My clock-curacy embraced those in the highest stations, — the regulator on the steeple of the seminary, the chronometer of Governor Phillips at the Mansion House, not excluding even the plebeian wooden clock that ticked behind the door. I ministered to my permanent charge around the hill on Saturday afternoons. In vacations, like the tinker of Elstow, I practiced my art in itinerant circuits throughout the neighboring parishes. Two years of this method of life enabled me to leave Andover for Dartmouth, improved in pocket and wardrobe, and fitted to sustain a creditable examination for the freshman class.

In the summer of 1835, George Thompson from England came to Andover with a message against American slavery. At the report of this, the "Cotton King" stretched out his sceptre over Phillips Academy with the edict, "Silence," "White lips." Some of us, in the good or evil spirit of one Sceva, a Jew, answered, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know; but who are ye?" The storm thus evoked was with voices and thunderings; but, when past, the moral atmosphere was purified. Some, then censured for their firmness against slavery, have had sons in the same seats, who joined their teachers in the academy, the professors and students in the seminary, and that in the old chapel on the Sabbath day, in applauding the announcement that Lincoln had proclaimed liberty to the captives, that Lee had surrendered, that Jefferson Davis had been taken! The logic of events has vindicated the erect rather than the subservient attitude in Phillips Academy in 1835.

With sincere regret that I cannot be present at the centennial,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
HORACE EATON.

The events referred to in the latter part of the foregoing letter have a comical aspect when viewed across the distance of forty-nine years. In the "Earlier Annals of Phillips Academy" we find a humorous account of the same facts: —

"In June, 1835, during the heat of the antislavery agitation, the eloquent George Thompson, M.P., of England, came to this peaceful town, and lectured night after night in the old Methodist church, long since removed, which then stood on Main Street, at the foot of the hill. Young America awoke in earnest. What can we do for the slave? The cause was first taken up by the debating-clubs. The Porter Rhetorical

Society of the seminary opened her guns. She was answered by a salute from the Social Fraternity. The artillery of the Philomathean Society, always prompt in the cause of freedom, roared in sympathetic chorus. The great remedy for slavery, hidden from all past ages, is now made known. We must have an antislavery society in Phillips Academy. The teachers were consulted. 'Cannot the formation of the society be postponed?' Perish the revolting thought! Three millions of slaves were in bondage. Their longing eyes are turned toward Andover hill. Their owners are seen to tremble. The lash is suspended until Phillips Academy shall decide the issue. The walls of Jericho have been observed to totter, and one blast from the academic ram's horn will bring them down. Professor Stuart, however, did not see it in this light. He suddenly met a youth in whom he was interested.[1]

"'Here, what are you in this business for?'—'Because my conscience enjoins it,' was the reply. '*Your* conscience; talk about *your* conscience: where did you get your conscience?'—'By hearing you preach two years,' answered the boy. The use of the academy building was asked for a meeting in which to form an abolition society. It was refused. The Old South Church was refused also. The students then, like the Covenanters, fled to the open air, and Indian Ridge has ever since their day been sacred to the historian as well as to the geologist. A memorial was addressed to the faculty, long, but moderate and respectful in tone, considering the intense excitement prevailing. The news brought back to the seat of war George Thompson, who expounded the first chapter of Isaiah. Unhappy man! At the sound of exegesis, Professor Stuart took fire. He came forward with 'Philemon and Onesimus.' Seven thunders uttered their voices; and the Greek accents, always hateful to the young mind, were made to retard the progress of freedom. The issue was, that six weeks before the close of the term thirty-five left the institution with a qualified dismission.[2]

"There are those who, looking at the occurrence in the light of subsequent events, maintain that the scholars were the first to feel the breath of the coming era, and anticipated the progress of freedom more clearly than their conservative advisers."

From journal on entering Dartmouth College:—

Aug. 28, 1835. After passing a satisfactory examination, was admitted to the privileges of Dartmouth College. Some ten years ago I passed through this place, on foot and alone, on my way to St. Albans. Little did I then think, while in my rustic garb I beheld this institution with eyes of wonder, that after so long an interval I should enter it. But how blessed to follow where Infinite Wisdom directs! How safe to trust Infinite Love! He has been with me in the house and by the way; and my years have been years of the right hand of the Most High.

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[1] This youth was Horace Eaton.

[2] Among these thirty-five was the subject of this sketch.

HANOVER, N.H., Oct. 9, 1835.

MY DEAR SISTER, — . . . Although I am anxious to know of your earthly welfare, I desire most of all to hear of the health of your soul. Oh, dear R., *learn the power of prayer.* Get the spirit of prayer. Pray "till you feel your heart ascending near the throne." Pray punctually. Pray with all perseverance, and take fast hold of the promises. . . .

In common with many college students of those times, his traveling was usually on foot.

. . . The day I left you, I reached Hanover; but it was the hardest day's work I ever performed. I was wet and almost ingulfed in the mud. I wound my way over those dreary hills in hopes of reaching Canaan. I thought I kept the direction, but on inquiry found I had lost my way, and was going to Dorchester. I came to the end of the road, up in a pasture where was a log-house. All I could learn was the lonesome fact that I was on Orange Hill. I went out, not knowing whither I went. Never before, since the memorable year we made sugar under the hill by Stevens' Brook, have I felt the meaning of the word "lost." But I sauntered on, and to my great surprise came to my old track, where I took new courage, and made the best of my way to Canaan, reflecting on my wanderings, and comparing them with those of the children of Israel to the land of the same name. . . .

His brother, Dr. Jacob S. Eaton, wrote him, Jan. 2, 1882: —

"I remember, more than four decades ago, after one of your vacations, about this time of winter, I carried you to Danbury Four Corners, a bitter cold morning, to pursue your way on foot some forty miles over the snow-fields to Dartmouth College. Watching your forced march up the hill, pity melted my heart to tears as you signalled to me 'Good-by.'"

Dartmouth College, Jan. 11, 1836. I want the light of heaven to shine upon me to help me to study, to give perception and energy to my mind, and to gird me up for earnest and successful research. God made the mind. With him are all the treasures of wisdom. He can open avenues to them which we know not of, and pour in floods of knowledge as well as salvation.

Dartmouth College, April 25, 1836.

My dear Mother, — . . . There is a sentiment impressed upon the soul, and written out in the form of a command, "Honor thy father and thy mother"; again, the passage you taught me, "He that honoreth not his father, and scorneth to obey his mother, the eagles of the valley shall pick out his eyes, and the young ravens shall eat them." I feel that I have broken these commands in the days of my childhood by my refractory and wicked spirit, and in later years, by neglecting to write you as often as I ought to have done. While I would repent, and pray God to forgive me, I am confident that you also will forgive me. . . . My health has been good. The constitution I inherit from you still remains firm. I am regular in my habits. I will give you a sketch of the manner in which I spend the day, that you may know at any hour what your boy is doing. I rise at four; study till five; devotions till half-past five; prayers at the chapel till quarter before six; recitation until a quarter before seven; saw wood till half-past eight; study till eleven; recitation till twelve; the class hold a prayer-meeting until half-past twelve; dinner until one; devotions and other duties till two; study until half-past four; recitation until half-past five; prayers in the chapel till quarter before six; supper till quarter past six. The evening till eight is generally taken up in the meetings of various societies; religious reading and prayers from eight to nine; retire at nine. Thus my days pass rapidly and pleasantly away. . . .

You doubtless are anxious to know where I design to spend my days should I be spared to preach the gospel. My dear mother, when I hear from the West the call for ministers, with a voice like its own mighty cataracts, I am nearly resolved to pitch my tent in the Great Valley. And again, when I listen to the wail that comes up from hundreds of millions, passing in all their guilt and pollution to the bar of God, I am determined to leave my friends and the land of my birth, that I may be the means of plucking one poor heathen from his degradation, and making him a star in the diadem of God. I do not say that I shall go to foreign lands; but I hold myself ready to go if the Lord shall direct.

There is but one self-denial at which my heart recoils. I want to be where I can look after my dear mother as she grows older. To think of leaving her who cherished and protected me in infancy and childhood, and whose prayers and blessing have followed me ever since, cuts me to the quick. But why should I borrow trouble when we know not what a day may bring forth?

Hanover is a good place. The Spirit of the Lord has been with us this term. A few give evidence of being born again. The college is very flourishing. Our professors are all we could ask, — thorough students, devoted Christians.

If it is possible, I shall visit you this spring; if not, in July. The stockings you sent me were just in time. Give my love to all my friends.

Your affectionate son,

HORACE EATON.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, June 19, 1836.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — Rev. Dr. Bouton of Concord has preached for us to-day. I have been greatly blessed. I always am when I hear him. . . . I am prospered in all my efforts to acquire knowledge. I want to be a fit instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit for the conversion of men. I need learning, I need strength of intellect; but I need holiness more. The moon gives light; but in it there is no heat to melt the iceberg. So it is with that preacher who is like a night in January, very clear and very cold. He cannot approach the frozen hearts of men. He cannot save them. Dear mother, pray for me that I may be wholly consecrated to Christ. . . .

One of Mr. Eaton's nearest and most valued friends during his academic and the earlier part of his collegiate course was Rev. Dr. Samuel Wood, pastor of the Congregational Church of Boscawen, N.H. He was at that time far advanced in life. He had fitted scores for college, among them Daniel Webster. His church edifice was situated in a lovely spot in the valley of the Merrimack. Spiritually, it was a city set on a hill. The old minister loved the young student as his own child; and the latter, in writing to his mother, says: —

I have found it good to reside here. The influence of Dr. Wood on my mind is like a heavenly spirit from the world of light.

In the following letter he alludes to his revered friend: —

Dartmouth College, Aug. 27, 1836.

My dear Mother, — . . . At Boscawen I spent some time with the venerable Dr. Wood. I found him knitting. He does this for exercise and diversion. He is now eighty-six years old. He seems on the confines of heaven. He imparted to me some excellent instruction, told me to make his house my home, offered me pecuniary assistance, gave me a pair of stockings which he had knit, and at the same time implored the benediction of Heaven to rest upon me. I was encouraged, and went on my way rejoicing.

Dr. Wood's death occurred four months after. His spirit was called home at six o'clock one Saturday evening. As he had been brought up in the olden time in the State of Connecticut, where many of the people "kept Saturday night," this hour marked the beginning of *his* Sabbath. Mr. Eaton was with him. The dear old saint called on "Horace" to pray. The solemnity of that hour was never forgotten.[1]

We take a few extracts from his diary written during a journey to Washington, D.C., in the winter of 1838–39. It was a season of intense political excitement in Congress. The two parties were the Whigs and the Democrats. Varied and antagonistic were the interests and sections represented. The questions of banking, internal improvements, tariff, slave and free labor, and colonization, awakened heated discussion. "There were giants in those days" and in that Congress. There was the triumvirate, "the three mighty men," — Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. Beside them "were other honorable men, though they attained not unto the first three."

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[1] It is an interesting coincidence that at the same hour on Saturday evening, forty-seven years after, Dr. Eaton's young and beloved successor knelt by *his* bed, and commended *his* departing soul to God. Unable to speak, he responded by raising his hand.

Castleton, Vt., Nov. 12, 1838. Set out to-day from Hanover, intending to spend the winter in Washington City, or in some other part of the South. . . .

New York City, Sabbath, Nov. 18. At noon visited the Five Points Sabbath-school. In this locality sights met my eye that would have made the cheek of darkness pale. But it was blessed in such precincts to see the young collected in a Sabbath-school. The children were very noisy when we first went in. There were nearly one hundred in a little room, and, notwithstanding all their filth, I never saw fifty boys together with more intelligent faces. There was not a thick skull among them, or a sleepy hair on one of their heads, though they were all rogues.

At Philadelphia, Nov. 21. Started from New York on board a steamer. At a distance of some thirty miles from the city, exchanged the boat for a railroad-car. In this way we proceeded some thirty-five miles farther, to Bordentown, N.J. At B. we again took a boat and glided down the Delaware to this beautiful city of William Penn, arriving just at dark.

Washington, Nov. 26. In returning from Georgetown today, I met a colored man. After mutual salutations, I said, "Whose man are you?" — "My own." — "How is that?" — "I bought myself." — "For how much?" — "$490." — "Well, what do you do now?" — "I labor for the Canal Company." — "What do you earn?" — "One dollar a day." — "What do you do with your wages?" — "I bo't me a place for $450, and shall pay the last soon." Here we came to a church that is building. I asked, "Do you attend church?" — "I'm a Methodist." — "Do you hope you have religion?" — "I don't hope at all: I feel the love of Christ." He spoke of one of the brethren of his church who was now "in the pen, ready to be bidden off," — a bold man, of good talents and good heart, who was expecting to become a preacher. "Our male members," said he, "have raised $450, and the female $420, and we're going to buy him." He told me how the president of —— College had lately sold four hundred slaves to the ex-governor of Mississippi, and that they had all been shipped to the cotton and rice fields of that land of death.

Nov. 27. Read Shakespeare to-day. Visited the Capitol. Found the name of John Quincy Adams left at the seat he had chosen. The Representatives' Hall, having been thoroughly repaired, the order of the seats has been changed. Punctuality is one of the crowning virtues of the ex-President. Among the first who arrived, prompt at his duty, he selected his seat. As he is somewhat deaf, he chose one near the speaker. The reputation of this man is most enviable, even among his enemies. He is noted for his plain, republican manner of life, his independence, honor, and generosity. He owns a good deal of property here in houses and lands. He paid $25,000 for the erection of Columbian College in this city, and the same sum to the Canal Company, which, I am told, is all sunk.

Sabbath, Dec. 2. Went to church in the morning, and came away lean, unsatisfied, forsaken. The fact was, I went more to see an old man whose breath is in his nostrils than to commune with the Eternal One; with more curiosity in regard to the President of the United States than reverence for the Lord of the whole earth. The consequence was, the sanctuary was robbed of all its glory, and my soul of all holy pleasure.

Dec. 9. Met with the Sabbath-school this morning. I have never fallen in with a more warm-hearted or working class of Christians. I shall long remember Mr. W., Mr. S., and others. May I at last meet them in heaven! Another fact, — this church is nearly or quite free from all complicity with slavery. Some have told me they loathed and abhorred it, and esteemed it the blighting and mildew of all that is good. Was called upon to address the Sabbath-school. Was glad of an opportunity once more to recommend the Saviour. May the Lord add his blessing!

Dec. 11. The Senate to-day was a place of more than common interest, not on account of the business, but Henry Clay had arrived. So said the paper. I was curious to recognize him, if possible, from his known character and portrait. This I was not able to do half so readily as in the case of Calhoun. . . . In the senate-chamber the administration men — Calhoun, Benton, and others — sit on the right of the speaker; the Whigs — Webster, Clay, Davis, and the rest — on the extreme left.

When I first saw Mr. Calhoun, he sat upright, motionless in his seat. I have never been so struck with ease and gracefulness of posture as at my first sight of Mr. Clay. Calhoun, in saluting his friends, was dignified, sparing of his smiles, cold, and reserved; but Clay would rise, reach far over the seat, shake hands most cordially, laugh heartily, and shed a blaze of good-feeling all around him. Clay has a fair, smooth forehead; his hair is brown, a generous strip of baldness extends over his head. Calhoun has a low, knit brow, the thick and silver-gray hair coming down within an inch of his nose. The rest of his countenance is withered and dry.

Dec. 12. This has been a high day. I was standing in the Rotunda when all at once there was a rush from the House to the Senate. I joined the crowd. "Clay is speaking!" was the cry. But it turned out to be Preston of South Carolina. Mr. Calhoun followed him. Calhoun was more nervous in his expression, less frequent but more violent in his gestures, clearer in his propositions, than Preston. He spoke in condemnation of the tariff, and hurled at Clay his heaviest bolt. Although it struck Clay with tremendous force, he did not flutter, but rose very modestly, and began farthest from the point of attack, as though no allusion had been made to himself. But he kept coiling around, and gathering in, until he came with concentrated power upon his antagonist and the executive chair. He fairly parried the blow, and then turned it with redoubled force upon his enemies. He showed up the inconsistency of General Jackson in the distribution of the supplies, and yet condemning the deposit act. Silas Wright of New York, Rives of Virginia, Brown of North Carolina, followed.

Sabbath, Dec. 15. Attended Wesley Chapel. Heard Rev. George G. Cookman. Mr. C. is the most distinguished preacher, the most eloquent minister, in the city. His soul was inspired, and his tongue touched by the poetry of the Psalms and the prophets. His quotations were most appropriate. He repeated with great effect the first of that beautiful song in the third chapter of Habakkuk, "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise," etc. How valuable a ready aptness in repeating the impressive parts of the Old Testament! They never tire.

Dec. 17. This has been another high day. After a skirmish between Messrs. Petrikin, Naylor, and Biddle, in regard to the Harrisburg riot, there was a regular engagement between John Q. Adams and Henry A. Wise, upon a motion to receive a petition for the acknowledgment of Hayti as an independent power. Adams presented the unbroken front of sound, consistent argument, and profound diplomatic knowledge, all set on fire with the unabated vigor and youthful ardor of this "old man eloquent." To hear him utter the sentence, "And there are *many* of these petitions! Yes, I have some from old Virginia, God bless her!" was worth a journey to Washington. It was evident Wise was in the wrong pew, and had waked up the wrong passenger. In his complete discomfiture he rose and said the best thing he could have said, "There is no doing any thing with this old Roman."

Dec. 18. The cause of Hayti has prevailed.

Dec. 21. Visited the Supreme Court of the United States, where sit eight judges, — Chief Justice Taney of Maryland, Smith Thompson of New York, Henry Baldwin of Pennsylvania, Philip Pendleton Barbour of Virginia, Joseph Story of Massachusetts, James M. Wayne of Georgia, John Catron of Tennessee, and John McLean of Ohio. Saw for the first time Daniel Webster, the lion of the North. He looks like no other man. In the Senate he appears like Jupiter among the gods. He has the most dignified and commanding presence I ever beheld.

Dec. 24. Heard Webster close a plea before the bench of the chief justices of the United States. His style and address were exactly fitted to affect the minds he would persuade, clear and convincing to the understanding, with hardly an attempt to create an emotion. Now and then he would interrupt the tedium of reading by indulging a vein of wit. In summing up the evidence he showed the matchless orator. All parts of his argument came together like the joints of a dove-tail, and formed a perfect whole. When he had finished his speech, a thrill of delight and admiration ran through the entire audience. For forensic eloquence, for clear, irresistible reasoning, he is unequalled. The structure of his mind seems to partake of the firm, compact organization of his body. He is logic embodied, living, breathing, walking.

At noon, in company with friend G., I proceeded to the auction-room, where I witnessed worse than a funeral. A man about thirty-eight years of age was presented to be sold to the highest bidder. "Ben must be sold. How much am I offered?" One hundred dollars was the first bid. There was a slave-driver present. He took hold of him, felt of him, and asked him if he had any disease. The negro was afraid he would buy him, and would not answer. With a significant look, the driver told him he had better mind what he was about. Upon the face of the poor fellow were seen the alternate flashes of joy and horror as the bidding went on. At last he was struck off to a citizen of Alexandria. Tears of joy burst from the eyes of the slave, and he said, "I thank, I thank you, Massa!" This enraged the driver, and he cried out, "He is worth five hundred dollars," and began bantering the one who had purchased him. The latter was evidently willing to sell his newly acquired property for a bargain. I left this scene with a burning heart. Sometimes pity, and then indignation, predominated. The thing the unhappy man feared came upon him, for toward night I saw the driver and his victim in a wagon, going towards the "slave-pens." I had before visited these places. They are situated just in front of the Capitol, at the corner of what is called Washington Square. The proprietor seemed very severe with us; wanted to know if we wished to buy. When told we only came to look, he suffered us to go through a large iron door, opening into the outer apartment and the yard. From thence we descended into a kind of cellar, where were four or five males and two females who were sick. A man had died the day before. My blood froze around my heart, and curdled in my veins.

Dec. 25. Went to the Capitol. Heard Rives. . . . Wright of New York answered him. The latter is slow in his movements, moderate in his utterances, one of the few great men of the Senate.

Dec. 27. Felt the pangs of remorse as I reflected before I rose, on the little relish I had for the holy Sabbath. Sang the hymn through, "Oh for a closer walk with God," and the darkness seemed to break, and rays of light beamed from the excellent glory into my dark breast. Attended church again at Mr. Cookman's.

Dec. 28. Went to the Senate to-day. Heard Benton and Davis debate upon a question relating to the fisheries. . . . Heard Hubbard of New Hampshire, Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Niles of Connecticut, Robbins of Rhode Island, Crittenden of Kentucky.

Feb. 7. Went to the Senate early. Found the galleries crowded. I could scarcely enter the door. All eyes were intent, all looked approbation. "Who is speaking?"—"Clay, Clay."—"What on?"—"On abolition." It was evident to all present, that it was only another game played upon the political chess-board. Mr. Clay had heretofore been less ready to condemn the abolitionists than Mr. Calhoun and some other Southern members. As the strength of the abolitionists was increasing, and Clay's reputation at the North diminishing, the South must be laid hold of with a stronger grasp; therefore Mr. Clay must have an opportunity to speak upon the subject. So, for his benefit, a paper was gotten up among the citizens of the District, against the admission of abolition petitions. Clay's was a premeditated and studied effort. He went over the whole ground, bringing every argument against emancipation, that the most selfish, tyrannical mind could suggest, — just such in substance as a distinguished orator of Algiers offered against the liberation of some of our countrymen who had been taken prisoners. The speech was made for Southern ears, and it had its desired effect. The greetings he received were enthusiastic. When he sat down, Calhoun congratulated the country, the Senate, and himself, that Mr. Clay had been converted to the principle of State Rights, which he (Mr. Calhoun) had so long advocated. So the poor slave went unpitied to-day. No one of all those Northern men lifted a voice in his behalf! Davis skulked; Webster was in the Supreme Court; the rest were dumb. It will not always be so. There will be men yet in that chamber who will represent the cause of freedom.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, March, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER JACOB, — I have just returned from a journey South. Traveled on foot through some of the richest parts of Maryland. One of my chief objects was to replenish my empty wallet. I have observed much that was grand and beautiful in nature and art. I have looked upon slavery, not only upon its fair exterior in the foreground, but I have peeped behind the curtain. I have seen the peck of meal per week, the whips, the drivers, the wheel-work all in motion — the arrogance, the cruelty, the profligacy of one side; the dejection, insolence, and toil of the other. I have heard the suppressed sigh and the savage threat. I have seen the image of God sold under the salesman's hammer. . . .

The journey has been the most perilous of my life. Suspicion rests upon every one from the North. I found it necessary to put on all the wisdom of the serpent; yet I am not conscious of deception, and was resolved, if necessary, to state the truth, and leave it with God. I however kept a padlock on my lips. I interfered not with any of their matters. Once I was stopped in my way with the word, "This fellow is one of them, for his speech bewrayeth him." I could not disguise my native Yankee dialect. They proposed to examine my effects. I knew, did they read my journal, lynching might be one of the least of my punishments. I assumed the air of a courtier, a wounded cavalier. "I profess," said I, "to be a gentleman. I have done nothing while in your State inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. I demand protection from gentlemen." This little speech touched the right chord. I was welcomed to the mansion, and on leaving was urged by the planter and his family to come again. With but few exceptions I was received with the greatest hospitality: I was fed with the finest of the wheat, and lodged upon down.

But the dogs, oh the dogs! I have literally fought with worse than the beasts of Ephesus. So anxious was I to make my pile, that for a time I imprudently traveled after twilight. These dogs are merciless as a bear robbed of her whelps. I have great reason for thankfulness that not a tooth has entered my flesh. But I still shudder as I recollect how near I came being torn in pieces by packs of these creatures.

He graduated from college, July 25, 1839.

To his sister: —

Bristol, N.H., August, 1839.

. . . We had the usual crowd upon Commencement Day. Hon. Rufus Choate was present. . . . I am once more afloat upon the broad ocean of life. The last four years have been most delightful. They have engaged all my mental and physical energies. But they are over. The band of noble hearts with whom I entered are already scattered. No more will the bell summon us to the recitation-room or the place of our accustomed solemnities. I pity the man who does not reflect seriously, and feel deeply, at the breaking-up of such associations, at the sundering of such ties. Who can look back upon a college-course, and not sigh that days so blessed in social, intellectual, and religious interest, are forever gone. . . .

We subjoin letters in regard to his life at Dartmouth from two surviving classmates, to whom, as to all the class of '39, he was most tenderly attached.

From Rev. Charles Peabody of St. Louis, Mo.: —

"The first time I ever saw Horace Eaton was in the fall of 1833, at

Meriden, N.H., where he came to prepare for college at Kimball Union Academy. My recollections of him at this time are very distinct. We met in the academy prayer-meeting. His earnest, Christian spirit, his fervency in speaking and leading in prayer, drew me soon to him. I was impressed with his self-reliant manner, especially in fitting up his room. He procured the little articles of furniture, and took them to the academy and up the stairs without any assistance, even a stove of considerable size. During this brief acquaintance, I learned from him that he was determined to get a good education, and to prepare himself for the ministry, relying alone upon his own energy and industry. He was only at Meriden a few weeks. He left for Andover, Mass., that he might have better opportunities to earn money while studying.

"In the autumn of 1835 we both joined the freshman class of Dartmouth College. I was prepared, from our pleasant interviews at Meriden, to welcome him as an old acquaintance. Soon after entering Dartmouth, and in pursuance of his plans of self-support, he organized and became the steward of a boarding-club, which he managed with such success that it soon drew a large number of students, chiefly of his own classmates. This position he held most of the time while at Hanover. It gave him his board for his services, and brought him into close and familiar association with twenty or thirty of the best and most serious-minded young men.

"He also turned his attention to an art which he had thoroughly learned before commencing his studies. He had mastered the mechanism of the clock and the watch, and knew how to repair them when out of order. He had retained a complete set of tools. The first trial of these was upon the watches of his fellow-students. So great was his success in his handicraft, that he soon had plenty of work, much to the satisfaction of the students and the chagrin of the jewelers of the village. They found little to do in repairing and adjusting the time-keepers of those who knew how well Horace Eaton understood the cause and cure of watch troubles. In his walks for recreation into the country, he always carried his case of tools, and the farmers of all that region soon found out who could put their clocks in good running order.

"I well recollect that one Saturday afternoon during our freshman year, I accompanied him some miles into the country for exercise. We finally came to a large farmhouse. Said Eaton, 'Let's go in and get a glass of water.' We told the good housewife that we were students, and craved the privilege of sitting down to rest ourselves for a few minutes. She invited us into the best room, where were a bed and a clock. After quenching our thirst, my comrade inquired, 'Does that clock keep good time?'—'No,' she replied: 'it don't run any more. Something is the matter with it.'

"In two minutes, without another word, the clock was all in pieces, and spread out upon the bed. Just then the farmer himself came in, and seeing wheels, pendulum, pinions, pins, springs, hands, and the whole of his clock thus scattered, looked on in dismay without uttering a word. Eaton said nothing; but after plying brushes, files, pliers, and oil to the various parts, and straightening out rods, arbors, pinions, and pins, which were bent, he soon had all the machinery in its place, and the old clock began to tick. After winding it up, and setting it by his watch, he said, 'There: it will run all right now.' The farmer had not yet spoken a word. Putting his hand into his pocket at last, he said, 'How much do you charge for the job?' — 'Never mind,' was the reply: 'when I come up this way again on a long walk, I will call and see how it goes, and, if I find it all right, you may pay me a dollar.' This was a sample of his skill and methods of self-support, which I witnessed on many occasions afterward.

"When the long vacations came round, which were designed in those days to give students an opportunity to earn something by teaching, Eaton could not afford to spend his time in a heated schoolroom. He went through the country, and with his ingenuity and tools always came back at the end of the vacation with more money in his pocket than any of the rest of us. In one winter he wandered off as far as Washington, where he remained several weeks, and returned not only with a full purse, but with his mind stored with new ideas. Upon the invitation of his fellow-students, he gave a lecture upon what he had seen and heard in the capital of the nation. He first spoke of the President, Van Buren, and the White House, and then of the great men of the time, — Webster, Clay, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, and others, — to all of whom he had listened in the Senate or the House. He described the public buildings, especially the post-office department and the patent-office. I remember with what a glow of eloquence he referred to a treaty of peace between France and the United States, which he saw in a frame hanging on the wall, and to which was affixed the veritable signature of the great Napoleon. The fact that that hand which had so long held sway over Europe had once rested on this same piece of parchment fired his imagination. He had looked upon the autograph of the man who had deposed kings, and caused the earth to tremble. That same eye which had so often gazed through the smoke of battle upon his victorious armies had once glanced down on these strokes of the pen. He carried Napoleon across the Alps amid their eternal snows. He traced his career at Marengo, Jena, and Austerlitz, then, with a single sentence, laid him away at St. Helena, in his solitary grave. I need not add that his account of the public men at Washington, and especially his eloquent description of the treaty and the great events which it suggested, produced a profound impression upon his audience. He was the popular orator of his class from that day. It was partly this unexpected display of oratorical ability, and partly a knowledge of his sincere, transparent character, and simple, unostentatious manners, that made him known, and a favorite with all classes.

"This esteem exhibited itself in a remarkable manner at the close of his junior year. He was then almost unanimously elected president for the senior year of the Literary Society, to which he belonged. His warm heart and devoted piety, especially his firmness in expressing and upholding his convictions upon religious and moral questions, won for him the sincere regard of all.

"But he was no ascetic. He was ever ready to join in all manly and athletic sports, which, however, at that time, were few, compared with the games of the present day. On one occasion, with a company of eight or ten college-boys, he arose before midnight, and walked to the top of Ascutney Mountain, some twenty-four miles distant, to see the sun rise. No one enjoyed the tramp, or the radiant dawning of the new day, more than he. He often referred to it as the grandest panorama he ever beheld. The fatigue nearly prostrated most of the party; but he seemed only invigorated.

"He was a close and compact thinker, framed a strong and convincing argument, and at the same time was of a poetic turn of mind. He often dwelt on the rich drapery of thought presented in the Old Testament, and was wont to make use of poetic quotations from the Scriptures in his essays. The subject assigned him for his oration when he graduated was 'Hebrew Poetry,' which showed that this mental trait was well understood by the college faculty.

"One other characteristic incident is recalled. Long after we had left the shades of Dartmouth, we met at the annual commencement. Hanover, as usual, was crowded with visitors. There was no place for us in the inn. We sought, not a stable, but the room of a friendly student, who gave us the use of his floor, where Horace Eaton and I slept side by side. The next day we sat in the same seat in the venerable church. The college president was conferring degrees.

"Soon 'Reverendus Horatius Eaton, Palmyra, N.Y.,' saluted our ears. A sudden look of blank amazement fell on his face. He whispered to me something like this, 'O pshaw! that mustn't be!' and dropped his head on the back of the next pew, as if in shame and astonishment. It was to him totally unlooked for and unexpected. Upon retiring from the church, he pushed his way quickly through the multitude to avoid his old classmates and friends, waiting at the door to salute him 'Dr. Eaton.'

"To these pleasant college-memories I might properly add, that, during an intimate friendship with him of forty-five years since we graduated from Dartmouth, I have traced in his private life and in his public labors the same earnest, sincere, unostentatious spirit, the same fervid eloquence, and the same devoted piety which were so conspicuous in his college-days."

From Rev. Alfred Stevens, D.D., of Westminister, Vt.: —

"I was intimate with Dr. Eaton in college. We were in sympathy in our views and plans, and were often drawn together in the offensive and defensive work demanded by the times. He was a live man. No question or movement in or out of the college escaped his notice. All the world was for him, and he for all the world. His college-life entered into the life of the world with a rare enthusiasm, always tempered with wisdom.

"He was a reliable man. When satisfied what was right, I knew where to find him, and what support might be expected from him. The right was his ideal. This being settled, he gave place to no man or practice.

"With fellow-classmates we came together as strangers. Each was anxious to know of what stuff the other was made. An opportunity soon offered that brought out 'Horace,' as he was familiarly called, in his true light before the class. It had been a custom of long standing for the freshmen to furnish the foot-ball for the higher classes. The class was called upon to appoint a committee to take charge of the business, and make out a tax to meet the expense. The point was being considered pro and con. Presently there rose up a form as defiant as a rock. Every look, motion, and word were defiant. 'Let those that dance pay the fiddler. If I play foot-ball, as I may, I will pay my part; but I will not acknowledge the right of any upper-class men to impose a tax on me.' This decided the question. The class of '39 did not furnish the foot-ball.

"The subject of slavery was then before the country and the world. He was an abolitionist, outspoken in face of the conservatism of most of the students and the faculty. He was an advocate of immediate emancipation. The professor of moral philosophy thought to take him down a little on this subject before the class.

"'Eaton, if I were an eagle, and should seize you by the hair of your head, and take you up fifty feet into the air, should I have any right to hold you there?' — 'No, sir,' was the modest answer. 'Would it be right for me to let you fall at once?' — 'The whole transaction is wrong, sir. No part of it can be right,' was the emphatic reply. Nothing more was said. He respected the opinions of his seniors; but he loved the truth more, and would defend it in sight of the stake, if need be. He was progressive; but his ardor was always moderated by good judgment. Some of our classmates at length became ultra in their zeal for reform, rash in their speech and measures. He was the last to be moved by them, and boldest to oppose every thing in doctrine and practice that was not Christlike in spirit. I well recall his grief as he felt obliged to separate from some that sympathized with him in the main, but became denouncers of all who did not indorse their notions. He knew of no fellowship that did not hold him in communion with the Saviour. A word against Christ, his church, or the Bible, was fatal to co-operation with him.

"He had an aim in life higher than promotion. He worked early and late, and was willing to be poor, that he might fit himself to benefit his fellowmen. As a friend, he was ever generous and helpful. Those that knew him best expected a useful career for him, and his life fulfilled their predictions.

"The strength of his character was in his Christian culture. To be a Christian with him was first and last: to fail in this was to fail in every thing. His Christian discipline was severe. He did not float with the tides of this world. He knew what Paul meant when he said, 'So fight I.' His mind and body were subjected to watchfulness, lest he should fail in the performance of duty.

"His religious influence was great in and around the college. It was manifest why he was a member of Dartmouth College: it was for Christ. He was a supporter of every movement to raise the standard of Christian thinking and living in the college. He had large views of work for Christ, and was not afraid of large plans, and of earnestness in their execution. To his over-cautious friends he would say, 'Strength in the machinery, and put on the steam. Don't be afraid to trust the leader.'

"Almost fifty years have passed since we were students together; but I recall with pleasure and profit those scenes of prayer and conference in our college-days. His faith was simple: it was not a muddle of probabilities or possibilities. I see him now just as he used to stand up before us, firmly on the good foundation, 'By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God'; and I hear him say with emphasis, 'Brethren, there is nothing uncertain in Christ.'

"I simply add, he was a grand man, my best friend. I feel his influence to-day. His college-life has been an inspiration to me all my ministerial life. I regret that I shall see his face no more, or feel the hearty grasp of his hand. But I do, and shall always, feel the beating of his Christian heart, and hope, in a few years at the most, to meet him among those that have been faithful until death."

CHAPTER IV.

1839–1849.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK. — MINISTRY AT THE SIXTH-STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK. — MARRIAGE. — LAST ILLNESS OF HIS MOTHER.

Extracts from his diary and letters will give the history of these years.

Oct. 7, 1839. Left Concord, N.H., to-day, and arrived at Andover, here expecting to prosecute the study of theology. Am more than ever impressed with the responsibility of the sacred office. Did Paul say "Who is sufficient for these things," and shall I assume them?

Oct. 10. Spent the day in studying the Hebrew grammar.

To understand the subject to which he next alludes, it must be borne in mind that, in those days, one dollar paid the postage of but four letters to distances now regarded short.

Oct. 11. Being tempted to evade the law by writing on a newspaper, I rejected the thought, and had sweet delight in meditating upon the passage, "That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke." How plain the road! always do just right. Then will the soul be led in the path of peace.

At this time he very unexpectedly decided to pursue his studies at the Union Theological Seminary in New York. The reasons are given in a letter to his mother: —

. . . I know you will be surprised, and perhaps will fear that I am unstable. I am sure when I tell you why I left Andover, you will approve.

The expense is greater at Andover than at New York.

There is no opportunity to earn a farthing at Andover. In New York I can teach one, two, or three hours per day.

But the thing that made it imperative was a letter from —— requesting me to pay the twenty-five dollars I owe him. I did not deem it my duty to put back my studies for the sake of paying this sum. I therefore go to New York to earn it while pursuing them.

He always regarded the day he spent in Boston, *en route* for New York, as an important one in determining the direction of his future life. Wendell Phillips had heard him speak at Concord, N.H., while a member of Dartmouth College, and with others was desirous that he should devote himself to lecturing in behalf of the antislavery cause. When he arrived at Boston, he was invited to a dinner to meet Mr. P., with a view of making arrangements for this end. These facts explain the following entry in his journal: —

Oct. 16, 1839. Came to Boston, where I was welcomed with great cordiality. Was urged by every motive that ardent zeal could invent to turn aside, and engage in the business of lecturing. After serious reflection, contrary to all pecuniary interests, I refused their solicitations. I would pursue the object I have long sought, and pant to attain, — to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. I did not go to the dinner. I thought I had better be out of the way of temptation, and, mailing a note, hastened on the train to New York.

To his mother: —

New York, Nov. 14, 1839.

. . . I am now doing my best to acquire the Hebrew. Dr. Nordheimer, a Jew, is my teacher. I assure you, dear mother, there is something solemn and inspiring in reading this sacred language in which patriarchs prayed, prophets sung, angels talked, in which Jehovah himself spoke.

There is nothing I love so well as to study the word of God. And if study for the ministry is so delightful, what must be the actual service of feeding Christ's lambs! I now feel that, if ever prepared and permitted to engage in that blessed work, I shall be one of the most favored of Heaven. I love the Bible, not only as the text-book of my profession, but there I find my daily food and consolation.

We have frequent notices in his journal of the remarks, sermons, and addresses of his revered teachers in the seminary, Rev. Drs. White and

Robinson, as well as those of prominent pastors and laymen of the city, — Rev. Drs. Spring, Patton, A. D. Smith, Brownlee, Tyng, S. H. Cox, Armstrong, William Adams, and Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen. Save his devoted friend, Rev. Dr. John Spaulding, who has for so many years borne upon his heart and hands the interests of those "who go down to the sea in ships," all these leaders in Israel now rest from their labors.

In the autumn of 1839 he was invited by Rev. Dr. Erskine Mason to become superintendent of the Sabbath-school of Bleeker-street Church. In a short time his characteristic zeal and faithfulness had nearly doubled the number of its pupils. He traversed streets, lanes, and alleys; he scoured garrets, lofts, and cellars. In that winter of great financial distress he rescued many families on the verge of starvation. In one of his "walks abroad" he found a widow whose husband had just died, leaving her with a large family of children. They had been in this country but a few weeks. Their destitution had well-nigh proved fatal when he entered their wretched abode. To win back life he uttered a few words of cheer and hope, then hurried with the utmost speed to the elegant homes of the elect ladies of Dr. Mason's church. A few hours brought relief and comfort. The next Lord's Day saw the widow and her children ranged in a long row in the Sabbath-school. The mother proved to be a woman of uncommon mental strength. She and her family took on the best influences of this land of their adoption. They were converted, educated, rose in the social scale. They themselves became "succorers of many." In November, 1855, at a semi-annual meeting of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, New York, held in Palmyra, Mrs. Mc——, as a delegate or director, met her benefactor in his own church. The interview, a surprise to both, can better be imagined than described. The Irish heart shone out in the clasped hands and illumined face.

He thus speaks of his love for this Sabbath-school: —

New York, April 5, 1840. As I am about to leave town, closed this day my connection with Bleeker-street Church. I am much attached to the school, especially to some devoted teachers and to some poor but promising children. I feel a longing desire that they may grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But what temptations beset them! Some are children of wicked parents. All I can now do is to commend them to God. I am sensible of much negligence and want of wisdom; but I pray that what I have done wrong may be forgiven, and what I have done right may be blessed.

He was obliged to spend the last few weeks of the first year of his course, and all of the summer vacation, in teaching school.

To his sister: —

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1840.

I have just returned from the labors and perplexities of school-teaching, six months in New Jersey. I am more flushed with victory than enriched with the spoils of war. J. W has called on me here. He is the one in our shop at St. Albans, who did run well for a while in preparation for the ministry, but who soon gave it up for secular business. He has $5,000 a year in New Orleans. I have never regretted that I did not pursue my first, my favorite employment. My heart dilates as I look forward to the time when I may be permitted to proclaim the glorious gospel! What light, what warmth, what effulgence, beam from the cross!

A few words relate to his struggles in defraying his expenses while in the seminary: —

I paid my own way through the academy and college, save $2.75 given me by a brother's wife. But the severest pinch was when I entered Union Seminary. When I stepped off from the boat in New York harbor I had but seven dollars. The times were terrible. I could not, I would not, lose a year. I kept soul and body together through the first winter by rising six days in the week at three o'clock in the morning, passing down Broadway from Eighth to Ann Street, taking one hundred copies of the "Journal of Commerce," distributing them to the subscribers, and returning weary to my room, with half a dollar for my labor. This was the acme of the strain. Soon opportunities of teaching afforded me ample means of support.

July, 1841. To-day united with the Brainerd Church in Rivington Street. This church was formed by a few devoted spirits for the express purpose of doing good to the masses. Harlan Page and Christopher R. Robert[1] were the first two elders. Mr. Page died six months after the church was organized. Mr. Robert still survives to be its chief support. When I was sick the last winter, Mr. Robert sent and brought me to his house, where I remained till well. He then most generously invited me to continue in his family while pursuing my studies in the seminary. This I regard one of the most marked interpositions of Providence in my behalf. It brings me in contact with refined society. It relieves me of expense when my means are failing. The influences are softening, subduing, humanizing, to one who has not resided in a family for several years.

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[1] The founder of Robert College, Constantinople.

To his sister: —

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK, May 2, 1841.

. . . It is sometimes a wonder to me that I have any friends, I so neglect them. But it is not because I forget them or am too indolent to write them. Could I buy up the time of idlers and loafers in this city, I would spend more in writing, and visiting my relatives. I am now just getting through my second year in the seminary. The days pass pleasantly and profitably. The subjects I am called to examine are expanding to the mind, and improving to the heart. I love these sacred themes that cluster around the cross of Christ. I bless God that he has called me from the sheepcote, sustained me thus far, and will at length, as I hope, put me into the ministry.

To his mother: —

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1842.

. . . The time is long since I saw you; but I hope soon to greet you face to face. I feel some as I did when I was about to return from Vermont. Then I met you at Sister R.'s, and your boy had so grown you did not know him. I do not suppose any mental expansion or physical change will produce another such result should I be so happy as to see you again. Next June I close an expensive and delightful course of study. I long to proclaim the richness and fullness of the remedy God has provided for a ruined world.

The more I examine the great subjects of the Bible, I must confess, the more I see the consistency and truth of that "form of sound words" which I have heard from my mother and grandmother. My views of theology are contained in that wonderful book, the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism," which I used to study in the chamber where you were weaving. Perhaps you little thought then that you were teaching theology more effectively than the chiefest of the doctors. But so I verily believe it was. I have now no distinct intimation of God's will in reference to my future field. I would feel at all times ready to go wherever he shall see fit to send me.

To his sister: —

New York, April 26, 1843.

. . . Some time ago I received a call from the Presbyterian church of this city, to which I have been preaching the past year. I have thought it my duty to accept. The church is not large; but they are a pious, intelligent people, and seem much attached to me. I did not intend to stay in the city, but, as far as I can judge, such is the will of God. . . .

I shall board in an excellent family, that of Rev. Dr. Armstrong, the secretary of the American Board of Missions.[1]

. . . I know you never forget me on the Sabbath Day, or on week days. I sometimes feel a gale of heavenly influence wafted across my soul, and I think it comes by the way of the prayers of dear friends. In my late journey to New England, I bless God I was permitted to visit mother once more. It was a great means of grace. She is fast ripening for heaven. Preached before her for the first time. She wishes me to remain East, and it is my most earnest desire to see her safely through.

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[1] Mr. Eaton greatly prized the religious privileges of this home. It was Mrs. Armstrong's habit to retire to her room and spend the half-hour previous to every Sabbath morning's service in prayer for her young pastor.

His valued friend, Dr. Armstrong, perished in the wreck of the "Atlantic," November, 1846. During the awful hours that preceded the final catastrophe, the passengers crowded around this venerable man. They felt safer to be near him, and hung upon his lips as he read from the Scriptures, of Christ's stilling the tempest, and commended himself and them to God in prayer. It was to him Mrs. Sigourney alludes in her beautiful poem, "The Bell of the Atlantic": —

"Toll for the man of God,
  Whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan
  Of that intense despair:
How precious were those tones,
  On that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
  And the mountain billows' strife!"

He was licensed to preach the gospel by the Third Presbytery of New York, April 8, 1842.

From his journal: —

Oct. 7, 1842. Upon this anniversary of my birth, it has been both profitable and painful to review the last year. When I compare myself in all respects with the law of God, when I meditate upon the holiness of that law, when I think how cold my affections have been toward divine things, when I call to mind the means of doing good slighted, souls unwarned, Christian brethren unedified, and when I realize that my sin is graduated according to my light and privileges, I feel guilty and condemned. And yet I am not forsaken. Christ still intercedes for me, the Spirit still strives with me. Yea, I am even permitted to study his holy word and to proclaim its wonderful truths. What love and condescension!

O Lord God, thou knowest my dependence upon the grace that works all holy conduct in thy children. Relying upon that grace, I will endeavor the coming year to live nearer to thee. That I may the better do this, I do resolve: —

1. That I will rise early in the morning, address myself to prayer the first thing, and read some portion of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures.
2. That I will exercise at least half an hour every morning, vigorous exercise.
3. That I will have a season of prayer at noon.
4. That I will always pray immediately before and after preaching.
5. That in preparing sermons I will endeavor to present the truth to my own heart first, that I may be the subject of the same emotions I would awaken in others.
6. That I will make the cross of Christ the centre.

7. That I will spend some time every day, if possible, in visiting the people to whom I preach.

May my labors result in the conversion of sinners and the glory of God!

July 1, 1843. Continued to preach for the Second-avenue Church, worshiping in a hall till 21st of June, 1843, when I was ordained over the same congregation, having changed its name to "The Sixth-street Presbyterian Church." A unanimous call was extended to me the 16th of the previous February. This I decided to accept long before my ordination, but thought it best to defer that service till the house, which was then being erected, should be completed. It was dedicated June 18, 1843.

Sabbath, June 28. Have to-day administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time.

July 16, 1845. The church to which I preach is gradually increasing. I *love* to preach. I want more holiness. The people treat me better than I deserve. God is infinitely good. O that I might serve him with all my powers!

Mr. Eaton's connection with the Sixth-street Church introduced him to an exceptionally choice band of believers. Their meetings for prayer and social intercourse often seemed "quite on the verge of heaven." Of the youth connected with the Sabbath-school during his pastorate in New York, many are now doing noble service for the world as philanthropists and standard-bearers of the Lord's host. Eight of them became preachers of the gospel, — Rev. Charles Baird, D.D., Prof. Henry Baird, D.D., Rev. David S. Dodge, Rev. George H. Griffin, Rev. Howard Kingsbury,[1] Rev. Oliver Kingsbury, Rev. Lewis Reid, D.D., Rev. Theodore F. White, D.D.

Hon. William E. Dodge was a member of his session. Soon after the death of Mr. Dodge, and a short time before his own, he prepared, at the request of Mrs. Dodge, a letter containing reminiscences of her deceased husband. In it are facts relating to his first pastorate. Portions of it are therefore introduced: —

PALMYRA, April, 1883.

Some six months before I was to leave the Union Theological Seminary in New York, in the winter of 1841–42, Mr. John McChain, a grave and elderly gentleman, called at my room, and invited me to speak the next Sabbath morning, to a few people who worshiped in Temperance Hall, near Fourth Street, in the Bowery. "The audience will be small," he said, "and the opportunity a good one for a young man to improve his gifts and graces for more public duties." I felt the need of the improvement, and accepted the invitation. I had two or three sermons written with some care; but they seemed unfit for so informal an occasion, and, seizing upon the text "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross," I wrote what I could, and depended upon the spur of the occasion to eke out the remainder. The Sabbath morning was sleety, the way to Temperance Hall forbidding. As I ascended the platform, and looked around upon the audience, I saw I was in a trap. Here and there I observed a learned professor or teacher I had seen before. The entire hall was filled with men of culture and standing, assembled with their families to hear the word of God. The singing was led by Rev. Dr. J. J. Owen, the commentator. "And these," thought I, "are the few people, and this the place for a young man to improve his gifts!" As I came to my first sermon, — the light was bad, the writing worse, — I blundered, boggled. What could I do? I threw away my paper, struck at a few points, and said "Amen." To me the service was a memorable one. Could I have found some subterranean passage I would have gone quickly out of sight of my audience, never to meet them more.

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[1] Pastor of Congregational Church, Amherst, Mass., deceased Sept. 28, 1878.

But in the third seat, with his wife and children, I saw a man of expressive and beautiful countenance, whose face beamed with sympathy for my confusion. At the close of the service he came up to me, and gave me his hand. It was my first introduction to William E. Dodge. Without cutting the seam of truth he spoke kindly, referred to this and that point in the sermon fitted to do good. After Sabbath-school he invited me to dinner. The wise and thoughtful words of Mrs. Dodge, the smiles of the children, charmed away the fever of my chagrin, and let me down into something of hopefulness and rest. . . .

It was not strange that a band of laborers such as met in that hall should be visited with the refreshings of the Spirit. Men and women were there converted, who have stood like pillars in the house of God. This revival inspired a courage that led to the erection of a small but comely sanctuary, where for seven years we worshiped as "The Sixth-street Presbyterian Church." I well remember when Mr. Dodge headed the subscription, and with true business decision brought others to the test which secured sums that warranted the enterprise. . . . The hive was small, but composed of working-bees. A number of precious ingatherings marked the seven years. Mr. Dodge assured me that, in the communion and worship of that little church, he partook of some of the richest clusters he was ever permitted to pluck. Here his younger children were baptized. Here his older sons came out, and subscribed with their own hands to be the Lord's. When his three eldest sons united with the church, I think the two grandfathers and two grandmothers were present. Whether Mr. Dodge attracted the ministers, or the ministers Mr. Dodge, I will not decide. This, however, is true, that the families of seven distinguished clergymen cast in their lot with the Sixth-street Church. Our meetings were frequently enriched by the presence and words of Rev. Drs. Armstrong, White, Baird, Spaulding, Sawtell, and Owen, bringing in sheaves from their different fields of Christian work; and, led by the munificence of Mr. Dodge, the various benevolent societies were generously supported. . . .

As pastor of a country parish I should be ungrateful not to mention personal favors. Did the eye of Mr. Dodge light upon a book that would help me, he wrote my name in it, and forwarded it. Did my health demand rest, he provided means for travel and recovery. If worn down with revival work, he sent me reapers, by whom large ingatherings were secured for the garner. By more than one visit, accompanied by Mrs. Dodge, he has strengthened my hands, and, by his presence and eloquent words in public, given new impetus to every good cause. . . .

We insert a few sentences of a letter from Mr. Dodge, in which he alludes to their early acquaintance: —

July 1, 1880.

. . . As I read to Mrs. Dodge the letter you sent me, carrying us back to those old and blessed days when we first knew each other, and particularly to that first sermon you preached in that room, corner Second Street and the Bowery, wife said she had never forgotten it. She was deeply interested in it. Oh, how God has led us all from those small beginnings, and helped us to do something for the advancement of his cause! Soon we shall be done with the earthly work, but we will keep doing so long as God gives strength. . . .

It was a source of regret to Mr. Eaton that his chirography was so rapid and indistinct as often to fetter himself, and annoy his correspondents.[1] Playfully to suggest an improvement, his friend, Mr. Dodge, sent him an elegant gold pen. We copy his note of acknowledgment, written by himself, in really a good, round hand: —

I appreciate the pertinence of your recent favor. Its pure material is a fit emblem of the unalloyed kindness it denotes, and in the nice and delicate point there is a gentle and definite hint as to the exact thing to be done. With the assistance of Him "who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight," I hope yet to handle the pen of a ready and legible writer, and thus the patron and the preacher may rejoice together.

Your grateful friend and brother,

H. Eaton.

He was married Aug. 18, 1845, to Anna R. Webster of Boscawen, N.H.

In a letter written to his sister previous to this event he says: —

As to the young lady in question, *she suits me*. . . . I trust our dear mother and the widow of the beloved old pastor, Mrs. Dr. Samuel Wood, now nearly ninety, will be able to be present at our wedding.

In the two following letters he refers to his sick mother, who was nearing her heavenly home. Busy as he was in his first parish, he never forgot or neglected her: —

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[1] It was a privilege for which the compiler of these pages will ever be grateful, that she was permitted to be to him what Tertius (Rom. 16:22) and other copyists were to Paul. There were rewards that came to the mind and heart of the amanuensis beside the appreciative and often-spoken word, "That little right hand is worth thousands of dollars to me."

Aug. 24, 1847.

My dear Sister Rebecca, — To me it is a sad reflection that every time I bid farewell to our dear aged mother it may be the last. The thing that we have greatly feared will soon come upon us as a family. . . .

God loves the character renewed and sanctified by his own spirit. He will appoint her death. He will allow only so many days of suffering as shall be for her eternal good. An everlasting rest awaits her. If we are not saved ourselves, we have great reason to rejoice that a mansion is made ready for our dear mother. A sweet and heavenly peace pervades her mind.

Did I ever tell you of an interview with mother just before I commenced to preach? It marked an era in my spiritual life. It was during a summer vacation spent with her at Brother Jacob's in Bristol. One day she invited me into her own room, and there, in the most earnest, solemn, affectionate manner, she urged upon me the desirableness, the duty, the necessity, of living daily, constantly, in near, vital union and communion with Jesus Christ. She warned me against seeking mere intellectual development. She bade me beware of earthly ambitions. Every word she uttered seemed to probe my inmost soul. Then she knelt down by me, and prayed as in my childhood. I went out of that room humbled in the dust, another, and I hope a better man.

Let us often bless God that we have had such a mother. Committing her into his hands, let us go on in the path of obedience, as she has taught us, and hope at last to meet her again in heaven.

New York, May 2, 1848.

Dear Brother L., — I have just returned from Bristol, N.H. . . . The pain which mother suffers is constant, sometimes excruciating. Her inward peace is like a river. You could not provoke a murmur. Never have I seen a person so calm, bearing with such fortitude, and trusting with such confidence. I was particularly struck with the clear, comprehensive views she took of God's providence and of the great plan of salvation through a Redeemer. There is not the first mark of mental weakness. Each word is of the weight of a talent. Her example, spirit, and language would refute every infidel. . . .

A peaceful dismission was granted to his beloved parent Sept. 21, 1848.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST TEN YEARS IN PALMYRA.

1849–1859.

SETTLEMENT. — FIRST DEATH IN HIS FAMILY. — REVIVALS. INTEREST IN MISSIONS.

THE location of the Sixth-street Church was unfortunate for permanence. The foreign population began to occupy exclusively the eastern part of New York, where it was situated. The whole movement was up town. Early in the winter of 1849, Mr. Eaton spent an evening at the house of his friend, Mr. Dodge. The cousin of his host, Rev. Richard F. Cleveland[1] of Fayetteville, N.Y., chanced to be present. Mr. C. spoke of a large and interesting parish in Western New York, then without a pastor, and inquired if Mr. Eaton would go to Palmyra were an invitation extended. An affirmative answer led to a correspondence between Mr. C. and Stephen Hyde, Esq., one of the trustees of the church. A call was made out, March 14, 1849. He was installed in July following. Rev. S. H. Gridley, D.D., of Waterloo, N.Y., preached the sermon, and Rev. George R. H. Shumway, a former pastor, gave the charge to the people. His introductory discourse was preached May 6, 1849, from 1 Cor. 2 : 1–5. "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

The times that went over the church and the nation from 1849 to 1879 were perhaps as stirring and eventful as any of similar duration in the past. Blended as is the history of each church with the great interests of education, missionary enterprise, good government, and reform, to give an accurate account of Dr. Eaton's pastorate of thirty years in Palmyra would require volumes. Several could easily be filled, since he has left a journal of every year, detailing in brief the occurrences of each week and each Sabbath.

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[1] Father of Hon. Grover Cleveland, President-elect.

Upon assuming his new duties, he found that a heavy debt lay like a pall of night upon the church. With all the enthusiasm of his nature he set himself to remove it. It is often true that when it can be said of a church "they have done what they could," it quickly follows that they are enabled to do what they thought they could not. Soon after the liquidation of this debt, the society built a pleasant, commodious lecture-room, and dispensed with the low and damp basement previously used. Preceding this effort, the pastor preached a sermon upon the text, "And He shall show you a large upper room furnished; there make ready." He put emphasis upon the word "large," but more upon the word "upper."

In 1853 the angel of death for the first time visited his family. In a letter of condolence written ten years after to a brother who had lost a little daughter, he thus refers to this bereavement: —

PALMYRA, N.Y., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER, — Most vividly I realize your feelings. Ten years ago the 11th of next September, I parted with the loveliest child I ever saw, — my dear Anna, nearly two years and a half old. Her memory is still fragrant, enchanting. I would not forget this most painful scene of my life. When agonized with suffering, she would look up to me with imploring confidence for help. And she did not refuse to take medicine from my hand, to the very last. She was twelve hours in the mortal struggle. Such were her sufferings, I was thankful when her breath was gone. Six times, during a sickness of eleven days, I passed through the alternations of hope and despair in regard to her life. But while laying away the dear dust in the grave, I experienced a sweet resignation. To look back is like recovering a view of some beautiful shore that I have left. I have never had a doubt that my child was with Jesus. I sometimes feel that she loves me still, and lingers about my way as I go on to complete my pilgrimage. The chastening was good for me. It was the chastening of a Father.

My dear brother and sister, I rejoice at the evidence you have that Fannie was sealed as a lamb before taken by the Good Shepherd. May her memory make the promises, the presence of Jesus, and heaven itself more real, more precious. . . .

I would not seek honors, riches, or pleasure for my children; but I would have them love and glorify God. I try to give them up to Christ every day; and I bless His holy name for the evidence that my dear John has chosen the good part that cannot be taken from him. A few weeks ago he came out with some twenty others, and subscribed with his own hands to be the Lord's. My trust for my children is in sovereign grace.

I have been thinking how many of our family are still spared. Ten are left. As far as I know, but two of our mother's children have passed away: an infant and Sister R. And, if I count right, there are twenty-two grandchildren living. It was mother's earnest prayer that her descendants should be found in the covenant of grace. May God help us to carry out her desire for ourselves and our families!

Your brother in the flesh, in the faith, and in affliction,

H. EATON.

Dr. Eaton believed in genuine revivals of religion. He saw an analogy between physical and spiritual husbandry. He therefore watched, worked, and waited not only for "the dew that descends upon the mountains of Zion," but for "the small rain and the great rain of his strength." He was not disappointed. Delightful were the refreshings of the Spirit that often visited his congregation. In the widespread revival of 1857–58, the church in Palmyra richly shared. Was the baptism of holy fire then preparing our beloved land for the baptism of blood so soon to follow? In every pure and general revival some one particular Bible truth seems to be vitalized and impressed by the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of the people, and this without any concert among leaders in Christian work. All sermons and appeals in this revival centred in the first three words of Heb. 12:2, "*Looking unto Jesus.*"

That year marked a great epoch in Dr. Eaton's religious life. He seemed to attain a rest and confidence in Christ unknown before. Attending the change there was an increased fear of grieving the Holy Spirit, greater power in the pulpit and upon the hearts of men.

A letter written at this time to his brother reveals his new views: —

Palmyra, N.Y., Jan. 6, 1858.

My dear Brother J., — . . . We have received some eighty to our church this year, on profession; and the type of piety seems to be that which has roots.

I think my own soul has been greatly blessed with the presence of Jesus Christ. I have found joy and life and strength in Him. I have felt that I was clothed with His righteousness, and accepted in His sight. . . .

Does not Jesus say to His Father that He had loved His disciples as the Father had loved himself? "To as many as received Jesus, there was given power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." What is it to be sons of God? It is to resemble God, to be a brother with Christ, to have the free spirit of love and adoption, to be an heir of God, — and all this by simply *receiving Christ* as our Teacher, Sacrifice, and Master. Some achieve greatness by intense exertion; but we receive glory, honor, and immortality by receiving Christ. This I think the true idea of faith. It is receiving Christ. That simple act puts us in possession of all necessary good. This union to Jesus is the condition of strength. All the trials and embarrassments of life are removed or borne by this blessed assistance.

Christ is the key that opens all the treasures of grace, strength, holiness, joy. All things are ours if Christ is ours. Dear brother, cast all your care upon Jesus, for He careth for you.

In coming to Palmyra, Mr. Eaton was both surprised and gratified at the interest taken by his church in the cause of foreign missions. This was due, in part, to the fact that one of its cherished and devoted members, Miss Martha Lovell, had recently assumed the charge of the Young Ladies' Seminary at Constantinople. On Miss Lovell's marriage to Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, she naturally looked to her native town for her successor in the school. The lot fell on Miss Maria A. West, who sailed from Boston, January, 1853. A meeting of great interest was held on the Sabbath evening previous to her leaving Palmyra. The youthful laborer felt encouraged and sustained by the farewell words of her pastor. Abating brief intervals occasioned by ill health, Miss West has resided in the East ever since. Her work there has been self-sacrificing and full of toil, but most effective and successful. Multitudes of Syrian women and Syrian homes even now arise and call her blessed.

It was a source of gratitude to the subject of this memorial, that his church had sent out three foreign missionaries, beside many faithful home missionaries. We have seldom seen him more pleased than when he ascertained the fact that a native of Palmyra, an esteemed friend, had had a most important agency in the establishment of the Micronesian mission. He gives us the narrative of the two instrumentalities which in so wonderful a manner brought about this result: —

In 1809, an olive-colored boy[1] was found sitting, weeping, on the steps of Yale College. The good people befriended him. He was converted, educated. He was eager to carry the good news of salvation to his native islands. Just as he was ready to sail, an acute disease laid him in the grave.

But the fire he had kindled did not go out. In October, 1819, Hiram Bingham and five others embarked from Long Wharf, Boston, as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. March 31, 1820, they caught, by moonlight, the first glimpse of Hawaii. The inhabitants had just cast away their idols. They welcomed the missionaries. Their language was reduced to writing. The Bible was printed. Revival succeeded revival till the islands came under the power of the gospel and the Sabbath. From 1838 to 1843, twenty-seven thousand were admitted to the churches.

As the years passed on, the converts of the Sandwich Islands longed to send the gospel, which had so blessed them, to the destitute "regions beyond." They felt the same interest for the Micronesian Islands that New England Christians had for them thirty years before. But as yet no organization had been formed, no particular direction given to their zeal.

And here comes in another link of the great chain of God's providence. Ira Lakey, son of Mr. Abner Lakey of Palmyra, had learned the watch and clock making business; but the way seemed obstructed. Good offers induced him to enter the whaling service at New Bedford. He first went out as a sailor; was soon promoted, and took command of the bark

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[1] Henry Obookiah.

"Harvest." I give you here what he told me himself. The owners of the ship were generous to him, and he felt his responsibility to bring them a good return. He sped to the southern Pacific. On the coast of Kusaie, or Strong's Island, one of the Carolines, he was stranded on a coral reef, and a huge rent made in his vessel. Captain Lakey's hopes were dashed; but he did not give up the ship. He had no tools with which to make repairs, but such as his own ingenuity could invent. Fortunately, one of the crew could speak the language of the people. The king was at the time dangerously sick. The countenance and bearing of Captain Lakey would have inspired the respect and confidence of civilized sovereigns. As it was, this Pagan chief gladly accepted his offer to prescribe for him. Captain Lakey watched and studied the king's case with the utmost attention. He recovered. Nothing could exceed his gratitude and that of his subjects. They brought to the seamen, day by day, fish, pigeons, bananas, the fruit of the pandanus-tree, and the cocoanut-palm. Captain Lakey rigged a home-made jack, and with ropes and pulleys, and the help of one hundred or more of the natives, whom he hired of the king, he pulled the vessel upon its side. He himself made the plank. The island afforded fine timber. He took the copper from the upper part of the ship, where it was not so much needed, and covered the bottom. In like manner he repaired the other side of the vessel. All this took some three months. "Good King George" and Captain Lakey had many conversations with each other. A great friendship sprung up between the captain and the king's little son, a bright boy four or five years old. The king was most desirous to learn about the United States, and the reasons why the people there were so much better off than in his own country. He insisted that Captain Lakey read and preach from the Bible to them every Sabbath day. In relating this, the captain said, "I couldn't do it as well as you, parson, but I did as well as I could." The wild and unclad savages listened with the utmost attention; and, when Captain Lakey left Kusaie, the king obtained a promise from him that he would do his utmost to send them missionary teachers. For this purpose he sailed two thousand miles out of his way to interview Rev. S. C. Damon, D.D., seaman's chaplain at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, with whom he was well acquainted. To him he presented their appeal. Wonderful to tell, it came at just the right time. It exactly met the awakened interest of the Sandwich Island Christians.

They at once organized a missionary society. In 1852 three missionaries, with their wives and two Hawaiian teachers, went out to Kusaie. Finding that they needed "a small ship to wait upon" them as they cruised among the islands, they wrote to the rooms of the Board at Boston. A responsive thrill went through the Sabbath-schools of the land; and the first "Morning Star,"[1] a brigantine, costing $18,351, was launched November, 1856.

Twenty years after Captain Lakey's shipwreck, he visited again his old landing-place. But how changed! The former king was dead. The young prince, a Christian ruler, remembered him. Under his lead and that of the missionaries, the people, now neatly dressed, assembled on the shore in an orderly manner, and formally greeted their benefactor by singing sweet songs and hymns of praise to God. The New Testament and Christian books had been introduced; the Sabbath was observed; and the voice of prayer went up from their families and their churches.

Baptized as was Mr. Eaton at his conversion in the spirit of missions, the flame on the altar never burned low. He aimed to make the monthly concert the most interesting evening meeting of the month. Nor was the collection forgotten. Just before it was taken, we have heard him repeat this passage, "Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" He loved alike both departments of the missionary work, — the home and the foreign.

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[1] The fourth Morning Star, a steamer, Captain Bray, sailed from Boston at eleven o'clock on Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1884. A party of about forty friends, mainly from the Congregational House, accompanied her down the harbor; a brief prayer was offered, and the Missionary Hymn sung. It was an impressive scene, as the wind filled her white sails and she went out to sea to the music of

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,"

followed by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. — *The Congregationalist.*

We subjoin extracts from three sermons on the moral condition of the heathen, and our duty to them: —

Acts 17: 26, 27. "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him . . . though He be not far from every one of us."

. . . From the doctrines thus illustrated it is legitimate to draw one or two inferences.

If all men are derived from one blood, and owe allegiance to one and the same Jehovah, then their moral nature and necessities are the same. They have a common discernment to see the great hand of God in His works and in His providence, a common conscience to feel obligation, common affections, and will to love and serve Him. Without these moral elements, they cannot belong to the human family.

Perhaps you have sometimes been conscious of a kind of dubiosity in your own mind as to the moral condition and destiny of the heathen. Perhaps the feeling has stolen over you that the Hottentot, Caffre, Esquimau, are not equally human with yourself, not subject to the same probation; are not to meet with you on the same basis at the judgment, and, according to their character and conduct, "to receive the frown or the welcome of the final Judge." Has not this subtle error insinuated itself into the feelings, though it may not be acknowledged in the understanding?

What, then, is the moral condition of the heathen? Sceptical minds have taken, at different times, directly opposite views in regard to their religious prospects. At one time they have extolled human nature, human reason, the unaided sentiments and conceptions of the soul, to such a degree as to make missionary work, or even revelation, unnecessary. By the pale star of Nature man can guide his bark across the sea of life, and safely enter the haven of immortality. . . . By such reasoning and declamation, a large portion of the world free themselves of any obligation to send them the gospel. "The heathen," say they, "know enough already by the teachings of reason and conscience, and the light of Nature."

But bring these exalters of human wisdom to the kraal, the habitations of filth, cruelty, infanticide, all the kinds of crime and loathsome degradation which everywhere prevail in heathendom, and in sight of the moral pestilence press upon them the eternal prospects of the Pagan world,—surely, if the light of reason is so great as to supersede divine revelation, then these nations are without excuse for perverting such light, for "changing the glory of the incorruptible God into images made like unto corruptible man and four-footed beasts and creeping things." Their light renders them terribly to blame for their impiety toward God, and cruelty to man. By as much as their knowledge of duty outruns their character and conduct, by so much "they have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." According to the sceptic's own showing, they are brought in guilty before God.

But just here it is not uncommon for unbelievers in divine revelation to fasten on the other horn of the dilemma. They deny that any light shines upon the heathen mind; they are too imbruted and debased to be more accountable than the wild beasts of the field. Here, again, they get quit of any obligation to send them the gospel of Christ. In one case, they have all the light necessary: in the other, they have not light enough to make them responsible or bring them under condemnation.

Now, just between these two extremes, the word of God shows the heathen world both needy and guilty. It is alike the sentiment of the Bible and of common sense, that according to a knowledge of duty so is the guilt of disobedience. "He who knew his Lord's will and did it not was beaten with many stripes; but he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." Should Gabriel refuse obedience amidst the effulgence of heaven, he would fall correspondingly low in deserved ruin.

Does a human soul of exalted privileges cast off fear, and restrain prayer, Christ's word to him is,—

"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you."

Does the child of poverty and crime in our cities violate his moral ideas, his conceptions of God, justice, and duty, which, if he would follow, would bring him to the house of God, to Christ, and to heaven, he is brought in guilty before God. Step from the most degraded soul in Christian lands to the most enlightened Pagan mind. There, too, you will find moral ideas, convictions of duty to God, and justice to man. If he choose sensual indulgence, if he turn from the light, if he do not retain God in his knowledge, he also falls under a corresponding condemnation.

So you may descend by successive steps to the lowest depths of human degradation, and even there you will find a mind, a conscience, a heart, which will meet rays of divine light as it looks out upon the creation and providence of God. These, if cherished by a sincere and pure desire to know and do the will of God, will lead the soul to holiness and heaven. But if, from a perverse will, he prefer to enjoy the pleasures of sin, he also falls under condemnation proportionate to the light he despises.

It is thus we see the Bible presents a principle of justice and retribution that brings "the whole world guilty before God." Paul has made this point clear in the first of Romans. Speaking directly of the heathen world, he says, "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse."

This reasoning of the apostle is vindicated by the testimony of our missionaries. When they call the darkest mind to look into his own consciousness, into the providence and works of the Creator, into the sea and lightning and seasons, they never fail to elicit a response in ideas of God and accountability to Him. With significance of voice and gesture, the veteran Dr. Lindley, for thirty years a missionary in South Africa, said to me, "Every word that Paul uttered in the first chapter of Romans in regard to the heathen is true now. The heathen know better. When they thieve and lie, and sell their children for oxen, they are conscious of wrong doing; they feel guilty. The trouble with them is, 'they *do not like* to retain God in their knowledge.'" . . .

It is evident, then, that the heathen are of the same family as ourselves. They are under the same law, launched upon the same probation, condemned by the same principles. All of us have light enough to make us accountable, and to bind us over to the same judgment-seat.

We come, then, to this scriptural, incontrovertible position. The heathen are neither angels nor apes, but men, sinners of one blood with ourselves, of the same tainted blood, poisoned by the tooth of the old serpent, our moral relish depraved.

"What a fall was there, my brethren,
When you and I and all of us fell down!"

I take by the hand the wildest son of the forest, with black hair and eyes, and high cheek-bones. He is my brother, the son of my mother Eve. We are alike diseased. We are fellow-sufferers. There is the same quarrel between his passions and conscience as between mine. We are fellow-criminals. We have broken the same law, offended the same Creator and Judge, and are doomed to the same tribunal. We might add to our company the Hindoo, the Chinaman, the Tartar, every race and individual of the heathen world, and there will be found the same fellowship of origin, suffering, and condemnation. "We have *all* gone out of the way." The dark and awful truth in regard to man is his *universal guilt.* "Every mouth shall be stopped, and the *whole world* become guilty before God." This is the great fact that Christ looked in the face. This is the great fact His church must look in the face.

John 3 : 16. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." . . . This text first gives the gauge and depth of God's love to sinful man.

We have also the expression and exponent of God's regard for justice and law. . . .

The text also discloses the measure of the sinner's peril, the depth and danger of human ruin. . . .

But mark, my brethren, the terms of the text. "God so loved the world," — not the Jew, not the Greek, not the bond, not the free, not the rich man, not the beggar at his gate, not the elect or the non-elect, not the dweller on this or that mountain or river or ocean, but the world, — men of every cast, locality, condition. "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish." Be he sage or savage, Fejee or Greenlander, every tribe and individual of the human family are covered by the provisions of the atonement. Who will say there is a nation, clan, or inhabitant of earth for whom Christ hath not tasted death? Is there one to whom the "whosoever" does not refer?

The heathen, then, are embraced in the provisions of Christ's death. Nearly four-fifths of the descendants of Adam are to-day worshipers of the gods that can neither hear nor save. Is there one of these tribes, one individual, not included in "the world" of mankind for which Christ died? Again, if to purchase pardon and sanctification for the heathen, God has given up his only-begotten Son, then the heathen were in perishing need of pardon and sanctification. But, if the heathen are not condemned sinners with the rest of the world, they have no part in the atonement, they have no need of the blessings it procures. The whole world does not lie in wickedness. The command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is a mistake. The labors and sacrifices of the apostles in preaching the gospel to the heathen were a mistake. If they were not sinners in common with the rest of the world, then the call on all men everywhere to repent was a mistake. How can the heathen repent if they are not sinners? Paul also made a mistake in writing to the converts from heathenism at Ephesus: "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins. Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Among whom also, we all," Jews and heathen, "had our conversation in time past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others. Remember that ye, being in time past," heathen, "Gentiles in the flesh, that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise."

If the heathen were not sinners, the *prophets* were mistaken when they predicted that Christ should be "a light of the Gentiles, that He might be for salvation to the ends of the earth." Nor would our Pagan ancestors and their Druid priests have been guilty while immolating human victims upon their altars. If they had no need of the gospel, by what means could they pass from a heathen to a Christian nation? How is it that so many hundreds of thousands in the primitive times, and in the last fifty years of modern missions, have accepted the messages of a crucified Saviour, —have repented and believed and rejoiced in the hope of everlasting life? Were they not mistaken in thinking themselves blameworthy in repenting, and in feeling their need of Christ? If the heathen are not sinners with the rest of mankind, it is most evident they can neither be saved by grace nor condemned by justice. How will they be disposed of?—as mere animals, or as spotless angels? What, then, mean the words of Peter, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved"? . . .

Rom. 10 : 11–15. . . . According to the reasoning of Paul, we have "proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin"; that heathen and Christians are all from one degenerate root; that all have misimproved light in different degrees, and are consequently found guilty according to the clearness of the duty they have disregarded. From another standpoint the same conclusions have been reached. The fact that God so loved the whole world as to give His only-begotten Son to die for all shows that all have gone out of the way, and are in perishing need of the benefits of His death. The sin of the heathen, though not as deep, is as real, as that of the gospel sinner. If one has violated twelve degrees of light and the other but one, it is still true that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

While some of my hearers did not deny the truth of the position, they were led to ask two pertinent questions: —

1st, Grant that the heathen have light enough to make them sinners. Have they light enough to find their upward way to pardon and eternal life? Do the best they can, must the heathen perish?

My own reflections have brought me to the conviction that the heathen, though shut up to faith, are not shut up to death. I am encouraged to think that beside the light shining from God's works and providence, and the inward convictions of conscience, there is also an influence from the atonement ready to clear and intensify this natural light, ready to guide the truly sincere and inquiring heathen, if such there be, in his struggles for pardon and peace: "The grace of God, *which hath appeared unto all men*, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." The same sentiment is expressed in John, referring to Christ as "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." If the heathen share the depraving influence of Adam's sin without knowing the facts of his fall, I do not see why they may not share something of the elevating influence of Christ's death without being made acquainted with the facts of His life and crucifixion. It is evident that the heathen are not in the same hopeless case in which they would have been had not Christ died. The Sun of righteousness may cast a faint twilight upon regions over which He has not risen in his full-orbed glory. Christ is the light of the world. The heathen as well as other men are under obligation to have an honest and teachable spirit, eager to receive and yield to the truth. May we not admit that a heathen may so see God in the heavens, hear Him in the thunder, and so apprehend Him in all the changes of His providence as to be convinced of his own dependence and his sin? and may not the Holy Spirit, sent forth and purchased by the cross of Christ, so sanctify this light of nature that he shall recoil from impurity, cleave to virtue, and rest upon the mercy of a Redeemer whom he never knew? If with a penitent, trusting spirit he wait upon the taper light of nature, ready to take an advanced step in the way of obedience, is not this the substance of a faith that would embrace a Redeemer as soon as made known? It would seem from the testimony of our missionaries, that they have found a few minds in this attitude, following the light they had, and ever willing to obey new convictions of duty.

If these remarks are just, then the heathen are only under obligation sincerely to receive the light and truth that is revealed to them in the book of nature, directed and enforced by an unseen cross. This view does not imply that any one is ever saved but through the influence and merits of the atonement, though, like the experience of many before Christ came, the facts and nature of that atonement may not have been comprehended.

The *second* question is suggested by the answer I have given to the first. If the heathen can possibly be saved by the light they now have, rising out of all their degradation and filth, and scaling the walls of their prison, what is the need of sending them missionaries to teach them the way of life more perfectly?

The very inquiry reveals its own absurdity. If the dim candle may possibly avail to guide the traveler across the terrible gulf and save his life, how much more the starlit firmament, how much more the full moon, the opening gates of day, and the meridian sun! Men were saved in the patriarchal, in the Mosaic dispensation; but how longed and looked-for the natal morn when angels shouted, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"!

Apply the same reasoning to other interests. Because the heathen can build a hut in the earth, plow with a stick, traverse the ocean in a rude canoe, or find all their remedies in roots, shall we withhold from them our advanced knowledge of architecture, agriculture, navigation, and medicine?

Thus, though they are not shut up to death by the dispensation of Heaven, yet they have practically shut themselves up to death by choosing darkness rather than light, and going down to the depths of sensuality, and alienation from God. They are condemned by the same law that condemns the rest of the human family, and they are hastening to the same judgment with ourselves. Now, over against this universal ruin is set a universal remedy. On the one side is presented a universal demand, and on the other a universal supply. And the injunction of Christ joins with every impulse of humanity and Christianity, requiring us to engage all our powers to bring this demand and supply together.

In rescuing the perishing heathen, the divine order is given in the text: "How, then, shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

Salvation can come only by individual believing on Jesus Christ. In order to believe on Him, the heathen must hear of Him. To hear of Him, preachers must go from gospel lands. For this the church must educate, send forth, and sustain the heralds of the cross.

Christ, whose death has procured salvation for all men, has thrown the work of making Him known upon the church which is His body, His only visible representative on earth. The church are to obey His last command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Salvation must come out of Zion. The prayers, alms, sacrifices of Christ's disciples, must send the gospel among the nations. The instrumentality of the church must roll back the darkness of ages, demolish every heathen altar, cast down every idol, sheathe every sword, break every yoke, dry up every fountain of iniquity, plant the standard of the cross in every vale and along every hillside.

To this work we should address ourselves gratefully, hopefully, joyfully. . . .

The Eye of Christ upon the Contribution-box. Mark 12:41. "And Jesus sat over against the treasury and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury."

. . . With His eye on the contribution-box, Jesus compares the offerings of His people with the wants of the world. . . .

The searching eye of Jesus on the contribution-box compares our yearly tribute with our professions. . . .

He who now watches the contribution-box will at last say, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Let not the fact that we are tenants at will grow dull upon our hearts. A steward does not own the property in his hands. He is not to distribute or dispose of it at pleasure. If an agent use it for his own gratification, if he withhold from the channel directed by his master, the law of trust and stewardship is violated. Did that clerk of yours take the avails of your capital for himself, what is it but purloining your substance? Suppose you give your tenant command to feed from your granary certain poor families among your neighbors, but, instead, he appropriates your wheat and provisions to his own advantage. The injustice would be apparent, flagrant.

But each one is a steward of the Great Landholder. All you have belongs to Him. Are you endowed with intellectual ability? "God giveth wisdom, and the inspiration of the Almighty understanding." Have you riches laid up? "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts."

Have you a deed of these broad acres? God has enriched these fields, and "let them out to husbandmen, and at His coming He will demand His own with usury." It is plain that we are to regard the owner's will.

But redemption is the great work, the great enterprise, of His throne. To this is subordinated every other interest in His universe. For this heaven has been emptied of its treasures. Angels are sent forth as ministering spirits. All the changes and revenue of God's vast domain subserve His grace and glory in the salvation of men. We, also, have an agency. Bibles must be multiplied, ministers must be educated and sent forth, the gospel preached to every creature. To furnish the means, God has appointed an income tax. . . .

But you say, "I am bound to provide for my household, their bodily comfort, mental cultivation, religious improvement, and future usefulness." In all this you are obeying God as a faithful steward. But does this prove you are allowed to retain and hoard your Lord's money for yourself and family when His cause is bleeding for help?

Another says, "I have lost the last year." Well, my brother, there is a sliding scale in this business, — "according as the Lord hath prospered." If you have lost, you are but an agent, and the Master is able to lose it. We are to occupy only what remains, and pay the drafts that He may send in.

But you cheerfully admit that you are but a steward. "Show me the figures, and I will face them." The demand on the Jewish Church was at least one-fifth of their income; one dollar in five, two in ten, ten in fifty, twenty in a hundred, two hundred every thousand. But since Christ has come, and the world is thrown open, and the command is "Go preach," God has left the amount to be determined by every individual conscience. Prayer, the general teachings of the Bible, Providence, will enable every unbiased mind to strike the balance between the wants of a family and the wants of a perishing world. A sense of the Great Taskmaster's eye is necessary to prevent covetousness from perverting our gifts.

But another principle Jesus applies as we pass in our yearly offerings, — "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Were we sunk in heathenism, for what ought we to look from those raised to affluence, refinement, civilization, and eternal life by the gospel? Exchange our Bibles for the Shasters of India, the Sabbath services for the orgies of Juggernaut, our hopes through Christ for the dark unknown that stretches out before the heathen mind, — in short, change places with idolaters, and what might we expect of those more favored?

Were one of our steamers, in traversing the solitary deep, to fall in with a hundred men in the last stages of starvation, what would this law require of them? Why, at once to part with their *luxuries* that they might feed their starving brethren; yes, even to share their necessary provisions, before they suffered them to die of famine. Let the same principle be carried out toward those perishing for the bread of life! . . .

Jesus looks upon the contribution-box *in the light of His own sacrifices.* As He thinks of Gethsemane and Calvary, is there not in that eye of compassion a beam of melting, subduing eloquence, saying, "Freely ye have received, freely give"? . . .

The setting apart a definite percentage of one's income for the good of others, as the Lord hath prospered, is a means of extracting, killing selfishness, that tap-root of all sin.

Parchment long wound closely around a small centre is persistent in coiling together. You take this tendency out, not simply by uncoiling, but by rolling the other way. I knew a man in New England, who by blood and nurture was so held by these strictures, that, when the grace of God began to expand his soul, you could almost hear the cords snap. He said that, when he found the love of money getting the mastery, he used the great gospel club, visiting blow after blow, at the rate of $500 a gift. Thus he became one of the most active, benevolent, and prosperous of men. A farmer in Henniker, N.H., consecrated an orchard to the cause of missions. The very fact that he had thus devoted it to the Lord led him to pray for good fruit, to graft and and feed his trees. And it was wonderful how many hundreds of dollars went into the treasury of the Lord from that orchard. The prayer and care which made his trees so fruitful nourished in him the spirit of benevolence, that sanctified all his other labors and possessions.

Giving as the Lord hath prospered *will bring us off from all tendency to over-reaching and dishonesty.* The spirit that labors and gives for others will not fleece them of their just dues. By cherishing a generous spirit toward all men, we shall be led to do justly toward all men. Have we wronged any one? Repentance will flow from the true giving spirit. But perhaps the man whom we have wronged has gone before us to eternity. If what we unjustly possess cannot be returned to the injured man or family, we can make it over to the Great Proprietor. Zaccheus had been exacting and rapacious. When Jesus entered his heart and his home, he made restitution to those who had gone beyond his reach, by giving at once half of his goods to feed the poor. And then, if there were any living with whom he had dealt unfairly, he restored to them fourfold. In this there was no compromise with evil, no buying indulgences, but an entire renunciation of all avarice and over-reaching. . . .

If we work, plan, and save for the cause of God as well as for ourselves, then the Lord goes with us as our senior partner in the firm. His presence will restrain us from every thing false, selfish, grasping, and enable us to break with all questionable schemes, and refuse all dishonest gains. What we give will be a blessing to others. What we retain will be fraught with God's blessing on ourselves. We shall stand better for both worlds.

Conscientious giving is a practice which begets a *cheerful and happy spirit.* "Charity is twice blessed." The poor may do without our gifts, and be happy; but we cannot do without the discipline of giving, and be happy. We mistake when we think happiness springs from the accretive and selfish affection. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." . . .

The law of happiness is self-forgetfulness. Continual thinking about self—what we want, what we like, what respect other people ought to pay to us, what other people think of us—is the very way to make ourselves miserable. It will turn into a means of unrest every blessing God sends us. By giving alms as we are able we enter into the very sympathy, heart, and *joy* of our Lord.

From Report on Systematic Beneficence, presented at Lyons Presbytery, April, 1882.

. . . What specimens of giving among the early churches of Christ! True consecration reaches to the pocket. Purse-strings and heart-strings intwine and loosen together. If it may be said of the renewed soul, "Behold he *prayeth*," not less, "behold he *giveth*." If the one must be sincere, the other must be free. He who professes love to Jesus, and yet says of his money, "Hands off," is acting over the experience of Ananias and Sapphira. His heart is not right. He who would have a heart-stock in heaven must hold his bank-stocks subject to the drafts of Christ. He that says, "My son, give me thine heart," says also, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse."

In this principle of discipleship is found the only financial basis for gospel-work. With the command, "Go ye into all the world," there was no revenue from vested funds, rents, or taxation. Gospel finance is not from compulsion, the lash of coercion, but from the law of *love to Christ*. Giving is one of the graces inwrought by the Spirit. . . . Giving should be systematic and from principle. Impulse is a shaving fire. The door of the heart, creaking on rusty hinges, may open to a sudden and eloquent appeal, only to be bolted the closer when the spasm is over. Zigzag, haphazard giving begets no habit, confers no strength. . . . God gives from principle. His daily and yearly mercies come around in their season.

The demand for our charities is constant. System is the very soul of the divine recipe given by Paul: "Now, concerning the collection of the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." . . . For revenue to spread the gospel, God could send down, as He did manna, gold coined in the mint of heaven. But that would rob His own people of the discipline and blessedness of giving. . . . The frequency of this giving adds to its efficiency in securing spiritual benefits to the giver. Self-seeking may plead, "The longer the interval, the greater the gift. Shove by present appeals; heap up at the end of the year; leave a large bequest in your will." Such men forget that they are cultivating their greed rather than their benevolence. In life or death, avarice or heirs will exhibit but a small showing for the cause of God. He who waits to do great good will never do any. . . .

But according to this plan who are to give? "Let *every one of you* lay by him in store as the Lord hath prospered him." If the poorest brother cannot bring a lamb, let him bring a turtle-dove or two young pigeons. If the poorest sister cannot bring two, let her bring a single mite; and He who sits over against the treasury, and beholds how they cast in will smile, and command His benediction upon her. Dear to Christ are the gifts of His humble poor. They are rich in self-denial, fragrant in gratitude. Who shall deny the obscurest believer the luxury of bathing the Saviour's feet with tears of thankfulness? By such giving the poor are made rich, and the rich richer, and all co-operate in the Master's cause. . . .

This method of giving recommended by Paul is scriptural, simple, needs little machinery, makes giving a part of worship, trains the young to give, is frequent, and forms the habit of giving. It secures the largest aggregate, and will divide a support to each of the Boards. Clear, definite instruction, the monthly concert, the circulation of missionary intelligence, and fervent prayer will sustain and carry through this inspired plan of systematic beneficence.

. . . As the gospel began in the self-denial of a suffering Saviour, so it must be extended by a self-denying church. The sufferings of Christ gave His cross its attraction and power. So self-denial in His followers will prepare the way for the gospel they would promulgate. The drill goes before and opens the furrows for the seed it deposits. Sacrifice softens and opens the heart to the truth it makes known. From the smitten rock gushed the fountain of life. . . .

Behold, dear brethren, the secret of gospel power. The magnet is *Jesus suffering for me.* This self-denying compassion for others, for the lost and the perishing, is the driving wheel of the gospel engine. "And He said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

If self-sacrifice is essential to self-recovery and to extending this recovery to others, not less is it necessary to insure the glory of Christ. As the moon glorifies the sun by reflecting its light to cheer our dark nights, so the church glorifies the Saviour by reflecting His love and grace upon the dark places of the earth. How can a redeemed church exalt a suffering Saviour but by the same spirit of sacrifice? Is not our self-denial for others the measure of our love for Christ? How can the believer stand as the disciple of a dying Saviour without this "fellowship of suffering"? The oil that consumes gives the light. The church under the law of sacrifice, believers on the cross, at the stake, in the catacombs, manifest, represent, honor, a suffering Redeemer. The bush, all on fire in the desert, was to Moses a greater sight, told more of Christ, of the future deliverance from Egypt, than ten thousand green bay-trees spreading themselves on the luxuriant plain. Martyr faith, martyr literature, martyr lives, have given the church its victories, Christ His glory, and the world its salvation.

The Preaching of the Clouds. Eccles. 11:3. "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth." . . . Our cloud-sermon pleads against contracting rather than enlarging our contributions. . . . The verse previous to our text says, "Give a portion to seven, and also to eight." Mark, it does not say, "Give a portion to seven, then to six, then to five," running down and so running out. . . . But benevolence, self-denial for Christ, will react in blessings on our own souls. When the clouds empty themselves, the earth drinketh in the blessing, and with new fragrance sends it back again to the heavens. Did the clouds absorb and retain the rising vapors, and not give them back in gentle rain, they would burst with their own weight. Deluges would come down to devastate and destroy. These avaricious clouds might be edged with gold, and lined with silver; and yet, if they withheld their watery treasures, every dying tree and plant would send up their execrations. . . . The teaching of the rain-cloud, when translated, is this, — we are to give freely, for we have freely received; we are to give as a grateful offering to our Redeemer; we are to give for the health, happiness, and salvation of our fellow-men; we are to give as an act of worship, and as a means of grace to our own souls; we are to give systematically, from principle, and not leave the matter to special and moving appeals, to temporary ability or inconvenience. . . .

The following is a Report on Home Missions, presented at the last meeting of Presbytery which Dr. Eaton ever attended, held at Red Creek, N.Y., Sept. 11, 1883, six weeks before his death : —

Esther 4 : 14. "Thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
> . . . . . .
> We must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."

Gideon and his three hundred men, David as he met Goliath in the Valley of Elah, Hezekiah before the army of Sennacherib, were just at the moment when victory and defeat were balancing. By providential steps, Esther, the poor Jewish maiden, had ascended the Persian throne. The design of this elevation was revealed in the awful responsibility rolled upon her. Her kindred, her nation, were in imminent peril. Their salvation hung upon her faith and self-sacrifice. She had "come to the kingdom for such a time as this."

The American church, from a condition of depression and poverty, has been led up to a queenly position of honor and power, to watch, sympathize, and co-operate with her crucified, risen, and glorified Lord. The purpose of this elevation is revealed in the exigency, the crisis, that is now upon her. She has come to the kingdom at a moment when interests are balancing in the scales of destiny, more weighty than those ever committed to David, Jehoshaphat, or the beautiful orphan-queen.

The church of this generation have come to the aggressive missionary age, to the time of battle, the pitched battle in the Valley of Decision, the great day of God Almighty, when forces hostile and formidable have risen up from the four corners of the earth to dispute with Christ and His people the possession of this new world, especially as this is the vantage-ground and gateway to the conquest of the whole world.

An ardent missionary friend of mine from London, who had been accustomed to plan and pray for the prevalence of the gospel from the Orkneys to Land's End, and to feel that his own island with Ireland thrown in was truly the Great Britain, recently visited the Pacific, and reviewed the field of our own home missionary work. On his return, his only word was "*Great!*" Every thing connected with the evangelization of the West is huge, colossal, gigantic.

If we look at the *territory* we must say "great." The West is a world of empires. Our missionary field beyond the Mississippi, leaving out Alaska, presents to the sun a greater area than the twelve states of Europe,—excepting Russia,—these states embracing a population of two hundred millions. Put down France with her forty millions in

Texas, and you have on all sides a margin of forty miles. The governor of Texas has a larger realm than the emperor of the French. You may pass from Eastport, Me., through fifty-six degrees of longitude, to San Francisco, and you are not halfway to the western border of Alaska.

We have read this statement in regard to the Union Pacific Railroad: "From Chicago only to San Francisco it is 2300 miles long. If one end of that road be placed in imagination at London, and be allowed to sweep around, like the hand of a clock, over the face of Europe, it would reach to the east far beyond Moscow, to the south-eastward beyond Constantinople into Syria, southward through Europe, across the Mediterranean, far into the Desert of Sahara; and, as it comes round to the west, it would reach two-thirds the way across the Atlantic." "Such a railroad is an impossibility in Europe : it is a necessity in the United States."

We are dazed, confounded, at the geographical extent of the home missionary field of the Presbyterian Church.

But the *natural features* of this domain are great, wonderful.

Pile Ossa upon Pelion, and Olympus upon both, and you have but a foot-hill to the peaks of Washington Territory that rise in snowy, solitary grandeur above the approach of man. Not less exciting are the gaping chasms that open their deep mouths amid these awful fastnesses. The traveler, glancing down from the dizzy height into the frightful gorge, involuntarily shudders at the roar of the imprisoned river as it echoes from the abyss. On the cliffs, hundreds of feet below him, he may see the eyrie of the gray mountain-eagle, and myriads of fish-hawks flying above the glittering stream. Could Job have ranged among these ragged, precipitous defiles, and watched the leaping cascades, what words would he have left about "the hand of God cutting channels in the rock" and "overturning the mountains by the roots"! Did the glens of Scotland inspire the Wizard of the North; did the harp of Moore vibrate to the lakes of Killarney: what lyrics shall yet celebrate the cañons of Colorado, the trees and the valley of the Yosemite!

But the *material resources* of our home missionary field are great. In the deep and glorious woods of Montana and Washington Territory there are thousands of heavy and valuable forests, where no axe or saw has ever uttered its murderous voice; what columns of pine and cedar to adorn future palaces, and build the shipping of the world!

If you turn from the height and wealth of the forest, and inquire at the shaft of the mine, you shall hear the jingle of gold, silver, copper, nickel, platinum, iron, challenging the greedy coffers of the nations. From lifting your eyes from the mine, you look for the fruit of the *plow*. You will find that one-half of the wheat, two-fifths of the corn, one-half of the cotton, are grown west of the Father of Waters. How will the granaries and elevators of the great corn cities overflow when the Red River of the north and other fat valleys shall be sown with the "principal wheat," and wave with the golden harvest!

But domains so wide, wonders so amazing, resources so exhaustless, have stimulated, invited, and combined at the West forces of evil of gigantic proportions. Deep soil sends up rank thistles as well as rank wheat. The first caravans to our new El Dorado were crowded with many of broken fortunes, bankrupt character, desperate spirit. They rushed from restraint at home, in the hope to gain wealth without labor, to indulge in drunkenness and sensuality without shame. The next wave of emigrants were more thoughtful and determined worshipers of the golden king. Their eye, heart, hand, were steady for the glittering prize. Eternity was left out of sight. The six-barreled revolver was their Bible. Atheism, scepticism, every shade of religion, and more of no religion, men of commercial chicanery and political corruption, crowded the avenues to the western shore. In addition to the evils drawn from the older States, the 150,000 Indians on the ground, the 150,000 Mormons, imported ignorance and vice, coming in like the waters of the flood, now make up the volcanic conglomerate, fusing, and ready to burst upon our home missionary field; 750,000 emigrants the last year, 370,000 the first seven months of this year!

The fountains of the great deep in Europe have been broken up, and surges like the waters of the flood are pouring in to fill the vacuum of our unoccupied territory. Stand in the North-western depot at Chicago, or any other sluiceway of foreign immigration. Mark the strangers of every tongue, nation, hue, habit, costume; parents, youth, little ones, families, patriarchal in number, an exotic, heterogeneous throng, — "black spirits and white, red spirits and gray." And yet they are not aimless, "*ignobile vulgus*." Hope and fire are in their eye: purpose, decision, cleave to their bronzed and hardy faces. They have left one dear home. They seek another. They carry with them foreign principles, prejudices, errors, vices. Some are sheep under the guidance of the Great Shepherd; some are wolves in sheep's clothing; some are wolves in their own clothing.

Left alone, is there not danger that our great new West may repeat the scenes of violence before the flood, and come to the reign of idleness, obscenity, and sulphur, witnessed by Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them?

But to this dark and threatening cloud is there no silver lining? Did not Gerizim stand over against Ebal? Was not the whole mount full of chariots and horsemen round about Elisha? Our extremity is God's opportunity. He who appeared for Gideon, David, Esther, can say to the forces of evil, "Thus far, and no farther." God has never signed a quitclaim to an inch of the soil. Over all this broad land He holds a warranty deed. Satan and his imps are squatters. To all such He will issue a writ of ejectment. Of all the resources of this vast region, of the treasures of the sea, of the treasures of the forest, the treasures of the mine, of the pastures to be clothed with flocks, of the cattle upon a thousand hills, God will say, "These are mine."

Against this moral horde of Philistines, the Lord has brought out a blind but mighty Samson with iron arms. Ezekiel saw "wheels strong, swift, terrible." They were "full of eyes." "The Spirit was within the wheels." Here "the earth helps the woman." Avarice may build the railroad, water the stock, filch from the small owners, break the

Sabbath; but God has His hand upon the crank. He claims the first bonds. He is the chief proprietor, director. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould are but His switch-tenders. The Lord has a great use for His railroads; they are the highway of His redeemed. In this union, this coming-together of the missionary and the railroad age, faith sees the eternal purpose. The scream of the whistle will indeed scare the buffalo and the prairie-wolf; but the railroad will bring to the Indian, the Mormon, the Mexican, the miner, the Bible, the teacher, the missionary. It stretches out its iron fingers into fertile valleys and into productive mines. It will unlock the riches kept hid from the foundation of the world. It will equalize wealth, intelligence. The railroad and the home missionary are united in effort. They are owned by the same great firm. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

The school is another lever in the hands of the home missionary cause, to lift and roll off the mass of ignorance and vice settling down on our western borders. Education begins with the little ones. It is a fire that kindles from the bottom. The school imparts refinement to the texture and hue of society. The community rise with the school. Millions of children now divided into a babel of tongues are calling out for *teachers.* The Lord is the great president of these missionary schools. To sharp, ingenious, pious teachers who will answer to these ten thousand calls, He promises a rich bounty. "The Lord gave the word. Great were the company of them who published it." The word "company" here, in the original, is in the *feminine* gender. The meaning is, a great company of *women* obeyed the call. "Kings and their armies fled apace." Daniel declares "they that be wise," more literally, "*they* that be *teachers*, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever." . . .

But the *preacher* as well as the teacher must be abroad. Of our 116,325 miles of railroad, more than 11,000 miles were laid last year. Along this line a village is springing up every ten miles. Now, to start the Sabbath worship and the Sabbath-school, to antagonize the saloon and every other evil work, the minister of Christ should be on the first train, there to stand the messenger of truth, the legate of the skies. . . .

The home missionary, backed by the prayers, and sustained by the contributions of the church, obeys the command, "Go preach." The Spirit puts him down in a valley that is full of bones, and the bones are very many and very dry. It is in some mining, gambling centre where Satan's seat is. But he walks with God. He speaks the truth as it is in Jesus. The arrows strike between the joints of the breastplate. Under the roughest jacket are stirred the memories of home, of Sabbath, and sanctuary scenes. Conscience awakes from its long slumber. The professor, who like Saul has been hid among the stuff, thinks of his violated vows, and cries, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation." The ambassador of Christ proves a magnet around which the better elements cleave. The truth begins to radiate, the Sabbath to dawn; the Spirit comes; souls are saved; a church is gathered and founded on the rock. Schools spring up. Holy influences penetrate and go hand in hand with business enterprises. Sodom is redeemed.

If, then, the territory, the natural wonders, the resources of the home missionary field, are so vast, if the combinations of the enemy are so strong, if the influences of the school and the pulpit are so needful, shall we not come up to the help of the Lord with a self-denial more depleting, with an overcoming faith like that of Joshua, before which Jericho fell down flat, before which the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Aijalon?

Have we not "come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

"The crisis presses on us, — face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands;
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;
This day, for all hereafter, choose we holiness or sin.
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing, or the bolts of cursing down."

CHAPTER VI.

SECOND DECADE IN PALMYRA.

1859–1869.

THE WAR. — DAYS OF AFFLICTION. — LIFE, A SCHOOL. — LITERARY LABORS. — LECTURE ON TREES. — ARTICLES FOR THE PRESS.

Mr. Eaton had been brought up by his mother in the doctrines of the old American Peace Society, of which Dr. Noah Worcester was the founder and president. But when the news came in from Sumter, he did not long debate. In a sermon preached to the Palmyra volunteers, June 1, 1861, on the text, "Behold, therefore, the goodness and the severity of God," he stated the considerations that led him to say, toward the close of his discourse, —

All peaceful negotiations have failed. There is no alternative. *We must accept the arbitrament of arms.* But "he is twice armed who hath his quarrel just." We fight to save a government wrought out by successive generations of martyrs, baptized in the blood of Revolutionary heroes. We fight for the star-spangled banner that fans the spirit of freedom, wherever unfurled. We fight, not for revenge or conquest, but to sustain the best government in the world. We need harbor no hatred against those men who would break up this Union. Washington dropped tears as he signed the death-warrant of the guilty, thus illustrating the doctrine of the text, "Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God." We have a single object. We would save the country. We cannot draw a line of separation between the Lakes and the Gulf. We cannot divide the Mississippi. We cannot divide the living child. The nation's life is worth more than any individual life, and, did not age forbid, I would be with you on the tented field and in the deadly strife.

He thus addressed another company leaving for "the front": —

I have heard the drum and the fife since I was a boy, but not with such feelings of solemnity as to-day. I have looked all my life on that flag, but it never appeared to me so noble as now; its stars so like those that once "sang together," and its stripes so like the "breaking of the morning." I have regarded war with dread, but if I understand the gospel, or the sacrifice of Calvary, it is founded on government. Government is an institution of God as really as the church. . . . The invincible logic of Paul defends us. The government must be sustained, even if by the sword.

Volunteers, you do not go forth as mercenaries, but as an army of the Constitution and the Union. You differ from those who fight for destruction. You fight for law: you will obey law. You fight for truth: you will give an example of truth. . . . Go, regard your health, your virtue, your Testaments! *God go with you.*

We find among his sermons one delivered May 6, 1861, from the text, "Be not afraid or dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's"; another, on "The Duty of the Church to Soldiers." He followed the 111th Regiment to Auburn, and preached to them on the Sabbath (Aug. 17, 1862) previous to their leaving for the seat of war. Many a strong man just off for the camp came to his house, knelt with him a few moments alone in prayer, took his hand, and, bidding him farewell, said with tears, "Don't forget to pray for me, Mr. Eaton."

With the other clergymen and citizens of the town, he exerted himself to the utmost to furnish supplies for the sick and wounded through the Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

He saw that the soldiers were provided with Testaments, in which were written the name and an appropriate text. He gave to many on their return a leaflet, "Mustered out, — now look out!" Several sent their money to his care. For one entire year he helped to sustain a daily prayer-meeting for our imperiled country. Much of the time it was held in his study. We find also sermons that he preached upon those gloomy days appointed by President Lincoln as seasons of fasting, when the wail of the people went up, "Give us Joshuas for officers," "Send us victory"; others delivered at the funeral of soldiers buried in our own cemetery; still others at memorial services held for those who sleep in *unknown graves.* Some of these perished at Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury: "They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger; for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field."

July 4, 1876, he writes: —

Of the boys in blue, not less than ninety names are engraved on the two tablets of stone in our public hall, and still deeper in our hearts. They offered themselves a free, a willing sacrifice for the dear old flag. And while we live we will strew their graves with flowers, and with loyal affection pledge ourselves to sustain the liberties they died to save.

Mr. Eaton's "Triumph in Christ" was not obtained without sojourning now and then in "deserts, and sleeping on stone pillows." The Lord of the way prepared him by these for "an open heaven and an angel-crowded ladder."

A terrible stroke was the death of his second son, John Spaulding Eaton, aged nineteen years. It occurred July 4, 1868. The following is from an obituary notice, written by his father: —

The young tree is often taken from the nursery to bloom and bear in another clime. Youth, promise, and worth are plucked away from their shaded retreats while little known. This was true of the departed one just mentioned. The last two years he was shut in by sickness; he was coy and studious in health. In the busy world he will not be missed. The face of nature will bloom as fair, and the tide of life will flow on, as though he had never lived. But the savor of his memory will still linger in the *home*, the *school*, the *church*. His *home* will long be the sweeter for the memorials that remind us of his young and ingenuous life. It is pleasant to recall the good nature and ingenuity that mingled in the drollery and fun of his childish sports. His little sleds, wagons, and guns still show the guileless adroitness that endeared him to his friends and associates. As childhood merged into youth, the earlier rays matured into a purer and richer light. His influence will ever be fragrant in the circle of his bereaved kindred. His *school* life has left the same deep and distinct features upon the minds of his associates in study. He could not take a superficial view of any thing.

He sought clear distinctions and intelligent convictions of truth. His studies were marked with accuracy. The principles of grammar and mathematics were written in his mind with the point of a diamond. Science with him was not so much a matter of memory as of insight and mental assimilation. Hence whatever he mastered was ever at his command. Not the most subtle shade of a Greek particle or verb, not a remark of a revered teacher, not a passage in the text-books he studied, but was ready at his call. Dr. Taylor, principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, said of him that he "could not recollect a look, a word, or an action which he could have wished otherwise." His mental habits gave type to his *Christian experience.* He will be remembered in the *church.* Deep conviction of sin prepared the way for humble dependence upon Christ, and for an entire consecration to His service. Impressed with the moral wastes of the world, and his own obligations to his Redeemer, without any human solicitation he cheerfully accepted the gospel ministry as his life-work. With this aim he was pressing on in full tide of success, when insidious disease marked him for its victim. The conflict was trying. It was hard to leave the noble band of youth with whom he was associated. He appreciated all that a liberal education could promise. He thirsted to drink of these crystal fountains. The disappointment crossed every natural and gracious aspiration. The bravest soldier never yielded from the ranks in which he was keeping step to certain victory, with a severer reluctance. The love of his fellows, the love of knowledge, the love of achievement, and the love of Christ, were the secret of his love of life. It was like the desire of Moses to carry out his great work, "to go over and see that goodly mountain and Lebanon." But as disease progressed, his grasp of life seemed to let go, and he could say, "I thank God that my times are in His hands." "He will sustain me in whatever he has for me to pass through." "He has something for me to do in another world." "Jesus is with me; I have no doubts." He had not strength to return the thanks he felt. In gratitude to God, he gave himself up a living sacrifice. Every solicitude and service, every prayer offered in his behalf, the first rose of summer, the first strawberries, cherries, every dainty sent him, thrilled his heart. And so numerous were the kindnesses of this people, irrespective of denomination, that not only was life given to his days, but days to his life. His word was, "I don't see why they are all so kind to me. It must be they do it for Christ's sake."

And here his parents and the family would gratefully acknowledge that, amid the processions and jubilant displays of the Fourth of July, the day in which his discharge came, his couch was passed in silence and respect. Nor will they ever forget the efficient and delicate offices that softened the grief of the funeral and the grave.

Three years after, he thus writes to his sister: —

July 4, 1871.

Dear Sister Lucretia, — It is just three years to a moment since my dear John left me. How quick he went beyond my call! How that last word and look come back to me! He was my companion, — more than my equal. I had not a book, a principle, or thought, that I had not devoted to him. How grateful to have heard him preach the same gospel I love! God knows why He took him away. To me it is mysterious. I bow, not because I *must*, but because God is right.

Three years in heaven! He needs none of my books or thoughts. He knows more than I do. He is happier than I am. I would not bring him back. But what is his consciousness? what his employment? Does he ever think of me? Does he ever hover around my sorrowful path? "I shall go to him. He will not return to me."

On the first Sabbath of the year 1868, he preached the following sermon: —

Life a School. Ps. 71: 17. "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth." Is it not at least a reasonable fancy that loyal spirits of the other world may find delight and improvement in flights of exploration amid the vastness and wonders of creation? Suppose an angel of superior rank, and yet a stranger to the history of man, should find himself crossing the disk of our planet. He balances on his wings, and looks down among the children of men. It is one of the gala days of the nation. He naturally concludes that this world is given up to pleasure and hilarity. Yet, not satisfied, he resolves to make another investigation. He moves on to a different meridian of our globe. Here his eye falls upon a scene of toil, burdens, cares. He now concludes that the earth is a workshop, that all things are full of labor, and that man is an abject and oppressed slave.

But, since this second view is so unlike the first, he determines to make one more examination. This reveals to him a mingled scene, — toil and joy and sorrow. Elegant mansions seem surrounded with prisons and workshops and hospitals. His convictions are mixed and confused. His heart works with unearthly anxiety. He cries, "What are these regions upon which I have alighted? What are the principles and purposes which these contradictory assemblies reveal?"

Just then, the angel having the everlasting gospel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched him, and informed him. His message was, that, although there were scenes of mirth and toil and mourning, yet this earth was neither a playground, a workshop, nor a hospital, but that these were all combined in the one idea of trial, probation: in short, this world was a moral gymnasium, a school, a place of discipline preparatory to a more glorious life, — God's arrangement for fitting sinful souls to graduate with honor to wider spheres and higher activities. The cheer and blithesomeness he first witnessed were to relieve the toil of his second observation; and the toil was to chasten the gayety of the first. One was set over against the other to balance the different powers and passions, and to develop a character even, symmetrical, holy. This view of man is the only one that solves the great problem of human existence. Brethren, it is the first Sabbath of the year. *Life a school* will not be inappropriate for this hour's meditation. "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth."

And here it is obvious that a wise teacher will show his skill in *the adaptations and arrangements of his schoolroom.* Every temple erected to education should be capacious, orderly, quiet. I have also noticed ingenious devices on the walls, — maps illustrating geography and astronomy. Moral and religious sentiments are made to speak from different tablets. Lofty and capacious is this temple where man is placed, fitted to awe, stimulate, and strengthen every power. What order, what stillness, mark all God's movements! For maps we have the veritable landscape with mountain and valley, woodland and lawn. For the orrery, or the representations of the planets and the constellations, we have only to look up to the dome, and we have the shining and wheeling orbs themselves.

Equally attractive are the *teachers* of this great union-school. Dame *Nature* is the first preceptress. Her winning voice and gentle breath are first to attract the eye, and charm the ear, of infancy. Nature is an object-teacher. Before human diction can be understood, she holds out to the child the golden sun, the silver moon, the twinkling stars, the clear sky, the rain-cloud, the sweet shower, the lightning's flash, the rainbow spanning the eastern horizon. All that has life awakens ideas of beauty, wonder, and love in the embryo soul. Nature conducts the infant-class in the great school of immortality. Hers is the primary department, and of primary importance. It was a wise saying of John Locke, that he had acquired more ideas at five years old than in all the rest of his life. Do you find trouble in securing a teacher for the infant mind? Set your child down in the lap of Nature, there to play with flowers, to look up to the trees, to the mountain, to the stars. Let the ear hear the songs of the grove, the soft breathings of spring, the sighing of autumn, and the hoarse blast of winter, and you have furnished the element and aliment of that young soul's growth. Nature is the child's counterpart. It speaks it into life and joy.

> "All Nature's objects have
> An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,
> And has connection by some unseen chain

With its original source and kindred substance.
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,
Sky-clearing hills, and in the vast of air
The starry constellations, and the sun,
Parent of life exhaustless, — these maintain
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould
A co-existence and community."

Experience was a well-known teacher in the school of time. The young, the gay, the refractory, called her severe and forbidding. True, her lessons were often gained at fearful cost; but they were practical and safe. She brought the wayward to their senses with pungent inflictions. But she never ceased to win upon older scholars. The disobedient and restive, who, like Rehoboam, despised the counsel of the aged, at last learned with sorrow that "days should speak, and the multitude of years should teach wisdom." She was indeed the great teacher of man. The tomes of learning in all the arts and professions were but her precepts recorded. As the world grows older, her words become more weighty, yet often less heeded. How strange, that the wreck of others should not convince the coming voyager of the hidden reef! How often are the failures of the past like a light on the stern of a ship, casting a lurid glare upon the foaming waters behind, instead of a light at the prow to guide the vessel in her future course! But this was clear, Experience by her plain dealing and unerring rule, commanded the fear of all, and the hearty obedience and respect of every successful candidate for eternity.

In introducing another teacher, it should be remembered that this seminary for immortality was a graded school. Though the departments and instructors harmonized and co-operated, yet one was preliminary, and preparatory to the other. Beside coming under the tuition of Nature and Experience, all must pass through the department presided over by that divine disciplinarian, *Providence*. If Nature drew her instructions from what seemed present, and Experience from the past, Providence chose his field of study from the future. He was eminent for his discipline, and, although he moved all unseen and unheard among his pupils, yet he discriminated just the stage of knowledge, the tendency and temperament of each scholar, and with infinite skill adapted the lesson to the individual condition. One thing was peculiar to this instructor, — his department was divided into two rooms. And though there was a strong separating wall, yet ample doors permitted a ready passage from one room to another. Between these apartments there was a striking contrast. One was on the south side, lined with mirrors, floored with ornamental tapestry, sumptuous with divans, vocal with the continued swell of music. The windows looked out on parks and gardens where birds sang amid lofty branches, "where flowers ever blossomed, and beams ever shone." The other room was forbidding. The floor was bare, the furniture rough, the seats hard. It was on the north side: the hail often beat terribly against the wall. No windows opened to inviting landscapes. All the light came down from above. Lessons of great difficulty were here to be worked out on the blackboard. The pupils were obliged to bend all their faculties to the task before them, and often tears fell on the pages they were studying. Now, it was not strange that the bright hall of Prosperity should be thronged. But, notwithstanding the pleasing aspect, the eyes and minds of many of the pupils were diverted from the depth and thoroughness sought. While Providence was a teacher that loved the pleasure and smiles of his pupils, he was firm to their higher interests. He ever had his eye upon their graduation-day. The chief aim of the school was not present enjoyment, but advancement. This sturdy disciplinarian sometimes found it necessary to transfer his pupils from the sunny apartment of Prosperity to the bleak and forbidding condition of Adversity. The arrangement was profitable for review and deeper thought. Indeed, it was plain that the north side made the best scholars. Their prospects for honors and degrees were decidedly more promising. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, and teachest him out of thy law." Many of the children of Fortune inveighed against the change. Some bribed, some

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threatened, some withstood. But when the stern tutor saw there was no improvement, that through indifference, pride, or passion, there was neither gratitude to God nor generosity to men, he was inexorable, and the event frequently vindicated the decision. Without respect to persons, the son of the affluent was put to the same tasks, on the same seats, under the same skylight, with the child of want. The lesson was often salutary. Many a one has lost his wealth, laid away his friends in the grave, to save his soul. What scholars have been made under the rod of Adversity! A smooth sea never turned out a brave sailor. Storms rouse the faculties, the invention, the patience, the fortitude. Disappointments, bereavements, take out of us our self-will, self-conceit, superficiality, complaints, and make us modest, submissive, grateful. . . . Good scholars will give themselves up to welcome, and obey the discipline of so wise and far-reaching instruction.

"He who ne'er eats his bread with sighs,
Or through the livelong night
Ne'er weeping on his pillow lies,
Knows not divine delight.
The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

But *Christ is* "*the Great Teacher* come from God." He spoke with simplicity, authority, and power. He opened vistas of knowledge never before explored. Jesus Christ is the director, proprietor, president, of this great university of time. All other teachers are subordinate. "Never man spake like this man." While He calls in all the ancient coin, all the worn impressions derived from Nature, Experience, and Providence, He carries up the truth to its climax, culmination, and glory. The truth as it is in Jesus shines in its purity and perfect proportions. The teachings of Jesus are simple, yet profound. He is the radiating centre of infinite love, justice, and holiness. I have sometimes seen the clouds divide, and open a crevasse into the deep cerulean of heaven. Christ, beyond all others, has dispersed the darkness, and brought "life and immortality to light." He is "the resurrection and the life." In His life and death He has solved the great problem how "God can be just, and yet justify him that believeth." "He took the book, and opened the seven seals thereof."

The Holy Spirit has an infinitely glorious part in conducting the education of souls for heaven. The text-books studied are His work. "Holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." He is "the Spirit of wisdom and understanding." He opens the eyes and heart. He leads into all truth. "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance."

But this school of time has its *terms of study* and examinations. Distinguished universities are close and impartial in marking the conduct and progress of every student. If he fall behind, he is admonished, conditioned. If he do not come up to the standard, he is dropped. If he quicken his pace, he may redeem the time, and recover his standing. The style of his dress, the beauty of his library, the respectability of his friends, are all left out of the account. The question is personal. Does the improvement of the student promise an honorable graduation? If not, he is ignobly dismissed. There are terms, seasons of trial, of examination, in the school for eternity. How terrible to fail! What advantages, what encouragements to success! This very temple of God in which we study is hung about with symbols of truth fitted to develop and educate the soul. How inspiring the voices of Nature! How replete with wisdom the warnings of Experience! What adaptation in the discipline of Providence! How full of light, love, and sympathy, the teachings of Jesus! How ready is the Holy Spirit to "take of the things of Christ, and show them to the soul"! With such provisions for our education, why should any of us come short of the wisdom, discipline, approval, which will bring us the diploma signed, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"?

My dear hearer, art thou a good scholar in this school of time? Thou art entering upon another term. Hast thou by sloth, disobedience, impenitence, obscured thy prospects?

By application to the words and to the blood of Christ, "learn of Him" that thy past delinquencies may be canceled, thy failures, thy sins, be blotted out. Jesus can give thee strength, victory, and an abundant entrance on thy graduation day to perfect knowledge and to perfect joy.

Untiring labor for the spiritual interests of his people did not preclude occasional literary and secular efforts. He delivered addresses and lectures[1] in Palmyra and in other places; but he was jealous lest these engagements interfere with his regular parish work. He "bore upon his heart before the Lord continually" the question, "Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock?" In his contributions to the press he sought to profit as well as please, and his articles were often written to "point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale." He desired to share with his friends what he saw and heard as he journeyed in his summer vacations. He greatly enjoyed literary pursuits and studies, and believed that an occasional *détour* into fields not strictly the domain of the pulpit gave rest and elasticity to his own mind, and better prepared him to preach the gospel. "The bow," he said, "cannot always be bent."

We insert extracts from a lecture on "Trees," delivered in 1867, long before the eloquent pleas of to-day for our Adirondack forests and the protection of our river-basins.

. . . The very construction of a tree proclaims a creative intelligence. . . . Now has the tree life so much in common with man's life, — are we alike living, breathing, feeding, growing, social, and improving natures, — and shall we scorn the idea of kindred with these our verdant relatives? Is it all a figure when it is said, "A man shall grow as the palm-tree," "He shall flourish as a cedar in Lebanon," "As the days of a tree so are the days of my people"?

Besides this sympathy in structure and life, there is a spirit in the woods that is most grateful and inspiring to the human soul. . . . Trees stood in the primeval paradise the emblems of knowledge and innocence. Leaves composed the first garments. . . . Of trees from antediluvian forests was made the pontoon bridge that brought Noah across the flood. The silence, solitude, and tranquillity of the wood invite to meditation and devotion. "The groves were God's first temples." Abraham "planted a grove in Beersheba, and there called upon the name of the Lord, the everlasting God." Under these trees he entertained angels unawares. In the purchase of a burying-place, "the trees that were in the field, and that were in the borders round about," were made sure in the deed. Balaam felt the inspiration of the forest as he exclaimed, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters." Solomon loved trees, and planted all kinds. He spake of trees, "from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop, that springeth out of the wall." The ancient prophets sought to the trees for the expression of their sorrow. Elijah sat down under a juniper-tree, and the disconsolate captives hung their harps upon the willows. Again, in their joy they heard the sound of a triumphant "going in the tops of the mulberry-trees." They called upon the trees of the field to "clap their hands." They tuned their harps, they wrote under the trees, and, like the garments of Esau, the whole web of revelation breathes the resonant sweetness "of the field which the Lord hath blessed." . . . The botany of the Holy Land is found preserved within the pages of the Holy Book.

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[1] Some may recall his earlier lectures on Robert Burns, Ancient Palmyra, John Milton, on The Imagination, Address before the Wool Growers' Association, and others.

But trees were not only the glory of Lebanon and the excellency of Carmel, they whispered to the poetic soul seated on the top of Olympus or along the banks of the Illissus. Classic song catches inspiration from the sighing winds, and weaves its fancies and harmonies from overhanging branches. Rustic Tityrus practices his lay under the wide-spreading beech. Homer peoples the groves with nymphs, and gives soul to the trees. May we not learn truth from his fable?

Is there not a variety of thought and sentiment held to the eye by the physiognomy of trees, as by the faces of men? May not thoughts hang upon branches as well as upon brows? Who does not see in the oak of a hundred winters the expression of manly firmness?

> "Jove's own tree, that held the woods in awful sovereignty."

In the tall and waving elm are there not depicted queenly dignity and grace? In the firm and regular maple we see a condition, "well to do," consistency, and common sense. The evergreen speaks of hope amid changes; the aspen, of excitability; the willow, of sympathy in sorrow. By their exquisite structure, mysterious life, and close association, trees have struck their roots deep into the soul of man, and distil the freshness of their foliage into every page of sacred and classic song. Indeed, this natural admiration has degenerated into the worship of trees. Xerxes in his march into Greece halted to worship a plane-tree in Lydia, adorned it with jewels and ornaments of gold, and appointed a sentinel to watch it. Each of the gods had some sacred and ornamental tree. . . .

I come back to my text, "Woodman, spare that tree."

The tree is the ornament, the gem of the landscape. As a matter of taste, fine trees make a more pleasing impression than a gorgeous dwelling. . . . That old roof-tree has been an educator. It has given off unconscious tuition to different generations of men. . . . There are sacred trees, there are patriotic trees, — trees that smiled on the heroes, and listened to the cannon, of the Revolution. It is a tonic to stand by the elm on Boston Common, or that other elm at Cambridge, under the shadow of which Washington accepted the command of the American army. Hartford held funeral obsequies over the fall of their Charter Oak, and plucked a leaf or a splinter to bequeathe to their children. . . . What shall we say of those monarchs of the wilderness which God Himself planted when the earth was young, those patriarchs which almost connect our times with those before the flood? Turn to your own deep and glorious woods. Are they not memorable in their associations? Once the smoke of the wigwam went up through their branches. They greeted your fathers at their coming. Their concentric rings mark the flight of centuries. . . .

"Woodman, spare that tree:" it is the home of the birds. . . . There are no matins or vespers so inspiriting to the husbandman as the redbreast's early and evening song.

There is no flute like the clear, soft note of the oriole as he sings apart. How gloriously do the sounding aisles of the deep woods ring to the free and feathered songsters! What more diverting than the bobolink clinging to a tree, and gabbling away in his giggling drollery! The sober interests of agriculture suffer without this species of wild and cheerful life. Many birds live almost exclusively on larvæ and insects, those depredators on the fruits of the field and the orchard. Experience shows that the destruction of birds is the destruction of our gardens and fruit. Armies of rapacious creatures will come up from the earth, and, like the locust, sting, wither, and poison every green thing. We cannot spare the birds. Then we cannot spare the trees. Trees are their home, shelter, defence. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted. There the birds build their nests. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches."

But forest-trees should be spared as the shelter and defence of our fields and fruits. This Wayne County rejoices in orchards and vineyards. A belt of land some twenty miles wide hugs the southern shore of the lake, extending from Red Creek westward, nearly to Buffalo. This is fitted in soil and climate to be one great orchard, with less labor rendering a far richer income than any other product. Since the forests have been so ruthlessly cut away, fruit, especially peaches, have become a precarious crop. Winds having their full sweep strike and chill the trees. Our orchards must have the defence of the forests on the windward. John Thomas in visiting this section, so long his residence, could not refrain from publishing his regret at the wasting-away of the forests. The crash of our trees, like the voice of ancient Æolus, has opened the Cave of the Winds, and sent them in destructive ranks over the landscape. Shot and shell are hurled in the face of the traveler. Flocks and herds fly for shelter across the plain; and the tempests come down upon our dwellings like "the storm of the terrible ones against the wall." The snow given as wool for a mantle to the tender life of plants and to the springing grain, is swept away in drifts. The naked trees are subjected to the freezing cold. Winter grain is thrown out by the frost, or torn out by the wind. Young and newly planted orchards are frozen, dried up, and destroyed by the blasts of the winter months. . . .

"Woodman, spare that tree." It is your defence against consuming drought. The heated currents from the open field meet the cooler air of the forest. The temperature sinks. Moisture is deposited. "Hath the rain a father?" Yes, the oaks and waving pines beget the drops of the dew. The heavens bend to distil their silvery progeny on the incense-bearing leaves. Fields adjoining the woods share in this freshness.

But trees not only invite the rain, but, by the fallen leaves at the roots and by the leaves on the branches, they protect these watery treasures from the boiling rays and absorbing winds of heaven. The forests nourish and feed the springs which run among the hills. Trees hoard and keep the treasures of the snow. The first snows descend before the ground is frozen in the woods. Additions are made during the winter. When "the south winds blow and the waters flow," the soil of the forest is like a sponge, ready to take up and hold all the moisture committed to it. These deposits of the snow fill the reservoirs of the springs for summer. Not so with the open glebe. That is early frozen, and the snow not already blown away melts, and the water runs off in freshets. Hence we find the soil of the forests filled with moisture, while that of the field is parched. A landscape denuded of forests is bereft of the song of the babbling rivulet. Our own once cheerful brook so mourns the loss of its parent trees that it has wept itself dry. Once it was a continual song through our fields and gardens. Once it was a power. Save on the Sabbaths, it drove Deacon Jessup's saw-mill every day in the year. The dear old trees of the wood are the mediators between the waters above and thirsty fields, thirsty springs, and thirsty men.

"Woodman, spare that tree." It will protect your health.

A malarious atmosphere is purified by passing through living vegetation. The tree of life was an emblem of perpetual and eternal health. Moses sweetened the bitter waters of Marah by the healing virtues of a tree. The balm of Gilead, gashed and mangled, sent out its sovereign remedy. Trees are still the bearers of healing to the human race. Malarious exhalations are cleansed away by the breath of the forest. . . . Forests modify the cold of winter and the heat of summer, and prevent sudden and trying changes in the atmosphere. Lumbermen work with comfort in the deep woods when they would freeze in the open field. . . . To destroy the trees is to break the established harmony between animal and vegetable life. The tree exhales oxygen: the man absorbs oxygen. Man breathes out carbon: the tree breathes in carbon. . . .

The destruction of surviving forests is ingratitude to our ancestry, and injustice to our posterity. You have been warmed and shaded by these woodlands which your fathers transmitted to you intact. How can you better pay the debt than by handing down to your children the same blessing? I know you are beset with strong temptations to sacrifice this inheritance. The owner of more than one hundred and forty acres of these tall, splendid forest-trees was besieged to turn them over to the tender mercies of the railroad. "What," said he, "shall I consign the magnificent possession of my fathers to the voracious maw of the iron horse, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the life of every tree? Shall I take these innocent children of the wood, and cause them to pass through the fire unto Moloch?" In a neighboring town, a clear-sighted and benevolent father about to leave the world protected a hundred acres of woodland by a provision in his will. His son could hold property only as long as he preserved the live and vigorous timber, removing only that which was decaying or fallen. This man was a Quaker, a true "Friend" to his posterity. One of your number informed me, that passing on a time the house of the late General Thomas Rogers, and pointing his finger to his woodpile, he said, "General, why do you spare those fine trees of your forests, and take up with such wood for yourself?" This man of strong sense, fixing his penetrating eye upon the inquirer, replied, "When I came upon the stage, I found these woodlands ready to my hand. They have served me well, and I propose to transmit them unimpaired to the next generation.[1] We all feel the nobility of such a sentiment, — a sentiment not exhibited in the reckless destruction of the forests for a present and personal advantage.

What is sin but the seizure of an immediate gratification at the sacrifice of a distant and greater good? . . . More than two hundred years ago, Bernard Palissy, a Huguenot, thus pleaded for the forests in France: "When I consider the value of the smallest grove of trees, I much marvel at the great ignorance of men, who, as it seemeth, do nowadays study only to break down, fell, and waste the fair forests which their forefathers did guard so choicely. I would think no evil of them for cutting down the woods, did they but replant again some part of them. But they care not for the time to come, neither reck they of the great damage they do to their children which shall come after them."

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[1] Nearly thirty years ago, Dr. Eaton suggested to the fathers of the town the purchase of Prospect Hill. He said, —

"It would be a most princely generosity to secure this to coming generations from the ravages of venality and unfeeling speculation. Athens had her Hymettus, where the bees gathered from the wild thyme their sweetest treasures, and the Muses sat together in their melodious concerts. Ancient Samaria had her Gerizim, crowned with its sacred temple; Jerusalem had her Mount of Olives, inviting to an elevated devotion, whence prophets and even Jesus retired from the heated city to drink in the enchanting prospect, and fan their frames with the breezes of heaven.

"So let Palmyra have a Mount of Olives, not as a high place of idolatry, or as a grove for Sabbath-breaking, but as a genial summit from which to look abroad upon the works of nature and of art, — a place of pure meditation, where trees and flowers may breathe their incense, where birds, unscared, may mingle their notes with the songs of childhood. Let our Prospect Hill remain an *unhewn* altar to invite future generations to pure refinement and exalted sensibilities."

In 1884, the late Carlton H. Rogers, Esq., inheriting the sentiments of his father, bequeathed to the town of Palmyra the wooded hill referred to. With filial love, he wished it to receive the name, "Mount Holmes," in honor of his mother. Gratitude for this gift will not be confined to our own generation.

Moses gave commandment to the chosen tribes: "When thou goest out to besiege or make war upon another nation, thou shalt not destroy the trees by forcing an axe against them," — "for," he adds, "the tree of the field is man's life."

Forget not, fellow-citizens, that the very name of our village means "the city of palms." Trees gave attractiveness to the ancient city, which stood an oasis on the great highway of the desert. Not less do the trees of our modern Palmyra extort the admiration of travelers as they go by us on this great railway from the east to the west. . . .

You will rather say to the few clumps of trees that stand trembling in the vale or on the crests of the hills, "Be not afraid"; and to the axe, "Here shall thy proud ravages be stayed." . . .

We insert a few specimens of his newspaper articles.

The following is from a letter written after visiting a factory in Bridgeport, Conn., for the manufacture of sewing-machines, and not long after their first introduction. Dr. Eaton always loved to examine fine machinery.

. . . Eve, the first woman, was the first seamstress. As she sewed fig-leaves together for aprons, we are not informed what thorn she used for a needle, or the fibre of what bark for thread. We have no record of the devices in embroidery worn by the antediluvian females. But, had there been a sewing-machine then, Noah's wife and her daughters-in-law would surely have taken it into the ark. There was no sewing-machine before the flood.

The ingenuity of Egyptian ladies is still preserved in the Catacombs. They wrought their lives into their shrouds. Wise-hearted Hebrew women made the embroidered garments for Aaron and his sons. "All things were full of labor." In variegated needlework they traced the vine and the pomegranate, all the colors and garniture of Nature upon the curtains of the tabernacle; "the work of those who devised cunning work." The female hand has always been the most tasteful and diligent in beautifying the sanctuaries of the Most High. It was doubtless the lifelong work of some obscure Babylonish woman to stitch the garment that so bewitched and overcame the virtue of poor Achan. Perhaps he stole it for his wife and daughters. There was no sewing-machine in Babylon.

The Tyrians traded "in blue and purple and fine linen." They wore out human fingers in working brilliant figures upon even the sails of their ships. By machinery these wings of commerce are now decorated with greater ease and rapidity. The sewing-machine has excelled Hiram, the widow's son, the artist of the temple.

The needlework of an Israelitish lady's wardrobe was the richest spoil conquerors could carry away from the land of the Hebrews. Upon what was the mother of Sisera most intent as "she looked out at the window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself. Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey,—to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?" Here was foreshadowed the peculiar excellence of our sewing-machine. The needlework is alike "on both sides."

Joseph's coat of many colors, the little frock that Hannah brought to Samuel from year to year, the mantle of Elijah, by which Jordan was divided, may have been wrought with tiresome though loving toil. The daughter of Pharaoh, when presented as a bride to Solomon, "was brought unto the king in raiment of needlework." What expense of nerve and life for royalty! But neither Solomon's wife nor Lemuel's mother ever saw a sewing-machine. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed by one of these.

The chaste and beautiful Penelope, in the twenty years' absence of Ulysses her husband, kept her numerous suitors at bay by the promise to marry one of them as soon as she should finish a piece of tapestry upon which she was then employed. She protracted the time to her husband's return by raveling out in the night what she had wrought during the day. In stitching Penelope's web, we must own our machine would have been at fault: the stitch is too firm to be unraveled.

At Plymouth Rock I have seen the needlework of Rose Standish, Priscilla Alden, and other Puritan maidens, the lock-stitch of art and faith that beguiled the weary weeks to their wilderness home.

The needle has served two ends, — pride and poverty. It commenced its work at the fall. But the needle had no part in the Saviour's robe. That was without seam, woven from the top throughout. And does not a ray of light gleam from this fact to the time when machinery, almost self-intelligent, shall lift the burden that for twice eighteen centuries has bowed the female form "so that she could in no wise lift up herself"? And shall it not speak the life-giving word, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity"? Then shall she be made straight, and glorify God. . . .

Father Waldo. June, 1860.

. . . The last week we have had in our village a *living* antique, the body a little marked, indeed, by the battle of life, but yet his hearing scarcely dulled, his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated.

The Rev. Daniel Waldo is within two years of a century. Were William Pitt the younger now alive, he would be but three years older than Mr. Waldo; Alexander Hamilton, but five years; and Washington himself, but thirty years older. Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Humboldt, Lord Wellington, and DeWitt Clinton were born 1769. They have run their brilliant careers, and silence sits upon their tombs. But Father Waldo, born seven years before them, still lives to tell us from his own memory of the events and the enthusiasm that brought on the Declaration of Independence, as well as the part he acted in the struggle that secured to us our liberties.

He vouches for this marvelous incident in the history of his birthplace, Windham, Conn. The frogs in a certain pond, on account of drought in their own locality, determined to emigrate to another and larger body of water in the same town. The inhabitants of the invaded pond, warned of the approaching army, rallied for resistance. The battle was tremendous; thousands were slain. But the clangor of the conflict terribly frightened the quiet people of Windham. To their excited imaginations there seemed to be two cries, calling for two opposing leaders in the town: one with a deep base, and funereal gravity, "Colonel Dyer, Colonel Dyer"; the other, piping with an acute soprano, "Elderkin too, Elderkin too." A hearty reconciliation between the rival demagogues immediately followed.

He distinctly remembers the "Dark Day" of 1780. "From ten o'clock in the morning, and onward," said he, "it was dark enough." Candles were lighted in the houses, and an unearthly gloom reigned without. The night thickened into Egyptian darkness.

Omitting the philosophy, "it was a fact," said he, "that the Northern Lights preceding the Revolutionary War were terrific." Some imagined them armies in the sky, and that they heard the whiz of their fiery weapons. At the time of the total eclipse of 1806, Father Waldo was pastor of a church in Suffield, Conn. In the depths of the shadow, a woman who had neglected to read her almanac seized her children in dismay, and fled to take sanctuary in Mr. W.'s house. On her way thither, the sun began to appear, and this turned the frightened group back to their home.

Dec. 14, 1773, when the order went forth from the citizens assembled in the Old South Church, "*Boston Harbor a teapot to-night*," he was a boy of eleven years. His young heart thrilled with the reports from Bunker Hill. His father had seven sons and four daughters; and, when Daniel was sixteen years old, he armed and equipped four of his sons, and sent them to the war. Two of them were surgeons. The mother felt it hard to part with her youngest son. The Cow Boys were a detachment of Tories who annoyed the patriots, and drove off the cattle from the farms of Westchester to support the British camp. While Mr. Waldo was standing sentinel near Greenwich, Conn., one rainy night, he was suddenly surrounded by a company of these Cow Boys.

While resisting them, one flashed his gun at him; but it did not go off. After having surrendered, another pressed his bayonet to his breast, about to run him through. Young Waldo firmly said, "I have surrendered as prisoner of war, and I expect protection." His life was spared. Then they attempted to influence him to join the British ranks. This he repelled with indignation, answering, "*I shall always be true to my country.*" He was marched to New York City, and with five hundred others was shut up in the Old Sugar House in Liberty Street, near the middle Dutch Church, now the post-office. There, without fire, "with just half enough to eat," he remained until prisoners were exchanged, when he returned, sick and emaciated, to Windham. Having recovered his health, he spent the year 1783 in studying with Rev. Dr. Backus of Somers, Conn. In 1784, he entered college — saw "Jimmy Hillhouse" setting out the trees that now arch the "City of Elms." . . .

While at New Haven, he heard Dr. Bellamy of Bethlehem, Conn., preach. Dr. B. was a pupil and intimate friend of President Jonathan Edwards of Northampton, Mass. Mr. Waldo's memory is rich with ministerial anecdotes. Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Newport was accustomed every year to visit Dr. Bellamy at Bethlehem, just as Dr. Bellamy had visited Rev. Mr. Edwards at Northampton. On one of these occasions, Hopkins, after having settled in his own convictions the question of slavery, said to Dr. Bellamy, "It's wrong for you to keep Pomp a slave." — "Why?" said Bellamy. "He would not be free if he could." — "Call him in," said Hopkins. "Pomp, you are kindly cared for; you do not wish to be free?" — "Yes, massa," replied the negro with a grin, "me want to be free." — "Well," says Bellamy with deep earnestness, "from this moment you *are* free." . . .

The Thirty-fourth Congress elected Father Waldo their chaplain; and through 1856 and 1857 he served his Master as faithfully in the House of Representatives as seventy-seven years before he had served his country in the field. He preached the funeral sermon of Brooks.

Many a youth in this place will ever remember the Revolutionary soldier, the aged minister, who eighty-two years ago enlisted in the defence of his country, and *eighty-four* years ago enlisted a soldier of the cross of Christ, and who for seventy-one years has not failed to proclaim His gospel. The discourse he delivered in Palmyra last week was quaint, clear, and impressive. It was an interesting moment when this venerable man stood before one of our Sabbath-schools, and in the beautiful language of the Thirty-fourth Psalm thus addressed the youth: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good. Seek peace and pursue it."

Laura.

Some animals are designed for the companionship and diversion of man. A pet dog, horse, or bird may exhibit such intelligence and affection as to embalm its name and memory in the home and in the heart.

When I came to Palmyra in February, 1849, I was warmly greeted by a favorite parrot belonging to Mrs. James E. Walker. The bird lived to be forty-eight years old, and died at the house of her mistress the last year. The sight of the well-preserved though lifeless body elicited some interesting remembrances.

Laura was a true Native American. Dr. Henry Perrine, while United-States consul at Campeachy, Yucatan, took her, with twelve others of brilliant wing, from the groves of the tropics, and sent them north. Eleven died of sea-sickness. The lines fell to Laura in a pleasant home in Palmyra, N.Y. She improved her opportunities. She was a scholar in English. Though Spanish was her mother-tongue, she preferred the language of the people among whom she had come to dwell. She learned to speak and sing in English.

Laura was a persistent Democrat. On her arrival north, politics ran high. Clay and Jackson were up for the presidency. Rev. Jesse Townsend, whose sheltering roof the bird enjoyed, was a decided Clay man. It would seem that policy, and even gratitude, would have inclined the stranger to agree with so wise a master. We have the choice of two explanations: one, that the parrot's principles were so unbending as to overbear all minor considerations, or that she was somehow clandestinely influenced. It was a matter of surprise to the good man of the house when one morning Laura broke out in lusty hurrahs for Jackson.

Rev. Daniel Waldo, an old college friend of Mr. Townsend, was accustomed to visit at Palmyra, and enjoy the spicy annoyance as the bird kept up this shout. Many years after the death of Mr. Townsend, when Mr. Waldo was one hundred and two years old, he came again to call on the family of his friend. No sooner did the aged form enter the house than Laura, as if remembering persons and scenes long since passed away, resumed her old notes, "Hurrah for Jackson!" More recently, in the stimulating political atmosphere of Albany, Laura was urged to change, and hurrah for Grant. She still held on the even tenor of her way, — "Hurrah for Jackson!" Laura was no weathercock in politics.

Laura was a popular singer. How many still remember her favorite song, which she was accustomed to render clearly and distinctly, —

"My pretty bird, it makes me sad
To think thou canst not fly;
For well I know thou wouldst be glad
To see the bright blue sky."

Laura, though not an epicure, had a decided taste for good living. She never failed to know the cook by name. In good season in the morning she would cry, "Bridget, put the breakfast on, Laura wants her breakfast, Laura loves coffee!"

Laura was a temperance advocate. When one evidently not an abstainer came in to hear her sing, she greeted him with nothing save the pointed rebuke, "Let drunkards beware, and of tippling take care."

Laura made her songs contribute to wholesome industry. She sung nothing with more readiness than the good old words of Watts: —

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!"

Laura kept the Sabbath. She refrained from walking abroad. She laid aside her usual secular songs, and, if any thing, she would say, "Magnify and praise the Lord."

Toward the close of life she grew feeble. The last word she ever uttered was, "Good-by."

The following letter was written while spending a summer vacation at the old homestead of his valued friend, the late Mrs. C. B. Hatch.

The Shipmaster's Garret.

NANTUCKET, MASS., Aug. 18, 1877.

My recollections of the old garret of my boyhood are not pleasing. There, on rainy days, I used to shell corn, grinding the ear against the handle of the frying-pan. The garret of our old home was a kind of a "Botany Bay," where we cast old iron and old shoes. But the shipmaster's garret of Nantucket was an ark, a treasure-house of sacred memorials of men and times long gone by. The house of my kind host in Nantucket is spacious, and strong with the native oak. It is one hundred and thirty years old. It is twenty-nine years older than the nation. This shipmaster's garret tells of *wars* and *rumors* of wars. It was built in the stormy times when France and England were in conflict over the interests of their American Colonies. Nantucket was far out from the mainland, exposed to the invasions of the French in the time of *their* war, and again to those of the British in the time of the Revolution. This garret was arranged to meet these exigencies. A trap-door recently discovered conducts, by a narrow, steep stairway, to a secret vault, where were placed the hidden treasures. Recesses also, under the eaves, were constructed to evade the search of the enemy.

This shipmaster's garret also tells of wrecks and disasters in distant climes. That old oaken chest, bound with iron, bruised, not broken, with lock and fastenings that no ingenuity or violence has overcome, — that strong oaken box was the companion of the father, the son, and the grandson through wastes of waters to barbarian shores, to rivers unknown to song. Sermons, poetry, power, cleave to that old box in the garret.

But this old garret holds the history of hearts. The last master who hung up his trophies in this sacred receptacle had an only child, a daughter who died at the age of twelve. Like the brave old Jephthah, he bore this only daughter on his heart as he went to, and returned from, the field of conflict. When long calms at sea lay upon him, his leisure whittlings were intwined with thoughts of affection for his child. He remembered her early years; he looked forward with bright expectations to her future. When far away in the Arctics, he planned for her an ingenious toilet-box. With his own hand he inlaid it with ivory, tortoise, mother-of-pearl, and anticipated the time when he should present it as the token of his affection when far from home. But a message brought to him the sad news that his darling awaited his return in her early grave. How the brave heart lost its courage, the right hand forgot its cunning and the exquisite work that so long had drawn his tender thoughts from distant solitudes towards his own home, to this day remains unfinished in the garret of the old shipmaster. His purposes were "broken off, even the designs of his heart." A wreath of brilliant and unfading flowers, woven of the plumage of the south-sea birds, and other memorials brought from the ends of the earth to please and adorn the only child and daughter, are still found in the shipmaster's garret.

From the garret there is an easy ascent to the observatory on the house-top, which arrangement subserved the tenderest feelings of the master and his family as he left his home on his long and dangerous voyage. When the wife and the children had attended the husband and father to the ship, and when they had "fallen upon his neck and kissed him," they hastened back to the house-top to vibrate glances and exchange signals till house and ship respectively faded from their eyes. From the same house-top the return of the hero was welcomed as he entered the harbor with the rewards of his perils, labors, and sacrifices.

Prepare to Guard! DEC. 24, 1869.

Where our canal has given way, we are accustomed to set double support. We strengthen the embankment with additional stone and earth. We look out for danger. The Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular war, heard that a large magazine of wine lay on his line of march. He saw that there was more peril to his men from these barrels of wine than from batteries of cannon, and at once despatched a body of troops to knock every wine-barrel in the head.

Along the march of life there are points of danger. Judging from the past, we have reason to fear that a break, a crevasse, will be made in some one's character and virtue during the coming season of Christmas and New Year's. Forewarned, we may be forearmed, and pass the point in safety. We would not cast the slightest shade upon the cheerfulness and exhilaration, fitted to give health to the body, and tone to the mind. At the right time the flash, the sally, the hearty laugh, will do no hurt, but rather blow the dust, and sweep the cobwebs, from the sombre mind. True cheerfulness is the growth of innocence, of an approving conscience, and good-will to all. But to celebrate with gladness the Saviour's birth, what need of the "*wine and the wassail*" of a heathen and a drunken age? The first Christmas carol on the plains of Bethlehem was inspired by no such unhallowed fire, and needs none to send it down the ages.

Nor is *New-Year's Day* the time to sink the man in the beast, but the moment to rise to a higher level and a higher life. To how many has this been a meridian of light, when they started on a career upward, that has grown brighter and brighter! How many remember it with regret! Then temptation prevailed. On that day they took the first, the fatal glass. Ah, the cost of the first New Year's spree! Blasting lit on character, reputation, prospects. Then followed shame, remorse, recoil from the presence of the virtuous and the pure, — a father's grief, a mother's tears.

We ask the tempter and the tempted, Will such an abuse of Christmas and New Year's pay?

Extracts from the one hundredth anniversary of Dartmouth College. By a graduate of 1839.

. . . *Other* teachers, in long succession, have ceased from their labors. But the outline, aspects, and spirit of Nature, still greet the former graduate, and recut in his memory the lines of happier years.

But I must not forget the *century-tree*, which stands an emerald gem in the landscape of Dartmouth. The charity that projected this institution was touched by the condition of the fugitive children of the forest. It would follow them into their own wilderness home. The feeling was well engraven into the seal of the institution — "Vox clamantis in deserto" ("The voice of one crying in the wilderness"). Among the early scholars was many a youthful red man. Three young Indians about to graduate were accustomed to meet under the shadow of a small pine-tree, back of the college wall, and sing the touching sentiments of the hymn, composed by one of their number:[1] —

When shall we three meet again!
When shall we three meet again!
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine,
Long may this loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

This early incident has lent enchantment to the spot, and it is a pleasing feature of every graduating class, that they gather about this century-pine to sing their parting hymn.

When the sons of Dartmouth, after their long absence, had reviewed what was permanent and what was changed in the scenery around, you would see them thronging along the avenues to the old lecture-halls, or looking in upon the rooms they once occupied. Who did not remember the freshman recitation-room, the first meeting of the class, the first lesson! The place suggested the name, the look, of every member. Indeed, so vivid was the past, it took a moment's reflection to realize that the scene lay thirty years ago.

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[1] Rev. Sampson Occum, author of "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound."

But sadness shaded every cheek as our former professors came not with us. It was evident the prophet did not speak to *us*, "Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner, but thine eyes shall behold thy teachers." Still we were permitted the grateful sight of Dr. Lord, our venerable ex-president, whom we remembered as a father. His health permitted him only to bow to us from the window of his sick-chamber.

. . . But, of all the interest awakened at this reunion, class-feeling and class-affinity were most intense. Hence, on the general current of excitement, you would see eddies whirling off one side or the other, — circles formed with a four-years' radius. Go into the chapel or recitation-rooms, and you would find a remnant of some one of the fifty or sixty classes, formed into a knot of delighted listeners, weeping or laughing as some one of their number told of "the times that had gone over him."

I was especially interested in the class-meeting of 1839. Judge Dana of Concord had provided himself with a terse and well-written obituary of every deceased classmate. With a genuine enthusiasm, he had summoned the living from far and near. Thirty years had sped since sixty-two young men went from these halls to the arena of life. Twenty-three obeyed the call to return, and were present at the moment and place appointed. When we came to look one another in the face, it was evident we were no longer young. And, as each was to find out the name of his fellow without an introduction, you would see two robust men holding each other by the hand till they were ashamed. And yet neither could catch from the other the key of his identity. By and by the brown hue, the deep wrinkle, the gray hair, would cleave off.

The blink of the eye, the youthful expression, the lithe form, would steal back. Then came the recognition, the embrace, the tear, the laugh. When these masks, that time had fixed upon us, were torn off, and we were convinced we were the same fellows our names indicated, we sat down together to an evening repast. After this, began "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." This, I think, was the first time that any social entertainment ever beguiled me of the entire night. But, as we began our session, the sun gilded our faces with its setting beams, and its morning rays smiled in upon our continued deliberations. We had been close friends, long separated, — had come great distances. It was our last meeting. There was much to say. It was a night long to be remembered.

Thirty years had nourished and developed the seeds sown in our academic course. Before we first separated from these ancient halls, one of our number, a true seer, had drawn out what, according to *his* forecast, would be the future of each of his fellows. With some little pruning, and transposition of the oracle, the review not only proved the author actualized as a judge, but, like Samuel, vindicated as a prophet. According to the prediction, some had attained wealth and eminence in the legal and medical professions. Others had proved themselves leaders in political life. One had been an ambassador to a foreign court. Some were professors and teachers, — one a president of a college. Seventeen had been attracted by the self-denials, duties, and rewards of the gospel ministry. With sad and pensive hearts we listened to the obituaries of twenty-one who had passed the bourne from which no thirtieth or hundredth anniversary could ever call them back — twenty-one hearts, once warm with youthful enthusiasm, now chilled in death!

> "Death lies on them like an untimely frost."

Beside these narratives read by the chairman, short and tender recollections of others closed the sad memorial. Regrets at the absence of eighteen brothers were modified by the letters they substituted for their presence. These were weighty with sentiments of attachment to the class and college. The reading of these, with additional intelligence from those present, formed a pleasant chapter of the interview, from which we passed to the *viva voce* relations of those of the twenty-three who were on the ground. Contrast added to the rhetoric. Lights and shades, successes and reverses, victories and defeats, incidents mournful and mirthful, wove with lively shuttle the variegated web of our thirty-years' history.

Impressive were the silent thoughts at the close. Whose name is next to be starred? Who will survive the next thirty years? Where shall we be when Dartmouth has her second centennial?

Those who could, joined in the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds." The benediction was pronounced, and each went his way.

But the fine frenzy of the *class* spirit readily expanded into the wider circle of college life and sympathy. One thousand of the sons of Dartmouth had heard the inviting voice of the endeared mother of us all. The aged and the youthful alumnus had been cherished on the same ground, by the same care. Each had gone the same round of studies, sat in the same recitation-rooms, obeyed the same bell, gathered in the same chapel and sanctuary. We had been out to prove our armor, and were now looking back over the dust and smoke of the battle. We understood each other perfectly. "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."

The chairman of the alumni was the chief justice of the United States. After a genial and felicitous welcome from President Smith, Dr. Brown, President of Hamilton College, presented a racy and comprehensive history of Dartmouth from its founding. Then followed able discussions by distinguished graduates. The relation of the college to law, to the State, to science, literature, theology, were some of the themes fit and profitable for the occasion.

The next day, Thursday, came the exercises of the graduating class. To many present, this was suggestive of an interesting day in their own experience. Thirty years had brought not only new speakers, but a new audience. Where were the president, professors, trustees, of *our* day? Where the distinguished visitors? Where the sharp profile of Isaac Hill, the eloquent brow of Rufus Choate, the great eyes of Daniel Webster?

Impressive reflections could but arise from the review of one hundred years. *Humble beginnings may increase to great results.* God's greatest works grow out of little seeds. The oak of a hundred winters, that has struck its roots in the place of stones, and tosses its branches to the storms, began its life in the buried acorn. The majestic river, on whose bosom is floated the commerce of the nation, has its head-spring in the weeping crevice far up the mountain gorge. *Dartmouth College* was a germ planted in the wilderness; but it was a living seed. Ebenezer Wheelock was an obscure pastor in Lebanon, Conn., a close friend of President Edwards. His salary was small, and poorly paid. To eke out a precarious support, in 1754 he opened a family school for boys. Joshua Moore, a farmer of Mansfield, Conn., gave the school a small house and two acres of land. Among the early pupils was Sampson Occum, a young Indian of the Mohegan tribe. He became eminent as a missionary and preacher. In 1766 he went abroad to solicit funds for Moore's Indian Charity School. The good people of England and Scotland were glad to see such a specimen of the sons of the forest. He preached to large audiences. He dined with the King, and received from him two hundred pounds. He collected in all seven thousand pounds.

This encouraged Dr. Wheelock to change his base, and enlarge the place of his tent. Through the influence of John Wentworth, provincial governor of New Hampshire, he removed the school into the deep wilderness, on the banks of the Connecticut. Dr. Wheelock records in his journal: "I built a hut of logs, about eighteen feet square, without stone, or brick, or glass, or nails." This was the first presidential mansion. In September the family of Dr. Wheelock were borne to the new settlement, and thirty students followed, one hundred and seventy miles, on foot. "Again," says the first president, "I housed myself, with my wife and the other females of my family, in my hut. My sons and students made booths of hemlock-boughs; and in this situation we continued about a month, till the 29th of October, when I removed into my log-house. Soon two saw-mills were built and driven by students, often working the livelong night to earn money to defray their expenses. Some drove a cow, and brought corn from home, that they might have bread and milk. Daniel Webster said he came to Dartmouth in a homespun suit of indigo-blue. Exposed to drenching rains, he too was dyed from head to foot. This was ever the favorite color of his dress.

The first Commencement was in August, 1771. Four students graduated, one of whom wrote a poem, which closes with the following lines: —

> "Thus Dartmouth, happy in her sylvan seat,
> Drinks the pure pleasures of her fair retreat;
> Her songs of praise in notes melodious rise,
> Like clouds of incense, to the listening skies;
> Her God protects her with paternal care,
> From ills destructive and each fatal snare;
> And may He still protect, and she adore,
> Till heaven and earth and time shall be no more."

The review of one hundred years can but excite the exclamation, "What hath God wrought! A little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

We have also in this review an illustration of the text, "*They who honor me I will honor.*" The beginnings of Dartmouth College were too obscure to invite the patronage of the proud. It grew by their neglect. An obscure minister of Jesus, inspired by love of the children of the forest, conceived the thought. In the charter I read, "The college was founded for the spread of the knowledge of the great Redeemer among the Indian tribes, for the education of Indian and English youth." With the very opening, this institution received the smile of Heaven. The Holy Spirit put His seal upon the first classes and the surrounding families. In 1773 the president writes, "That which crowns all is the manifest tokens of the gracious presence of God. Such contentment and joy reign in the college, that no government seems necessary. All are diligent and orderly. For three years, I have not heard a profane word spoken, neither have I reason to think there has been one spoken." The erection and administration of this institution has been to invite the presence and blessing of the Divine Spirit. Multitudes of young men earnest for human learning have here been made wise unto salvation. Men like Dr. Porter of Catskill, the judicious and indefatigable Dr. Hyde of Lee, Spaulding of Ceylon, Goodell and Temple, and others in different spheres, have been instrumental of conducting to eternal glory a great throng of redeemed men in many lands. Go and gaze upon the humble slab of the first president. In the midst of his self-denying labors, he said, "It is my purpose, by the grace of God, to leave nothing undone." Look now at the harvest of the little seed he sowed in the wilderness. . . .

CHAPTER VII.

LAST TEN YEARS OF THE PASTORATE AT PALMYRA.

1869–1879.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF SETTLEMENT IN PALMYRA. — TRAVELS IN THE EAST. — LECTURE. — INFLUENCE OF MOHAMMEDANISM UPON EDUCATION. — LETTERS.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Eaton's settlement in Palmyra was celebrated Feb. 5, 1874. We regret that want of space compels a mere reference to so happy an occasion. Nothing was left undone that affection, taste, and the noblest generosity could devise, to make the day one long to be remembered with the sincerest gratitude by the pastor and his family.

From the "Wayne County Journal" of Feb. 12, 1874, we glean the following: —

"The expiration of twenty-five years of Dr. Eaton's pastorate over the Presbyterian Church of Palmyra is an event so memorable in the religious history of this community, that an extended reference to the same, it is believed, will gratify our readers.

"An additional interest is added to the event by the departure of Dr. Eaton upon a tour of Egypt and the Holy Land, to be of several months' duration.

"At the last Sunday evening service before leaving, he referred to his intended journey, saying, that, at the suggestion of friends, he had carefully considered the matter, and had finally concluded to make the trip; that he was not sick; he was thankful to his Master that his health was good. He thought the journey would refresh and help him, would give him new thoughts, new subjects and illustrations, and that he would return a more useful pastor to the church with which he was connected. In closing the sermon, which was one of great interest, he requested the prayers of the people for himself, and their hearty co-operation with the young preacher[1] who was to supply the church during his absence, and asked that his congregation constitute themselves, so to speak, a committee of the whole, to watch over the spiritual interests of his charge. He commended to their kindness the sick of the congregation, the young people's meetings, and the Sabbath-school, with great tenderness, closing the service with those beautiful words of benediction: 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.' . . .

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[1] Rev. L. H. Morey.

"The exercises of Thursday occupied the entire afternoon and evening. A. P. Crandall, Esq., was the presiding officer. Invocation by Rev. H. Wheat of the Baptist Church, reading of Scripture by Rev. J. G. Webster of the Episcopal Church, prayer by Rev. B. H. Brown of the Methodist Church, reading of letters from invited friends by H. R. Durfee, Esq., address of congratulation by G. G. Jessup, Esq., reply by Dr. Eaton. Special presentations were then made to the pastor by Messrs. M. B. Riggs, F. Williams, and S. B. McIntyre, Esq. Dr. Eaton briefly returned thanks for these many evidences of affectionate regard. Addresses followed by Rev. F. A. Spencer, an old classmate, Rev. W. L. Page of Wolcott, Rev. J. Butler of Fairport, Rev. Dr. J. S. Bacon of Corning, Professor Boyd of Geneva, and Rev. Dr. J. R. Page of Rochester. Mr. W. S. Scofield had charge of the music. Under the magical touch of the ladies of the congregation, the interior of the church was made to blossom like the summer time, notwithstanding the snow of winter lay without. The mottoes were significant and touching; the collation in the evening choice and abundant.

"About ten o'clock Dr. Eaton retired from the company. The midnight train bore him to New York; and never did a person leave this station with such an immense amount of uncheckable baggage as the doctor: it consisted principally of blessings, tearful good-bys, and God-speed-you's.

"A friend writes us from New York, 'I saw Dr. Eaton leave pier No. 20, North River, yesterday. As the steamer left the dock, he recognized me, and raising his hat said, "Good-by, Palmyra." His last thoughts were of his home, and his last word on this side of the ocean, Palmyra.'"

"Speed thee, pastor, on thy way
To the land the Saviour trod;
Speed thee on o'er land and main,
'Neath the banner of our God.

"He will cover thee with wings,
And 'His truth shall be thy shield,'—
Truth which thou hast long declared,
And shalt still in conquest wield.

"He will be thy sure defence,
And thy pathway hedge about,

Yea, preserve thy coming-in,
Even as thy going-out."[1]

Although the footprints of travel are now everywhere well worn, we introduce a few letters and extracts from lectures.

SHIP CALIFORNIA, Feb. 13, 1874.
50° North Latitude. One thousand miles from Glasgow.

Boat cold as a hulk, deck covered with snow, air full of frost, harbor full of ice; but kind hearts and faces cheered me as I moved away from my native shore. The chill winds and breaking waves of Saturday were a poor preparation for the Sabbath day. I did not say, "Blot the day from the calendar," — that cannot be done, — peculiar worship: the naked deck; old ocean the preacher; hymns by the moaning winds; gulls, a vacant, hungry audience; my first Sabbath at sea a strange day; my first meal Monday evening. Away with all vapors of food, away with the call of the bell: they were an offence to the soul.

But the cold as we climbed to the frozen north, the night we spent in the field of Labrador ice, the gale that lashed the ocean into a foaming fury, — these have shown me the rough side of an ocean voyage. . . .

I have found Christ with me in the ship. The nights have been terrible, but all the more profitable. My health and spirits are good, and I hope to make the most of every opportunity. The missionary company are very congenial. We have worship every day. The captain and officers are courteous. The ship is a gem of the sea. She is true. To me she has a blessed personality. I trust her and the Great Master. . . .

PARIS, Feb. 23, 1874.

MY DEAR WIFE, — Saturday, in the forenoon, I came to Paris. . . . Awoke yesterday morning, and as I looked I inquired if I had forgotten the day of the week. Men were at their games, pleasure, work, just as though God had not said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.". . . This Paris is a mystery, — churches forsaken, theatres crowded on the Sabbath, pleasure the divinity, God entirely ignored, and yet for beauty and splendor surpassing all places of the earth. . . .

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[1] By C. B. Botsford, a parishioner of Dr. Eaton in 1852–53.

NAPLES, March 5, 1874.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL, — It is just one month since you so generously sent me on my journey. I am now more than five thousand miles from home. I gratefully acknowledge the good hand of God that has granted me health, and kept me from harm. I have crossed the ocean, passed from Glasgow to London, from London to Paris, from Paris to Florence, from Florence to Rome, and from Rome to this place. My journey has been so rapid, I have been so eager to see and save what I could while on the ground, that I have found little time to write letters home. I will snatch a moment this morning, before I go to Pompeii and Herculaneum, and climb to Vesuvius, to tell you where I am. I was a little more than four days in Rome. I cannot say as Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered;" but I can say, "I saw all I could."

We think a house old that was built a hundred years ago. You cannot find such a house in Wayne County. But in Rome a house is among the new structures if it cannot number three, four, or six hundred years. St. Peter's Church was thirteen hundred years in building, and was consecrated more than two hundred years ago; but that is not old. The aqueduct that Cladius built commands some respect for its age. The Roman palace where Paul was condemned, the house he hired, the wall that Trajan built, still more the pillars brought from Egypt, and the wall of Romulus, — these have the moss that excited our wonder. I rode to the city and bay of Puteoli, where Paul left shipboard for the Appian Way when taken as a prisoner to Rome, (Acts 28 : 13, 14). Here I could see the harbor he entered and the road he traveled. "At Puteoli he found brethren who desired him to tarry with them seven days." Near this bay are still seen the remains of an old volcano, also the ruins of splendid temples of Jupiter, Diana, Mercury, and Venus, a villa of Cicero, a palace of Julius Cæsar; and a vast amphitheatre, where wild beasts fought with gladiators, and devoured Christians. These were all in their glory when Paul the prisoner sojourned a week among his poor brethren at Puteoli and Naples. He heard the rumblings, and beheld the glare, of these volcanoes. He viewed the residences of the great men of ancient Rome. He saw the multitudes "wholly given to idolatry." Perhaps he looked in upon the temples, the ruins of which awaken my admiration. He heard the scream of the multitude, the growl of the lion, as human sacrifices "made a Roman holiday" in the amphitheatre at Puteoli. He felt the beauty and magnificence of Nature, as they combine and intensify around this Bay of Naples. I will, if possible, write you from Alexandria, for which I soon sail from this port. Yours gratefully,

HORACE EATON.

AT SEA, off "the coast of Libya, about Cyrene," March 12, 1874.

MY DEAR WIFE, — Until to-day I had not entirely escaped the cold weather that pursued me across the Atlantic. Even at Rome and Naples I suffered from a raw and unpleasant wind. But now I find myself in an African clime, and a bland June morning smiles upon a sea of glass. Last evening the sun retired to rest in robes of the purest gold. I saw him rise in the same habiliments unsoiled. While I listen to the noisy jabber of the Italians all around me, to the conversation of a family of Arabs, to the French and Germans in their turn, and find myself shut up to a few English friends, I realize more than ever how great was the confusion of tongues visited at Babel. But, if I must be confined to one language, I am glad it is English. . . .

We passed along the straits between Sicily and the mainland, and noticed Syracuse, where Paul remained three days, and also, on the other hand, Rhegium, where he stopped for a time. We have coasted along the shore of Crete, where at least four places are noted in Paul's voyage. Indeed, the name, travels, and suffering of the great apostle, add a tinge of interest to the skies above and to the deep beneath, to the mountains he looked upon, to the towns where he labored, and the prisons where he suffered. Consider the influence of one great and good man. He has left his mark, not merely on innumerable living hearts, but a charm on the very fields of Nature where he moved. Voyagers through the Mediterranean Sea should not forget the name of Paul.

CAIRO, EGYPT, March 15, 1874.

. . . Saturday, at two in the afternoon, we took the cars for Cairo. No traveler can afford to pass over this road in the night, or with his eyes shut. The railway at first was nearly parallel with the canal. I saw a boat gliding along up stream, drawn by neither horses, steam, nor wind. "What," I said, "urges that craft along?" Said my fellow-traveler, "Do you not see those two Arabs ahead on the tow-path?" Then I learned that men did the work on this canal that horses do on ours. There were fields of leeks and onions, and I remembered those for which the Egyptians longed. The method of raising water by a wheel turned by the foot cleared up the word of Moses: "Thou waterest the land by thy foot."

We came at length to the east branch of the Nile. I confess to a thrill of uncommon interest as I looked upon that ancient river. I cannot describe the mud-walled houses and mud-walled villages we passed, the sights and sounds as the evening shadows, falling on the landscape, called the laborers, and their donkeys, oxen, and camels, home from their work, and the shepherds, with sheep and goats mixed together, back to their folds. I cannot describe the tall and feathery-crowned palm-trees that adorn the habitations of the rich, or stand singly against the sky. All is Oriental, and suggestive of years and nations long gone by. I am reading the lines of the Arab character. There is mind, strength; but they are idle, sluggish. They will ride upon a poor donkey when they ought to go afoot and carry the load themselves. They lie stretched along the mud walls, and talk and smoke, and smoke and talk. . . . I tried to keep the Sabbath yesterday. But oh, these Eastern cities! I ought to fear for myself, for the fear of God is not in this place. I found a Protestant chapel, where I enjoyed the reading of the Word and the worship of the Lord God of Israel under the shadow of the mosque, and surrounded by all kinds of profanity. But Egypt! how full of all that illustrates the Bible and the providence of God! . . .

From a familiar lecture on Egypt.

Five days from Naples, and thirty-five from New York, brought me to the coast of Africa. When eighteen miles from Alexandria, the word "Land!" from the lips of Bayard Taylor, summoned all on deck. The memory and the eye of that practiced traveler outran all others as we eagerly gazed toward the low and sunken coast. Soon, however, a speck was seen in the distant horizon. It proved the top of Pompey's Pillar; after this appeared the lighthouse standing upon the spot of the ancient Pharos, then Cleopatra's Needle, then forty windmills to the right, stretching along the Libyan shore, and finally the whole city of Alexandria rising out of the sea. A few miles from port we were met by the pilot, an athletic Arab, and his servant. Soon he was alongside, then on deck, then at the helm. He was the first full-grown Arab I had ever seen. He guided us through a difficult passage to the harbor. Then came the din of voices and the babel of tongues, and a strife and violence among the boatmen, which threatened to scatter our baggage, and tear us limb from limb. But, in the moment of our confusion and peril, the captain appeared, beating and breaking his way among the invaders, driving them down the sides of the ship, and handing us over for protection to the agents appointed to conduct us to the Hotel De l'Europe. When on shore, we were in another *mêlée*. Shaved donkeys, half-naked drivers, burdened camels, crowded bazaars, shoemakers' shops, blacksmiths' shops, all kinds of trades carried on in the street or in small rooms without doors, that open into the street, — so new, Oriental, dismal, all this, that I felt the word of the Psalmist, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar." Kedar was one of the sons of Ishmael. Like David, I was with the Arabs, the sons of Ishmael. It is the surprised thought of the traveler, Is this "the land of the East, the clime of the sun"? — this the spot which the great Macedonian general and Napoleon I. pronounced the centre of Eastern commerce? Did the learning of the world here shed her mild and hallowed rays, and treasure the lore in libraries, the wonder of the world? Was this the city of fashion where Cleopatra conquered her victors, and by suicide ended her brilliant infamy? Was this the seat of Christian schools and Christian philosophy? the birthplace of the eloquent Apollos? and in more recent times was it near this place that Nelson achieved the victory of the Nile, and gave to England dominion of the sea and of the empire of the East? But a view of our own stars and stripes flying at masthead in the harbor, a walk in the European quarter of the city, where Englishmen and Germans hold up the light of civilization, a visit to the missionary schools, to Christian churches, availed greatly to allay the wildness of the scene. . . .

Egypt is the strangest country on earth. It has wonderful *protection* from the two great deserts. A chain of mountains is a wall, on either side, against the sand-storms that sweep the deserts on the east and the west. These protecting ranges crowd upon a long and narrow valley, some eight hundred miles in length, and on an average not more than seven wide.

Egypt is peculiar in its *soil.* The alluvial soil of most countries is formed by the growth and decay of vegetation on the spot; but that of Egypt is robbed from the interior of Africa. These fertile acres come over the cataracts. The hand of man has never replenished them with any fertilizing material. They receive yearly an enriching substance from the Nile.

The *river* of Egypt is the strangest in the world. The streams of other countries are fed by the lands through which they pass; but the Nile brings its watery treasures from afar. "It gives, but borrows none." For a thousand miles it has not a tributary; but on either side there are multitudes of channels drawing from its enriching fountains. It brings down more from its head-springs than it pours into the sea. It is wonderful for the delicious beverage which it affords for man and beast. It is liquid health. Says Mr. Thomas Cook, the veteran traveler, "The water of the Nile is the best I ever drank. The Khedive of Egypt, when he visited Europe, carried it with him by the caskful. There is no necessity for spirituous liquor in Egypt." "What!" said a Roman veteran to his legions, "what! crave you wine, and have the water of the Nile to drink!"

The *agriculture* of Egypt is remarkable. It is a land without rain. Were it not for the Nile, its fields would be like the neighboring wastes. The river fills the larger channels, and the larger the smaller, and so the water flows from one to another till the little rills, the trickling drops, come to every blade of grass, every spire of wheat. The Nile spreads greenness over the whole country. From the Nile are the full granaries: "Fat kine go up out of the river." Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, hundreds of horses, feed in the valley watered by the Nile. The periodic overflow of the Nile is a yearly miracle. By its dominion of a hundred days, the reservoirs are filled, the soil dressed anew. At the cataracts it rises forty feet, at Cairo twenty-five, at the mouth four. How wonderful "the balancing of the clouds" on the mountains in the interior of Africa, to secure to Egypt this yearly gift with such certainty and accuracy!

Egypt is marvelous for its *relics of antiquity.* She is the very mother of Paganism, the fruitful parent of idolatries, and from the very nature of her climate she has proved the safest receptacle for the records and memorials of the old monarchies. Time has two teeth by which he etches away the works of men, — moisture and frost. Neither of these are found in Egypt. The depositories there have preserved for five thousand years the writings, images, paintings, of the ancients, their stone pyramids and sculptured marbles. The learning of the world is now intent upon exhuming, excavating, translating, the treasures from the mummy-pits and buried temples of Egypt. Acres of the papyrus scrolls remain untranslated. The traveler can but notice the difference between the statues of the Greeks and those of the Egyptians. The modern Greek is the same handsome creature that he was in the time of the Venus de Medici or Apollo Belvidere. His ancient statuary and present race still agree in feature. Just so with the Egyptians. Notwithstanding the immigrations into Egypt, the statues four thousand years old present the same line of thought and feeling, the same stolid imperturbability, as the living Egpytian. . . . In silent and awful grandeur the Pyramids stand off in a solitude some five miles from the Nile, on a plateau of rock. Nearly one hundred of these can be traced in that graveyard of the nation. The Great Pyramid occupies thirteen acres and a rood, reaching 480 feet in height. The hardest thing I did while away was to climb to the top, and explore the interior.

The following paragraphs will reveal on which side Dr. Eaton ranged himself in the bloodless "battle of the Pyramids" now going on.

. . . The Great Pyramid is before you, — huge, solid, mysterious in its age, the eldest, most massive work of human hands, permanent, simple, awful in its expense of human sinews and human life. There it stands, grand, gloomy, peculiar!

The mind staggers with doubt as to the real intention the Great Pyramid was built to subserve. . . . A more reasonable conjecture makes the Great Pyramid *a great tomb, symbolic of Egyptian ideas of immortality.* They had strong thoughts of the future state. On their coffins they represent the soul of man in another world, under the image of a reaper gathering with his sickle the harvest of his deeds here on earth. The Pyramids were exponents of these ideas, in which we may trace a shadow, at least, of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection. They connected the future life of the soul with the preservation of the body. Could they hold back from decay this earthly frame for three thousand years, then, thought they, would come a union of body and soul, and, blessed in the embrace, they would pass into the sphere of the gods. In their idea, every thing in the future depended upon *the preservation of the body.* From this doctrine came the rock-ribbed tombs, and perfection in the art of embalming. It put the future of every man more or less at the mercy of his enemies. Should hatred to a man hold on after his death, could his enemy violate his body, he could spread darkness over his immortality.

It was then the problem of tyrants, after enslaving the people, to protect their royal frames from popular rage when they were dead, to secure peace to their ashes when they had passed to the realms of shade. The huge and sealed sarcophagus held the body of the sovereign, and the huge mausoleum held the sarcophagus, and all to insure safety to the hallowed corse. It was not simply the vanity of life carried into the grave, but the fear of retribution from their oppressed subjects, who might take sweet revenge upon their monarch when dead, and, by disturbing the repose of his body, rob his soul of blessedness forever; for here, "after death came the judgment."

In the oldest book I find allusions to this oldest work of man. Says Job, "Then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, who built desolate places"—pyramids—"for themselves." What more "desolate" than that stone coffin in that solitary room in that immense stone structure of thirteen acres! And they built them for "themselves,"—not for the common burial-place, the public good, but for "themselves." The "man of Uz" had doubtless heard of, perhaps seen, the Pyramid. He was acquainted with Moses, and Moses was brought up under the shadow of the Pyramid. Some think that Moses was the amanuensis of Job. Jeremiah, who was driven as a prisoner to Egypt, also speaks of "signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, even unto this day"; and in Lamentations, which are supposed to have been written by Jeremiah in Egypt, he says, "He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old."

Near the Great Pyramid is the Sphinx, hewn out of the solid, living rock, 180 feet long. . . . It is nearly buried by the sand; but the head and neck still stand up some 60 feet as it looks out calmly over the valley of the Nile, on whose borders it has stood sentinel for thousands of years.

Of some memorials and wonders of Egypt, there are more in New York than in Cairo. As ancient Rome stole their obelisks, so modern nations have rifled the depositories of ancient art. But of late a law has been enacted forbidding the removal of antiquities from Egypt. A museum of priceless value has been erected under the direction of Mareelle Bey. One relic is a black granite head, the features sharply cut, wearing a double crown, — the symbol of authority over Upper and Lower Egypt, — supposed to represent the Pharaoh that perished in the Red Sea. . . . But the time came for my departure. Egypt had not been the house of bondage to me, as it was to ancient Israel, but a scene of constant wonder and recreation. I was more in the posture of Lot's wife, reluctant to leave, than, like Moses and Aaron, eager to go right on my way. I had seen much that awakened a desire to see more. The fair landscape, the flora of Egypt, were inviting. "The barley was in the ear, and the flax in the boll." The waving palm, long avenues of the sycamore, the tall cypress, the acacia, so closely identified with the ark in the wilderness, were to me goodly trees. There were many vegetable friends in Egypt which I had seen in America, — corn, beans, peas, cucumbers, onions, and melons. We were allowed a visit to the royal gardens. There stood large and ancient fig-trees. I was interested to observe that the fruit had already appeared before the leaves had put forth, thus illustrating the Saviour's curse upon the barren fig-tree, because, while the season had advanced so far that the tree was full of leaves, it had failed to produce any fruit, although "the time of figs was not yet," that is, the time of harvesting or stripping the tree had not come.

I had also made some acquaintances among the animals of Egypt. For the donkey, my benevolence, rather than my complacency, was excited. They were crushed underneath their enormous burdens. Then a lout of an Arab would sit at the top, having no occupation but a savage beating of the beast. I could hardly hurl the jibe of the prophet, when he said, "The horses of Egypt are flesh, and not spirit." I could understand rather how Solomon was tempted to seek chariots and chargers from this land of the Nile. I saw one hundred of the Viceroy's horses feeding in the royal meadow. Fire beamed in their eyes; strength and beauty sat upon their manes. The camel won my deepest interest. The meekness of his aspect, his patient endurance, the fact that he was the friend of Abraham and the patriarchs, the pilgrim bearer, endeared him to me. We call the camel the ship of the desert. The Arabs call ships the camels of the sea. Though the crows, the cats, the dogs, and the frogs did not fail to salute me, I regretted that my presence did not invite a sight of the gazelle, the river-horse, and the crocodile.

But I must not forget my parting with my own Mohammed, for I had a Mohammed. All the dragomen or guides are either Salims or Hassans, Abrahams or Mohammeds. But my Mohammed was an honest man. If his principles were not true, he was true to his principles. He had a large faith. With the utmost assurance he showed me the well that Joseph dug, the tree under whose shade the holy family sat; and, because they sat there, he believed the tree was to live forever. He pointed to the very spot where the little ark of Moses was taken from the flags. And so simple and sanguine was he, that I asked no proof, and had no controversy. He gave me his confidence, and I gave him my money. He was in reputation with the Mohammedans, and was anxious to give me the inside track. He showed me the splendidly dressed Nubian eunuch, who had the charge of the Khedive's harem. He was *au fait* in imparting information in regard to the domestic relations of his people. None save the Khedive had the right to more than four wives. For himself he was satisfied with one. And although the Koran permitted the lords of creation to put away their wives for every cause, he assured me he had no disposition to put away his. "Why should I put her away?" said he. "She does every thing for me. She washes my feet, and brings me my breakfast every morning, before I arise." My Mohammed seemed to entertain a sincere affection for me. He went with me everywhere; but he could not climb the Pyramid with me. He was too old. It was with no little emotion that we parted. He even accompanied me to the cars, going on with me to the next station. He gave to me the Mohammedan salaam, and I gave to him the gospel farewell.

I felt no sorrow in leaving behind the tombs of the caliphs, the fat mosques, and the lean minarets; but, more than of the Pyramids, I felt the subduing power of that solitary obelisk standing alone where the Temple of the Sun, where the priest, and the city of On, had their place; where Joseph escaped the toils of temptation, sat at the right hand of Pharaoh, and was made known to his brethren who came bending unto him; against which Abraham may have leaned, and whose shadow may have fallen on Jacob and Joseph, and even upon the infant Saviour. That lone obelisk in the field stands a witness to a high, a solemn, a sacred antiquity.

When about to leave Egypt, the party with whom I traveled were unwilling to take a *détour* around by the Red Sea. But not to look upon the locality where the tribes crossed that sea was to lose one of my main purposes in visiting Egypt. An American brother was persuaded to go with me. A slow, one-horse railroad took us from Cairo, by Ismalia, to the Gulf of Suez. In our journey it was a surprise to descry in the distance the masts, sails, and rigging of tall ships, apparently passing through the dry land. This was our first view of the great maritime canal from the Red to the Mediterranean Sea.

At ten in the evening of March 18 (1874), we came to a halt near the shore of the Red Sea. No light among the low huts and crooked streets of Suez, but a lantern, with the word "Hotel" on it, in the hand of a native Arab boy. The barking of dogs, "the strife of tongues," the wrangling of Arab porters, the cry of persons in every language to the lad who was hurrying on with the lantern, made the darkness hideous. But at length we came safely to the place of entertainment. The room I occupied looked out upon the Gulf, and, listening to the lullaby of the waves, I went to sleep. Early the next morning the landlord was at my door with the cry, "Rise and see what has not been known here for a hundred years!" I was soon upon the house-top. The sight was not a strange one to a boy brought up among the mountains of New Hampshire. It was a slight fall of snow.

But nothing could divert me from settling in my own mind the question of the passage of Israel across the sea. The chief inquiry with me was, Can we make the shoal, the ebb-tide theory, consistent with the narrative of Moses and with the physical features of the coast? Can we get quit of a miracle? Can the deliverance of Israel be attributed to the natural outgoing of the tide intensified by the east wind? After following around the shore, taking a view of the plain where the tribes might encamp, after consulting with Mr. Andrews, an intelligent Scotchman, the treasurer of the great transportation company, who had studied this interesting locality some ten years, after conversing with the captain of an English steamer who had sailed the Red Sea for thirty years, I came to the clear conviction that "the shoal," "the ebb-tide" theory, was the shallow theory.

There is a triangular plain south of the town of Suez. The sides of this triangle may be some ten miles, affording abundant area for the Israelitish camp and all their flocks and herds. The south-west side of this triangle is bounded by an impassable mountain, the Attaka range. This makes an acute angle with the shore of the sea; and this acute angle, we have no doubt, was the trap in which Israel was caught. Here they found themselves "before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea." Here, as they looked behind them, they saw the Egyptians coming down upon them with their six hundred chariots. They could not flee south and west, because of the mountains. They could not flee to the east, because the sea interposed a barrier. Thus "they were entangled in the land," and "the wilderness shut them in." Then, if we look at the crossing, we find that it meets the terms of the narrative. . . . It was clear to me, that on this plain, filling the acute angle between the mountains and the sea, the Israelites were encamped; that at the point of this angle, by the wonder-working rod, the sea opened a passage to the other shore. The distance across was about seven miles. I think I stood upon the very strand where the corpses of the Egyptians, and their chariots, were cast up. The locality implies an out and out, full-grown miracle.

Whatever may be the inability of some to grasp the simple statements of Bible truth touching that great event, here was just the physical formation of mountain and plain and shore suggested by the perusal of the sacred narrative. And I felt the most decided conviction and pleasant satisfaction in gazing upon the spot that answered so clearly to the inspired Word. . . . The passage was from the head of the Attaka Mountains to the Wells of Moses on the other side, through the very depths, where, at a cost of five millions of dollars, the Khedive of Egypt has built his wharves and harbor for the accommodation of the Suez Canal Company. A railway not quite parallel to the crossing of the tribes extends two miles and a half out into the sea to the docks. From the ships at anchor, I could see the Wells of Moses on the other side, some two miles from the shore, in the Arabian Desert. A few stunted palm-trees and tamarisks cluster around the fountains, forming an oasis. Here, or not far distant, Moses and the children of Israel sang their Song of Triumph.

From Egypt to Palestine.

Having sailed through the canal to Port Said, March 22, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the "Vesta," an Austrian steamer bound for Jaffa, bore me away from Egypt and from the African coast. There was great variety in the nationality, condition, and feelings of the passengers. The Jew had come from Pesth or Spain, from Egypt, or perhaps New York, to find under the shadow of some sacred mountain his last resting-place. The Mohammedan has already been to the shrine and grave of his Prophet at Mecca; but he would aspire to still higher rewards and honors by worshiping in the mosque of Omar, and kissing the rock over which stood the altar at Solomon's temple. The Greek, the Latin, the Copt, the Armenian, are all zealous to enter the vestibule of the Holy Land, in hope of kneeling at the sepulchre, or bathing in the Jordan. This blindness and superstition excited the smile or the pity of the Frank and the Protestant. But I had honesty enough to apply the criticism to myself. Had I not come as far? Did not my pulse beat as quickly for a passage to Jerusalem and the Jordan as theirs? "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth." . . . Looking down on the motley multitude crowded into the steerage, there seemed to be not less devotion, but more dirt. As I was approaching the very spot where Peter beheld the sheet let down, "full of all kinds of four-footed beasts and wild beasts and creeping things," I saw two women lay hold of the head of one poor wight, and in a most literal manner they obeyed the command, "Slay and eat." The East need John Wesley's gospel, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." I am constrained to speak here of what one of our own members, Miss Maria A. West, is doing in this direction for the Armenians, who comprise a large portion of the Eastern world. In connection with her volume, "Loving Counsels to Armenian Women in Turkey," she has published a small tract, also in Armenian, on "Health and Cleanliness," — clean air, clean persons, clean houses.

But we are already coasting along the shore of Philistia, a narrow strip of territory lying between the hills of Judæa and the sea. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when we descried Jaffa, perched upon a projecting eminence. Like the ancient tribes, we were to enter the promised land through the waters. The harbor is a dangerous one. But it was calm, and Arab boatmen soon had us away through the rocks to the landing-place.

Into this harbor the cedars of Lebanon were floated for Solomon's temple. This is the port to which Jonah fled; this the city where Peter had his toleration dream. Where is the house of Simon the tanner? where the house of Dorcas? Mine is no vision like Peter's. This is the veritable Joppa, the oldest seaport in the world. It is said to have been called Joppa from Japheth, the son of Noah, who, it seems, contracted a taste for maritime pursuits during his long cruise in the ark.

The streets of Jaffa are narrow, rising one above another like terraces. A wall twelve feet high defends the town on the landward side. . . . I enjoyed the aroma of three hundred and fifty gardens, in size varying from two to twelve acres. Each garden is watered from one or two wells. They are surrounded by hedges of prickly pear six feet high. Within grow the palm, the acacia, oranges, lemons, apricots, pomegranates. The yearly production of oranges is eight millions, averaging from ten to twelve inches in circumference. I never tasted an orange before.

But the richest memory I brought away from Jaffa was the sight of one of our own townsmen. As I felt myself a fugitive "faint and astray" at the khan to which we were all hurried on landing, I was accosted by the friendly voice of Mr. Albert Hemenway, his wife and daughter also joining in the salutation. They had been driven back from Jerusalem by the cold weather, and were on their return. He expressed deep concern for my welfare, and gave me some important hints and helps in regard to my journey.

At the very entrance to Palestine I was struck with the pious frauds practiced upon the ignorant at every step. Forty boys crying "Backsheesh" are ready to show you the staple-ring in the rock to which Noah fastened the ark. To the same ring, long afterward, Andromeda, who was delivered by Perseus, was chained. Half-naked urchins will conduct you to the house of Simon the tanner, and accommodate you to any part of the town; different houses sharing the honor. There are tanneries by the seaside, yet they can scarcely use salt water for their vats, though they may wash their raw hides in the surf. . . . The party made up for the tour of Palestine assembled at the caravansery. Many of the company were eager to secure the best horse and the best saddle. I had no skill or ability in the log-rolling. The result was, that the most forlorn-looking nag of the lot fell to me. At first he seemed dissatisfied with his rider. He had been abused and jaded. But a shilling now and then to the muleteer reflected favorably upon the food and the grooming. By such kindness we soon became close friends. I was surprised to find him so unwilling to be outstripped, and still more that he was able to keep up with the fleetest. He bore me ahead of the entire company to the gate of Jerusalem. . . .

From Jaffa to Jerusalem.

March 22, at half-past ten in the morning, we left Joppa, and moved out south-eastward toward Jerusalem. The Plain of Sharon was on the north, the Plain of the Philistines on the south. Along the shore there is a sandy bar. Back of this, till you come to the mountains of Judah and Benjamin, some fifteen miles, extending from Gaza to Carmel, the fertility is marvelous. But bad cultivation and bad government have nearly fulfilled the word of Zephaniah against this plain: "For Gaza shall be forsaken, and Ascalon a desolation. I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant."

In my childhood I always took sides with Samson. I admired his bold exploits upon the Philistines. Now on the ground, I was inquisitive as to the localities of these events. . . . We went over a part of the road where the ark was borne in a new cart drawn by a span of kine, "lowing as they went." . . . Ten miles out from Jaffa, we passed Ramleh on the right, environed by cactus hedges, surrounded by fertile fields and flocks and herds. . . . Two miles and a half north of Ramleh is Lydda, remembered by the visit of Peter and the cure of Æneas (Acts 9: 32). . . . Our course lay within a few miles of Ekron, and we could look far down the Philistine plain on the south, toward Ashdod, Ziklag, Eglon, Ascalon. "Gaza which was desert" was some thirty miles from us. The face of the country appeared to me somewhat like Columbia County as you ride from Canaan down toward Hudson. I must not forget Gath, the birthplace of Goliath the prize-fighter, reproduced in the modern Philistines, Heenan, Morissey, and the like.

It was interesting to ride along through the beautiful Aijalon, where Joshua, standing near Beth-Horon the upper, and looking back upon Gibeon, and down upon the valley, uttered the omnipotent word, "Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon, and thou moon, in the Valley of Aijalon." Here we spent a rainy, moonless night at an old Arab khan; and men, horses, donkeys, were served very much alike. The next day we crossed, according to Dr. Robinson, the Valley of Elah, where David and Goliath had the duel. We saw two sides of the valley where the two armies might have been drawn up. We found the smooth stones in the rushing stream, and I took one and put it in my scrip. Some sixteen miles from Jerusalem, the ascent becomes steep and difficult. Up to this point I thought a railroad could be constructed. A very good turnpike had been built by the Sultan for the convenience of the Prince of Wales. But onward and upward none but animals skilled in such climbing could make their way. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise." When we had gained the summit of one height, we strained our eyes to catch the first view of the Holy City, but yielded to disappointment as we went down, down, and then up to the top of another eminence. So we traveled on for hours, till hope deferred made the heart sick. At length came the cheering cry, "Jaffa Gate! Jaffa Gate!"

The Tomb of Rachel. The Pools of Solomon.

Though worn and weary when we arrived at Jerusalem, our dragoman denied us time to rest, but decided that we must that night encamp at Solomon's Pools. After a cold and tasteless lunch outside the walls, we were hurried away with the promise that we should have enough of Jerusalem on our return. First we must see the cities of Judah, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan. Seven hundred yards from the walls on the southern side of the city, we found ourselves in the midst of the Valley of Hinnom. On the right was spread out the Plain of Rephaim, "the plain of the giants," (2 Sam. 5:17–25). Following the roots of a long, bleak ridge on the left, and cultivated fields on the right, we came at length to a well in the middle of the road. Now our credulity is taxed by the tradition that thus far the wise men of the East, when sent away by Herod, wandered in uncertainty, but, stooping down to draw water, they suddenly saw their guiding star mirrored in the clear surface of the well, and "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Going up an easy slope from the well, we next came to the convent called Mar Elias. Here we were treated to another legend. It is very likely that Elijah, fleeing to Beersheba from the face of Jezebel, passed this way, and rested under the juniper in the southern wilderness; but it is quite a blunder to put the place an hour and a half from Jerusalem, under an olive. . . . From this spot there was a fine outlook both ways. The traveler coming north catches his first view of Jerusalem, — the sides and summit of Olivet, — and, going south, gains his first view of Bethlehem, about three miles distant, east of south, on an eminence set around with olives and fig-trees. As I stretched my eyes toward Bethlehem, I felt the power of the locality. There David was born. There was the birth of "David's Son" and David's Lord. Yet there seemed nothing imposing in outward situation or magnificence. "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou wast little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel."

But, while thus taken up with Bethlehem, we come upon the tomb of Rachel. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, and Jacob set up a pillar on her grave." The pillar has long since disappeared; but the spot has been handed down, and a tomb of no recent date covers a cave which is underneath. . . . The mind of Rachel, it is hoped, had been renovated and purified by the sojourn at Bethel. She had more fully joined with her husband in the covenant which he made with God thirty years before, when he fled from Esau. This mutual consecration to Jehovah prepared them both for the separation that was soon to follow. . . . The remembrance of this visit to the tomb of Rachel was deeply impressed by an old and celebrated painting, "The Death of Rachel," which I witnessed at Venice. With a superhuman calmness and radiance of countenance, Rachel is represented as looking into eternity. Joseph, who is four or five years old, is weeping by the side of his dying mother. The nurse is holding the beautiful little Benjamin in her arms, and even Leah has turned away in tears. But the expression in the eye and visage of Jacob holds the heart of the observer. You can see that his thoughts are running back to the moment when he first met Rachel at the well, when he answered her kind looks and words with all the simple courtesies of desert and shepherd life — when he told her that he was Rebekah's son. He remembers how short were the seven years he served for her, and that, had it not been for the cruel disappointment, he had never had another wife. The tender memories of the past, the anguish of parting, the pledges of the father to the mother in regard to the little ones she leaves, are all depicted on the countenance of the patriarch as he sits by the side, and holds the hand, of his dying Rachel. . . .

The sight of the ancient Zelzah on the right brought up all that beautiful narrative of the anointing of Saul by Samuel. But while we moved along through the fields, admiring the bright scarlet anemone, — those lilies-of-the-valley pronounced by the highest authority to be more brilliantly adorned than was Solomon in all his glory, — we found ourselves descending to the spot where that king once had his rural paradise. His word is, "I made me great works. I builded me houses. I planted me vineyards. I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. *I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood* [or the forest] *that bringeth forth trees.*" Solomon's Pools consist of three immense oblong tanks, the second lower than the first, and the third lower than the second. The bottom and sides are cut in the solid ledge, and seem to be of ancient date. They were nearly full of water when I was there. The lowest is 582 feet long and 200 feet broad; the middle, more than 400 feet long and 200 broad; the upper, 380 feet long and 236 broad. In all of them the east end is broader than the west. The lower pool is 50 feet deep; the middle one, 39 feet deep; and the upper pool 25. A number of living springs in the hills around fed these pools by covered aqueducts. . . . Perhaps as a fort, or khan where caravans could find security for the night, there was a large and strong stone structure near these reservoirs. We were permitted to look through the gate; but we feared the filth and robbers within more than without, and pitched our tents some little way from it. The night, cold and rainy, was the first I had spent in a tent. The jackals saluted us in a variety of voices; sometimes in a fierce snarl, then in a plaintive and pitiful cry like that of a weaned child. Some of our ladies insisted that the sounds were those of human beings in distress. We were also occasionally diverted by the scream of the eagle. . . .

To Solomon's parks around these pools, more than eight miles distant from the palace, Josephus assures us, the king was accustomed to ride in the early morning. Clothed in white, seated in a chariot made of the wood of Lebanon, he was off with his cavalcade of horsemen before the sun rose over Olivet. "In his majesty he rode prosperously." The beginning of this ride must have been interesting, as he passed Gihon, where he was first anointed king. . . . Perhaps he gives a passing notice to Bethlehem, and looks in upon the plain old house of his grandfather Jesse, and bids good-morning to some rustic, pious relative. From Bethlehem the retinue rush on; so that, before the dew is off of the gardens, the princely company may "gather lilies," and "see whether the vine flourishes," and take for their breakfast milk fresh from the fold. How much of *Solomon's Songs* found its imagery in his gardens and vineyards around these pools!

But leaving now the pools, and making our way southward toward Hebron, we first climb a steep pitch, and ascend "the high places of Judæa." This central ridge, running through the whole land north and south, about midway between the Jordan and the Mediterranean, is well represented by the backbone of some monster with the flesh stripped off. The hills and valleys going out from it on either side make the ridge appear like a series of vertebræ. Between the peaks we surmounted were fertile valleys. There were patches of wheat on the plain, vines and olives on the hillsides, flocks of sheep and goats, with their shepherds, cropping the coarse herbage far up among the rocks. Passing over these rough acres, and through these narrow passes, we met a long train of camels, a lively illustration of the company that bore spicery and balm to Egypt, and took Joseph along — the richest jewel of the train. There must have been a hundred of these beasts of burden. They were loaded with charcoal for Jerusalem. We met them on their return, and, anxious for their welfare, inquired how they sold their coal. Some of them had been fifty miles, out and in, and were delighted with their reward. Each camel-load brought a gold sovereign, — some five dollars. I was prompted to inquire of what the charcoal was made, since no forest or waste wood were in sight from which to pile the coal-pit. Investigation led to the explanation of certain texts. The root and stalk of a shrub that grows along the water-courses furnishes the material. The Arabs retain the old Hebrew name *Rothem*. Our translators call it juniper. This is the brush under which Elijah sat and uttered his peevish complaint when he fled from the face of Jezebel. Job speaks of those that "cut up mallows by the water-courses, and juniper-roots"; and the Psalmist, referring to the same use that is now made of the plant, speaks of "coals of juniper." We see how the holding-on to old habits, the want of progress among the inhabitants of the East, is made to subserve the illustration of the Scriptures. The Arabs of the present time, like Elijah, are often seen sitting, sleeping, under the shadow of this shrub.

Hebron.

It was twelve miles from Solomon's Pools to Hebron. Here and there was an old tower, an old foundation, an old ruin of a mosque or of a church, dating back to the Crusades. We saw two or three old wells, or troughs, where water was obtained for caravans. Holes — caverns under projecting ledges, where the Arabs live, and where the shepherds collect their flocks in time of storm — are frequently seen. Not far from us was the Cave of Adullam, where David and his six hundred were concealed when hunted by Saul "like partridges upon the mountains." The partridges still abound here. Some three miles out of Hebron, we passed, on the left, what the Arabs call the house of Abraham. The old structure has large foundation-stones some fifteen feet long and three or four thick. There is also a well there. This is supposed to be the work of Jewish hands, erected, perhaps, around the spot where Abraham dwelt; where, under the oak-forest, angels visited him and told him of the destruction of Sodom; where he offered up his intercessory prayer; and whence he "beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Along the same way David led his veteran warriors to take the strongholds of Jebus or Jerusalem. Probably Jesus and the holy family went over this road on their way to Egypt. After alternating between these rough peaks and highland valleys, we come to the brow, from which we look down upon Hebron and its surroundings, — a valley running north and south. To the eye approaching it from the north it has some resemblance, abating the lake, to Canandaigua and its vicinity as we enter it from Palmyra. It was a gala-day with the people of Hebron. For miles out we met men, dressed in their best, armed with guns, and boys with pistols. The multitude increased as we approached the town. Women in white, and veiled, sat by the roadside with their smaller children. We apprehended some danger, as we knew that the Mohammedan hatred of Christians was here most intense, no Christian families having a residence in Hebron. We were particular to pass as meekly and inoffensively as we could through the crowd. Stones were hurled at two of our number lingering a little behind; but they were not hit. Hisses, and Arabic words meaning "Christian dogs," were sent after us. The occasion which called out the rabble and the cavalcade was the return of three sheikhs from their pilgrimage to Mecca. By this they had gained a great degree and saintship among the people. Though there are no walls around the city, there are gates, through which we pass to the bazaar, or collection of stalls, where Arab merchants and tradesmen display their goods. Spinners, weavers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, dyers, glass-blowers, were there at work in the most contracted and primitive manner.

The Cave of Machpelah.

But we have not touched the thing for which we came to Hebron. After threading our way through the business part of the town, we repaired, by a narrow and filthy path beyond the upper row of houses, to an enclosure where were growing cactus, and shrubs of various kinds. From this eminence we could look down into a yard, in part surrounded by an iron fence. There stood a structure some eighteen feet in diameter, having twelve glass sides or windows — referring, as I suppose, to the twelve patriarchs. It had a sharp roof like a tent, and something of the appearance of a summer-house in one of our gardens. This, we were told, was erected over the dust of the patriarchs; in other words, over the *cave* of *Machpelah.* It is the most authentic relic in Palestine. The sepulchre of the patriarchs lies within the massive walls of the Haram, a mosque, which overtops all the houses of the city. The wall is constructed of immense stones from twelve to thirty-eight feet in length. The edges are grooved, the style Jewish. How simple and affecting the account of these ancient funerals on this sacred spot! Here Abraham buried the wife of his youth, who came with him out of Ur of the Chaldees. "And Abraham mourned and wept for Sarah, in the presence of the children of Heth." Here Isaac and Ishmael laid aside their mutual hostility, as with their own hand they let down Abraham, their venerable parent, into the grave he had prepared for himself. Here Jacob and Esau, in penitence and grief, consigned Isaac their father, to his final resting-place. Here Joseph and his brethren mingled their tears over the embalmed dust of Jacob. It is a pleasant thought that the patriarchs buried their animosities in their fathers' graves. Hebron was a place of peace-making as well as of fraternal sorrow. Well would it ever be, if family feuds went no further than the ancestral tomb. . . . We crossed the valley, ascended the hill on the west, and sat down to eat, I suppose, on the very spot upon which Abraham built his altar, and erected his tent. Some six times, we are told that the cave of Machpelah was "before Mamre," and, if the cave of Machpelah was before Mamre, Mamre was before the cave of Machpelah; and hence, as we dined right across the valley opposite Machpelah, we could not have been far from Mamre, where the angels, in the form of men, visited Abraham as he sat in the tent-door, and where he entertained his heavenly guests. An oaken grove which has passed away was the dining-hall. . . . As we left Hebron, we turned aside to the left, among the enclosures planted with vines, there to stand under the great oak, the successor of those trees that shaded Abraham and the angels. But few such witnesses remain. This venerable tree measures twenty-two feet in circumference, and casts a dense and wide shade. The day before, a strong wind had brought down one of its branches to the ground. An Arab woman who sat as a watch forbade our taking a single leaf; and, what was marvelous, even backsheesh would not relax the order.

With reluctance, I took my last view of the Vale of Hebron, the home of the giants, the cradle of Isaac, the throne of David, the charnel of the patriarchs. . . . I have seen the proud, the pleasure-seeking traveler curl his lip in scorn at the burnt and barren hills of Judæa. And when, after long toil, he looks down upon the Holy City, his cry is, "A sell, a sell!" "What is there here to entertain gentlemen?"

. . . That every generation has felt a peculiar interest in visiting the land of Canaan, passing by Greece and Rome, and other seats of ancient civilization, is not because it is the greater land. It was one of the smallest of all the ancient states. Measuring from Beersheba to Dan, it was only one hundred and forty miles in length, and its average width was not more than forty miles. It was less than that small portion of Great Britain called Wales. It was less in size than the little State of New Hampshire, which it very much resembles in shape and in the face of the country. It is not extent of territory that makes a nation great or small: it is the men that have arisen, the events that have transpired, that give interest to localities. Who that seeks to review the field of Waterloo stops to inquire whether Belgium has a great or small territory? It is the men who fought there, the principles there staked, the issues there decided, that make the spot memorable. Athens was narrow and barren in her acres; but her statesmen, her poets, her struggles, have made her great in all the earth. In Palestine, heaven touched our earth. Here a nation was set apart as trustees for the world, to whom were committed the revelations, the dispensations, the oracles of God. In these were wrapped up the provisions of eternal life for the human race. The thoughtful believer finds the very desolations of the Holy Land a fulfilment of the Holy Book; and true affection lends a tinge, a savor, to every memorial of the birth, the life, the death, of an esteemed benefactor.

Bethlehem.

After the second night spent at Solomon's Pools, we leave the more direct road to Jerusalem, and, turning eastward, go down, round the western side of the valley, once terraced and fruitful. We creep along a path, descending in single file a steep declivity. Green spots, fertile gardens, vineyards with towers[1] for the watchmen, still greet the eye. As we rounded the spur of the mountain toward the east, the shout, "Bethlehem!" went up from our guides; and across the intervening valley, its rock-ribbed sides and limestone habitations met our eye. Keeping our way to the south, we came at length to the road which enters the town from Jerusalem, on the west. Bethlehem is built on a stony eminence some mile long, and less than half that in width, sliding down to a deep valley on the north and on the south. It presents a bold headland on the east. There stands the Church of the Nativity, erected in the fourth century by Helena, the mother of Constantine. . . . Ibrahim Pasha, hearing of contentions between the Christian and the Moslem inhabitants, and finding the Christians more numerous, impartially ordered the Mohammedans to emigrate; so that now, Bethlehem is almost exclusively Christian, the majority being members of the Greek Church. . . .

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[1] Isa. 21:5-12.

From some pinnacle of the city, like Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh, the Bible student may employ the imagination — that magic-lantern of the mind — in calling up, and giving life, to scenes of Scripture history here transacted. . . . I see the mother-in-law and her daughter-in-law climbing the steeps as they enter Bethlehem on the east. The city is moved with the cry, "Is this Naomi:" now so desolate, — she who, discontented with Bethlehem, to better her condition went down to Moab? Backsliders always return poor. . . . And here, again, the scene changes. The tall and fine-looking among the eight sons of Jesse have a commission in the army, and other honors. But the boy David, the last and the least, scarcely counted by his father, is sent away to keep the sheep, among those deep and yawning gorges where the Moabites invade on one side, the Philistines on the other, and bears and lions spring out of the surrounding caves to devour both the sheep and the shepherd. But here David gained both grit and grace. Here he tuned his lyre, which at length proved mightier than his throne, and made these awful solitudes resound to the beautiful pastoral, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." And as from another crag he looked up to the moon, walking in her brightness, he sang, "The heavens declare the glory of God." Dangers which invaded the flock found his frame packed with fibre, and his soul with courage. God often makes men in obscurity and perils. . . . Somewhere on the area of this rural village was the cradle of human salvation. Here the "Ancient of days" became the Infant of days. . . . Some, with much ingenuity, have endeavored to mark out the spot of Christ's birth, as well as the house of Jesse where David was born. But the thread is too fine. All we know, and all we need to know, is the simple historic truth which the Bible tells us. . . . But, notwithstanding all the incrustations of superstition, Bethlehem is "beautiful for situation," and blessed in its associations. . . .

Convent of Mar Saba.

As we made our careful way down from Bethlehem, our dragomen and muleteers wantonly dashed through a field of wheat, treading down and injuring the grain. I could not blame the Arab owner for his rough sounds and threatening gestures. Even Boaz, the early proprietor of the field, could not have held his peace. But the traveler cannot be as careful of public interests as though he were assisted in his journey by good roads and good fences.

Something more than half a mile eastward, we stopped to dine in a plain dotted with olives, and fertile as in the days of the fair gleaner. We looked away to the wild glens of the south, that once resounded to the harp of the sweet singer of Israel, and thought of the shepherds that, a thousand years later, kept watch of their flocks by night in the same pastures, and heard, in the mysterious arches of the sky, a choir of angels chanting, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and good-will to men."

Passing by some massive and well-wrought remains of a Greek church, the eastern headland of Bethlehem faded from our sight, as we threaded our narrow and rugged way, now rising and now descending dizzy and difficult steeps. Caves on either side looked out upon us like portholes, where the bat now flits in dust and dimness, and the jackal and robber find a retreat. As we approached the banks of the Kidron, the face of Nature put on a sterner and gloomier grandeur. . . . Such is the "wilderness of Judæa," where Elijah was fed by the ravens, that ill-boding bird. Here the Baptist wandered in camels' hair, and ate locusts and wild honey. In this wilderness, with the wild beasts, Jesus was forty days tempted of Satan, and the angels ministered unto Him.

Gorges grew more terrible as we went on, and culminated at the crag of Mar Saba. The old structure is an irregular mass of walls, towers, chambers, chapels, all clinging to the sides of a huge precipice. At a point where we could look down upon the dome and the clocked turret which crowned the convent, we left our horses, and passed through a wide entrance to a heavy iron door. When the authorities within were satisfied that we were neither Mohammedans nor women, the heavy gate opened, and we wound our way down two hundred and fifty steps, through arches, recesses, caverns, dining-halls, tombs. These were in different elevations. The church and altars are rich in sculpture and paintings, in silver and gold ornaments. Hebron and Bethlehem were filthy in their sacred places. Mar Saba is swept and garnished. Sixty-five inmates were there, shut in for life, — some quite aged men, all sleek, fat, and pleasant-looking, in the daily business of doing nothing.

This is a Greek convent, and under the patronage and wing of the Russian government. I could understand as much of their Greek as they could of my English, and yet some kind words and kind acts passed between us. Their coats are camels' hair, their hats a rimless stovepipe. They go barefoot. Meat never touches their teeth. Bread and salt is their daily repast. They are teetotallers. Upon no plea whatsoever is a woman permitted to enter the place. Our ladies were allowed to linger at a safe and awful distance, while the men, the meanest of them, were welcome to the hospitalities of Mar Saba. Miss Martineau knocked at this gate, and was silently pointed to a tower erected at a distance, where, solitary and alone, she passed the night. There was a sting in the Parthian shot, when she said on leaving, "The monks are too holy to be hospitable." There was one gleam amid these dim shadows that amounted to fun. A few of the monks were amusing themselves by feeding flocks of gay and cheerful birds of bright plumage and sweet voices. The birds loved the crumbs; but they were not monks. They had their nests on crags without the convent. A valuable library of old Greek manuscripts has a place here. The superior pointed me to a vault where he said there were fourteen thousand skulls of martyrs slain by the Mohammedans.

We stood by the tomb of Mar Saba, born in Cappadocia, A.D. 439. He chose for his ascetic life this awful solitude where Elijah and the Baptist sojourned. Legend runs thus: the saint found a rough and fearful den then occupied by a lion. The apostle of the anchorites intimated to the king of beasts that higher uses demanded his accommodations. The lion, transformed to a lamb, left his lair, and Mar Saba entered in, and this cave became the germ of the monastery, now more than thirteen hundred years old. A palm-tree growing within one of the courts is said to have been planted by the patron saint. The sanctity, fastings, and great age of Mar Saba, for he died at ninety-four, inspired the confidence of multitudes. Fourteen hundred sought to him at one time.

The ascetic spirit started with Justin Martyr. I looked in upon the cave at Bethlehem where he lived and studied for thirty years, and gave the world the Vulgate version of the Bible. From that time, monasticism has been a strong element in the Eastern churches. To get the victory over self and the world, men have betaken themselves to solitude, to contemplation, to painful inflictions and austerities. So taught the Vedas, the sacred books of Buddhism. Alexander found this class of men along the banks of the Indus. They lived in caves, woods, mountains, in poverty, celibacy, abstinence, silence. But we have reason to believe that self-help, self-will, self-glory, was the deep tap-root in many a mind.

The same is true of the Christian anchorite. Our blessed Lord prayed to the Father, not that He should take His disciples out of the world, but that He would keep them from the evil. We are not to abandon the world, but to overcome the world. The spirit is to gain victories over the flesh, reason over sense, truth over error. This is done, not by depreciation of the body, the family, the state, but by exhibiting truth, righteousness, holiness, in all these divinely constituted relations. Elijah, from necessity, had his lonely cell by the brook Cherith; but Elijah was no hermit on Mount Carmel. In the final interview, the practical Martha was the first to meet the Saviour. It was she who made the appeal to her contemplative sister Mary, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Jesus, the example of all believers, was no recluse. While St. Simon stood on one foot, perched on a pillar year after year, Jesus used both His feet in going about doing good among all classes and both sexes. The monk of Mar Saba, moping and mumbling, counting his beads in his rocky den, is not the model saint, but Paul, let down the walls of Damascus in a basket, and straightway preaching boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus. Running, living water is the purest. Monasticism is the child of the desert, of gloom: it comes down from the caves of the dark ages. The man "out of the tombs, exceeding fierce," when cured, innocently desired, for his own comfort and safety, that he might be with Christ where he was. He was bidden to go home to his kindred and neighbors, and tell what great things the Lord had done for him. . . .

The Dead Sea.

Our way from the convent lay along the edge of a terrible crevasse. The opposite wall, piled up by nature in blocks four feet in thickness, three hundred feet high, was honeycombed with caves dug out by human hands, once the home, and now the tomb, of different generations of unwashed, uncombed, and unshaven monks. What a chapter in Christianity! . . .

Finding our way down to the bed of the Kidron, we encamped on its green bank. Opposite to us were the tents of French travelers. . . .

But there were reliefs and diversions on this dreary way. While the Arabs and other inhabitants seemed to be destitute of the least taste for trees and ornamental shrubs, the great Proprietor has shown His smiles upon the Holy Land, by scattering flowers with a profuse if not prodigal hand where there is soil enough for the root. Every level spot, every hillside, was cheered by the silent, social joy of flowers. In their varieties the blossoms seemed pleased with each other. The scarlet anemone smiled on the poppy, and those of rosy hue on the blue gentian. They welcomed to their company the yellow and the purple flowers; and all mingled their tints and their fragrance as a grateful offering to their

English and American friends.[1] The different levels that broke down toward the plain were generally fertile, and no doubt, during the time of Israel's prosperity, had borne up great harvests. Here we saw Bedouins abroad with their camels, goatherds leading their flocks, and herdsmen with their cattle; and we could realize how Lot in his selfishness should covet and claim from his venerable uncle all this productive domain. . . . The surface of the Dead Sea shimmered in the reflected rays. Beyond were the mountains of Moab; on the left, the Valley of the Jordan. How many Scripture names and scenes crowd the memory! . . . But from these heights of Judah we must go down, down more than thirteen hundred feet, below the surface of the ocean. Flat after flat, terrace after terrace, must be reached. As in going up to Jerusalem, we were wearied and disappointed by a succession of hills, so, in going down to the Dead Sea, steeps followed plateau, and plateau steeps, till we were tired and sick of the repetition. At last, through a long, descending plain impregnated with salt, or tangled with masses of dwarfed shrubs, rushes, tamarisks, and oleander, in spots where trickle fresh-water springs, our way brought us to the northern shore of the Dead Sea. There are piled masses of reeds, branches and trunks of trees, brought down by tributary streams, and driven by tempests on the coast.

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[1] We copy the following sentences on the flowers of Palestine from an address to the Sabbath-school: —

"It is said that Solomon 'spake of trees from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.' Solomon was a great botanist. It is a pity we have lost his treatises on plants. God is a great botanist. He shows His love of flowers because He has planted the Holy Land so full of them. I did not notice a house in all Palestine where they were cultivating flowers; but in the fields the oleander, the wild tulip, the poppy, the verbena, the rose, the daisy, the star of Bethlehem, were all laughing together in joyful and pleasant society. A species unlike our rose, but so called in the Bible, grows luxuriantly on the Plains of Sharon. The lily-of-the-valley is thought to be the scarlet anemone, of brilliant hue and fine texture, with five petals. They are sometimes called 'The Blood Drops of Jesus.' So abundant are they, that they color the ground. The blossom is about an inch across: some are an inch and a half. I intended to bring one to each of you children of the Sabbath-school; but they all faded, and were ground up in my book, and I was obliged to give it up."

The wind was blowing from the south, and dull, heavy waves were beating like hammers against the rocks. The Dead Sea is forty miles long and nine miles wide. Corrugated and thunder-scarred ledges stand up, — a wall on the east and west. An awful and toothlike barrenness meets the eye. . . .

It is another wonder of this lake that there is no outlet. . . . But do you ask what becomes of the waters that thus flow in? You will remember that for seven or eight months during the year an almost vertical sun pours its rays into the gorge, making the Dead Sea like a boiling caldron, increasing evaporation to such an extent as to dry up the waters faster in summer than they run in, making a variation between the rainy and the dry season of some fifteen feet. Thus the lake at high water is many miles larger than at low water. The consequence of this extreme evaporation is that the salts are retained, and the water becomes heavier. One gallon of distilled water will weigh ten pounds; one gallon of water from this sea, twelve and a quarter pounds. Eggs float on the Dead Sea, with one-third exposed, while they sink in the waters of the Mediterranean. A man cannot sink in the Dead Sea. He will float nearly breast high without the least exertion. Dr. Robinson could never swim before, either in fresh or salt water, "yet here he could sit, stand, lie, or swim without difficulty." Some have thought, because it was called the Dead Sea, nothing could live around it, that birds dropped down flying over it, and the like. True, the waters do not encourage vegetation, nor do fish, or any creature of considerable size, live in its depths; but birds fly over it, and sometimes light upon it. The water looks clear and blue. It is bitter and nauseous to the taste, but a tonic to those who bathe in it. Another feature: at present there goes "no galley with oars, neither does gallant ship pass thereby." The waves in a strong wind would thump heavily against the sides of any craft; but they would subside quickly with the going-down of the wind. . . .

The Site of the Temple.

Early in the morning of March 31, 1874, I left my tent, pitched outside the wall of Jerusalem, near Jaffa Gate, to spend the day in studying the ruins of the ancient temple. "Moses" was my guide, unlike the ancient lawgiver save in his age. He was an old Jew. "His eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." He was learned in the languages, if not in the law. He spoke in nine dialects. He was loquacious in regard to his own history, and intensely attached to his people.... Some thousand feet from these "corner-stones," west, are monuments of the exceeding grandeur of Solomon's arrangements and retinue. In his time, — in Christ's time, — there was a deep valley of a hundred feet between Zion on the west, and Moriah on the east. The palace of Solomon was on Zion, called the City of David. The distance from Zion to the temple-wall, across this valley, was 350 feet. Three times in Scripture a remarkable passage or causeway is mentioned, leading from the palace to the temple. It is referred to in the visit of the Queen of Sheba (1 Kings 10 : 5). This bridge is mentioned in the siege that Pompey waged against the city some fifty years before Christ. Titus, seventy years after Christ, at the destruction of Jerusalem, stood upon this bridge, and exhorted the priests at the temple to surrender, and save their lives and city. Now, it is the delight of the traveler to find the abutment of this bridge as it projects its massive stones from the western wall of the temple area. This abutment is near the south-western corner. The profound acquaintance of Dr. Edward Robinson with Saracen and Arabic authors, with Josephus and the Bible, put him in possession of the facts in regard to this buried bridge and the general locality of the Cyclopean rocks which were its foundation. He set men to digging and removing rubbish, and it was acknowledged one of the greatest triumphs in archæology, that the place and piers of this bridge have been identified. To me there were "sermons in these stones." When I came to stand by these monuments, I called to mind the description Dr. Robinson gave of them to our class in the Theological Seminary, in 1840. Noble kings and princes of Israel walked over this bridge. Doubtless Jesus and His disciples passed and repassed here, on their way to and from the temple.

. . . Following up the wall of the temple, we come to the "Place of Wailing." The way was narrow, filled with vile offal, weeds, and cactus-plants. It brought us to a small paved area between modern houses on the west and the ancient wall of the temple on the east. The lower courses of the wall are large beveled stones. They were the foundations of Solomon's temple. Here the Mohammedan Government allows Jews of all ages and nations to come on Friday, and wail before these solemn relics of their past greatness. "They take pleasure in her stones." "Their eyes run down with tears." The old man leaning on his staff is here. Here are the poor, the pale, the careworn women and children. Some are on their knees, chanting mournfully from the book of Hebrew prayer. Venerable men are reading aloud, with moaning voices, from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. All have their Hebrew Bibles. Some are prostrate, pressing their foreheads and their lips to the earth; some are throwing out their arms as though they would clasp the stones to their bosoms; some cling closely to the wall, kissing these old stones, which they have actually worn with their lips.

From Jericho to Jerusalem.

A kind of elegiac sympathy with Christ grew upon my spirit as I followed the steps of His last journey from Jericho to Jerusalem. Not a palm remains to the "City of Palms." The sycamore that Zaccheus climbed has passed away; but the fountain that Elijah cleansed, the brook Cherith, by the side of which Elijah was fed by ravens, the valley where Achan was stoned, the savage ravine where thieves even now lie in wait for travelers, and the village of Bethany, still mark our Saviour's steps as He went up to be crucified. At the angle of Olivet where the view of the Holy City burst upon the vision of Jesus, when with tears He cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"—at this point in the way a thousand sacred associations thronged my memory. A sigh of the weeping harp came to my ear. "From the daughter of Zion all her beauty hath departed." Not a tree or vine broke the drear of these colorless walls. Once they were bulwarks,—now frail and falling; once six miles in extent,—now two; once the people were numbered by hundreds of thousands,—now there are less than fourteen thousand. The site of the ancient temple is desecrated by a Mohammedan mosque. A crescent banner waves from the Tower of David. The imprecations of the crucifiers are realized: "The curse be upon us and upon our children." The sombre darkness of the Saviour's dying hour still lingers on the landscape. The Vale of Hinnom, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Pool of Siloam, "the town of Martha and Mary," all speak of the Saviour's closing sojourn on earth.

To one searching for truth, the decrees and opinions of men and monks are not so clear. My most devout guide led me along a steep and winding street called the "Via Dolorosa." Here he assured me Christ bore His cross; here was the staircase leading to the Judgment Hall; there Pilate cried, "Behold the man!" next the house of Dives; then the spot where Jesus fell under His cross, and where a blessed woman gave Him a handkerchief to wipe His bleeding brow; then the print of the Saviour's hand in the wall, as He thrust it out to save Himself from falling.

Come we at length to the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre*, partly above ground, mostly made up of chambers and grottoes dug in the solid rock. Here are the sockets in which the three crosses were fixed, and the pillar where the Saviour was beaten with rods. Here is Golgotha, the tomb of Joseph, the sepulchre of Melchizedek, "the centre of the world," and "the grave of Adam." For the convenience of travelers, all are crowded into the circle of a few rods in the very heart of the city. But the reader of the Bible remembers that the place of the crucifixion was "without the wall," when the walls were three times the extent of the present. Pious frauds do not minister to devotion.

Garden of Gethsemane.

But there is one spot, which, without a doubt, may be identified. From St. Stephen's Gate I took my way down the eastern declivity, thirty-three rods, to the bed of the Kidron; then across the valley, twenty-seven rods, to the north-west corner of an enclosure some nine rods square, or half an acre in extent. Here the *Garden of Gethsemane* welcomed me to its solemn stillness, and I gave myself up to reading the narratives of the evangelists and to such meditations as the spot of the Redeemer's suffering, and the very earth that absorbed His bloody sweat, were calculated to awaken and cherish. My stay in the Garden on that Sabbath day, beyond the Cedron, was one of the focal moments of my life. Dumb, unbribed monuments testified to the awful facts that once transpired here. Nature, history, prophecy, reflected interest upon my musings. It is at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Eight ancient olive-trees still survive. If not the same trunks, they may have sprung from the old roots of the ancestral trees that waved over the Son of God in prayer. The spot where Jesus prayed I know not: I might have knelt on the same ground. The very place where the disciples slept, where Peter drew the sword, where Judas gave the treacherous kiss, we cannot identify; but we know that the traitor and his band here came out against Him, and that Jesus went from Gethsemane to Calvary. The very name Gethsemane means "oil-press," and is significant of the Saviour's agony. It was in a garden that the powers of evil overcame the first Adam. In a garden the powers of evil were overcome by the second Adam. Gethsemane still echoes the sufferings of Jesus, the justice of God, and the vileness of sin. In Gethsemane, God condemned sin, not simply as a moral defect, a physical misfortune, but as that abominable thing which His soul hateth. Through Gethsemane we pass from condemnation to forgiveness, from Paradise lost to Paradise regained. . . .

Nazareth.

The private dwellings and public edifices of Nazareth cleave to the roots of the hills on the western side of a mountain-glen, or basin, verdant with wheat-fields, gardens, cactus, olive-yards, and orange-trees. Back of the city, toward the west, is a table-land, from which, looking southward, can be seen the great war plain of Esdrælon; then, farther on, Carmel, as he pushes out his feet into the sea; to the south-east, Gilboa, Little Hermon, the ruins of Jezreel, Shunem, Nain, Endor, the summit of Tabor, and, beyond, the gorge of the Jordan, the mountains of Gilead; northward, over the hills and lakes of Galilee, Hermon, with its crown of snow. From very hate of the Nazarene, no Jew resides here. Napoleon, after defeating twenty-five thousand Arabs at the foot of Tabor, climbed to this peaceful lap in the hills, and confessed that Jesus was the greater conqueror.

As we rode into Nazareth, the shadows were lengthening over the plain. Camels, cattle, donkeys, sheep, goats, — a heterogeneous flock, — were gathering in from their pasturage on the hillsides. From abundant rains the whole landscape was unusually green. It was Saturday night. Save the tones of the convent bell, all seemed lulled to stillness. Our Arabs, our mules, as well as ourselves, rejoiced in the prospect of a Sabbath's rest in this sanctuary of nature. Our tents were pitched under the shadow of the sycamore and the cypress, and we soon sank into the arms of sleep. The next morning I was up with the lark. I hurried first to the "Fountain," the only source of water to the entire valley. It was Easter Sunday, and girls and women, dressed in their best attire, came in with pitchers upon their heads for water. These pitchers hold from ten to twenty quarts. The scene around the fountain was racy with life and with strife.

Next I followed the herdsmen as they drove back the mixed multitude to their pastures on the surrounding hilltops. Though alone, I was not alone, for I felt that Jesus was with me to show me this and that summit, this and that aspect of the landscape, this and that flower that once cheered and diverted His childhood and youth, while for thirty years He dwelt in this cradle of divinity. I can recall no early walk, no meditation before breakfast, so full of interest and profit.

During the day we had a season of worship in the Mission Church. I attempted to preach, and took for my text the story of Christ's return to Nazareth, "where he had been brought up." Here in this Nazareth, by poverty, by labor, by a pious home, by the Holy Scriptures, by the holy Sabbath, by the Holy Spirit, the Holy Child was educated, developed. "Here He grew in stature, in wisdom, in favor with God and man." Far away from universities, from libraries, from academic groves, He studied men, nature, the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. While in the bosom of this sweet and flowery retreat, He dwelt in the bosom of His Father, and was prepared to go forth, "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of God's people Israel."

"Those thrice ten years! — their record who may tell,
Which Jesus spent unnoticed or unseen,
Save by the eye of those who loved Him well,
And knew Him as the gentle Nazarene ?
Oh might I read the thoughts and track the ways
Of Him on whom the angels bent their gaze!"

The Lake of Gennesaret.

The scenery around mountain lakes rarely fails to inspire an enchantment that delights the beholder. Lake Leman in Switzerland attracts the *élite* of Europe, as swallows to their summer home. The lochs of Scotland are the bright spots in their Highlands. Windermere in Westmoreland has been the home of British poets, — Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Mrs. Hemans. Along the lakes of Killarney have reveled the wit and genius of Irish romance and song. But of all the beautiful water-sheets of earth, none have ever charmed my imagination and heart like "deep Galilee." On the 6th of April, 1874, after a ride of some twenty miles on horseback, from Nazareth, around by the top of Tabor, as the sun was setting, I stood on the mountain-rim that surrounds this lake. The Lake of Galilee, also called Gennesaret and Tiberias, is thirteen miles long, six wide. Its shore is white and pebbly. Back of that comes a belt of greensward or shrubbery, variegated by gardens and wheat-fields, gradually ascending some three hundred feet. Then the landscape recedes to adjacent mountains. Going north on the western shore, at Magdala the high bank slopes down, and spreads out into a beautiful plain, reaching on northward around the lake, and forming a crescent some three or four miles long, and more than a mile wide in the middle. This is called in the New Testament the "Land of Gennesaret." No spot on earth is more fertile; and in the time of Christ's sojourn there the whole region swarmed with people, and was dotted all over with flourishing towns and cities. On this section of the coast were situated Western Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum. Across the eastern shore I could see what was once the territory of Og, King of Bashan, then the possession of the tribe of Manasseh. Through the deep rents in the high, steep banks of the eastern side, rushes at times the cold air from the snows of Hermon, and sweeps in sudden tempests across the water. As I first came in sight of the lake, the sun was going down over the great western sea, and the light was reflected askance from the glassy surface of Galilee, now rocked to sleep in its mountain cradle. . . . In one of the coves I saw shoals of fish, and an Arab casting a net; and the thought crossed my mind, perhaps this is the very spot where the call[1] of the disciples and the recall[2] of Peter took place. The waters are pure, and abound with fish. In this lake I swam where Peter sank.

Streams from Lebanon.

The sublime height that stands as a bound and barrier on the north of Israel is fitly called by the Arabs, Gebel Esh-sheik. Lebanon is a sheik among the mountains. . . . It was the grief of Moses, as he sank into his unknown grave in the land of Moab, that he could not "go over and see that good land, that goodly mountain and Lebanon." I was passing from the River Jordan to Jericho when I caught my first sight of Lebanon. Up the long vista of the valley, beyond the Sea of Galilee, to the head-springs of the Jordan, the Mont Blanc of Palestine lifts its cool and serene brow. As I ascended other peaks, as I advanced farther north, the same headland seemed to assume a personality, "a vast, silent, meditative consciousness," that absorbed every beholder's attention and thoughts. In my journey through northern Galilee I encamped, April 8, under Hermon, the highest peak of Anti-Lebanon, in sight of the old city, Abel-Beth-Maachah.[1] . . . It was our hap to pitch our tents near a large Bedouin camp. Between ten and eleven in the evening, the barking of dogs and the firing of guns aroused us from sleep. Even our Arabs and dragomen were frightened, and armed themselves for a hostile encounter. A few were so unwise as to fire, under the pretence of showing that we were not altogether unarmed. The night wore away under dubious apprehensions. The morning brought to us quiet and some shamefacedness. The sounds we heard were those of mirth, and not of anger. An only and esteemed daughter of the venerable sheik had been given in marriage before the whole tribe, by the father's hand, to another sheik, a young man worthy of her choice. When we heard this, we could but join in the rejoicings, and regret that we were not among the guests. The next day we passed by the ancient cities of Dan and Cæsarea Philippi, around the head-springs of the Jordan. Most rivers begin with the trickling out of water from some little spring; another joins it; a third brings its contribution, till a young river is formed. Entirely unlike are the sources of the Jordan. They burst out from under the roots of Mount Hermon, full grown. Hasbany is the most distant fountain, and gushes up clear and cool from under a bold and perpendicular rock. This flows on twenty-five miles, when it unites with a more copious stream from Dan. This, like the fountain at Hasbany, gushes out a full-grown river. At Dan we were shaded by one of the great "oaks of Bashan." The Arabs call this place Tellekady (" the hill of the judge ") "Dan " in Hebrew means "judge." See how the old name clings to the spot! That night we encamped five thousand feet up the sides of Hermon, in a mountain glen. Wearied by the loss of sleep the previous night, and the hard climbing of the day, it was doubly severe to be robbed of rest another night. It was not the cry of the jackals entering upon their evening serenade, it was not the barking of dogs, or the firing of guns from native Bedouins, that now deprived us of our rest; but a wind from the mountain wilderness came down the gorge, and "smote the four corners" of our tents. With difficulty we saved ourselves from being "withered and strewn" before the blast. In the morning we must renew our journey across crags and fastnesses, down four thousand feet, on our way to Damascus. At evening we came to an elysium of rest and retreat, — Kefr Hauwar, — surrounded by gardens, shaded by walnut, almond, and apricot trees. No dogs, no guns, no braying of asses, no quarrelsome Arabs, no "windy storm and tempest," disturbed our repose. Most of all, for our comfort, a pure and living stream from Lebanon flowed by our tents, giving us first cleansing, then songs for the night. Besides the warbling in the trees, the waters kept up a murmuring against the rocks for obstructing their own lawful channel. This gentle strife did not annoy, but the sooner lulled us to rest. Thus, while I enjoyed a luxurious quiet, I could say with the singer of old, "I sleep; but my heart waketh." The livelong night my spirit was in a sweet revery upon the words, "Streams from Lebanon.". . .

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[1] Matt. 4:18, 19. [2] John 21.

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[1] 2 Sam. 20:15.

The physical geography, the face of the country, in Palestine, is singular and varied. In going from the southern extreme, you may pass three ways. You may go to the left (to the west), along the maritime plain of the Philistines, the Plain of Sharon, around the headland of Carmel, and so on by Tyre and Sidon; or you may turn to the right (to the east), and go up the gorge of the Dead Sea and the Jordan by Jericho, and so on to the Sea of Galilee, the waters of Huleh or Merom to Dan, to Hermon; or, again, you may pass up through the centre over the backbone of the land, a ridge descending, with gorges and spurs, on one side toward the Mediterranean, and on the other toward the Jordan.

But this difference in surface, in plain, mountain, and altitude, affects the climate of Palestine more than any other land of the same size. There is no rain from March to November. In the long, burning summer, the fountains, the streams, dry up. From every thing around, "Water!" is the universal cry. Water is sold for a price. Nature, beasts, men, wilt, wither, and look forward through these seven scorching months with longing for the return of the rainy season. Nothing is so musical as the "sound of abundance of rain." First there are mists, then clouds, then rain; then the land is sown. Afterward the earth is drenched. If a full measure of rain descend in the winter, wheat and barley will get root and strength for a full harvest in May or June, although the rain may cease by the end of March. The time of harvest varies in different parts of the land. The threshing-floors on the Jordan Valley are full by the 12th of May, at Hebron by the 4th or 5th of June. From November to March the weather alternates from rain to sunshine. . . .

It is the great curse and calamity of Palestine that the groves of palm that once adorned her plains, and the oaks that once crowned her summits, have been cut down. Few are found, like the messengers of Job, to tell of the destruction that has been made. Patches are still rudely cultivated where grow wheat, barley, cotton, rice, sugarcane, gourds, bananas, sweet-potatoes, peas, cabbage, onions, and other garden vegetables.

But the solemn reflection, after all, is the desolation. . . . The unbelief of Israel, their disobedience to the God of their fathers, their rejection and crucifixion of Christ, have brought down the curse: "A fruitful land maketh He barren for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.". . .

. . . Peculiarities in the face of the country make peculiarities in the imagination and speech of the people. The Highlander is by country different from the Hollander. Israel was a solitary people, set apart to a separate land. The policy, locality, and ancestry of Israel made them peculiar in thought, poetry, religion. In Bible lands things have stood still for two thousand years. In Western countries changes forbid that an aged man should know his own birthplace after fifty years. But in Palestine, the dress, the modes of travel, of cultivating the soil, the roads, the houses, are the same as they were centuries ago. While the rest of the world have been whirling along by steam, by lightning, the camel-trains, the tents of the Bedouins, are abroad as they were in the time of Isaac when he went out to meditate. The Bible is best read in the light of its own scenery. Sacred geography and sacred history go together. Physical facts are the symbols of truth. In Palestine the Bible is the best handbook, and Jesus the best Guide. He knows every locality; He comprehends the scenery, the historical associations, the spiritual significance; He has been there before.

These earthly footsteps of our Lord impress the conviction both of His divinity and humanity. It is the true medium not to look at His divinity to the exclusion of His humanity, nor so to magnify His humanity as to obscure His divinity. He was God and man, one unique personality, meeting in a single consciousness. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." The human was the medium of the divine. When the Son of God built the hill of Bethlehem, scooped out the basin of Nazareth, and cleaved the gorge between Jerusalem and Olivet, it was for the very purpose of preparing the fittest place for the birth, the growth, the death, of the Son of Mary.

. . . Who can doubt the history of Crispus Sallust when he finds his name on the charred and ruined habitation recently uncovered at Pompeii? Some have insisted that ancient Troy, Priam her king, and Homer, who sang her downfall, were myths, mere legend and song. What will these sceptics do with the hoary vestiges lately exhumed on the site of the ancient city, bearing the name of Priam, exhibiting specimens of his palace and the furniture that adorned it? Do not these witnesses, so long silent and slumbering, now give to Troy, to Priam, "a local habitation and a name"? So now Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, remain the solemn, truthful monuments of the birth, the life, the death, of Christ.

Influence of Mohammedanism upon Education.

. . . The traveler accustomed to the cheerfulness and freedom of Christian civilization, in passing through Egypt and Palestine, feels himself under the sallow light of an eclipse, the shadow of the raven wing. And as he chafes against blind and unreasonable restraints, he reaches around wildly for an answer to questions that push themselves upon his inquiry: How did this Mohammedan power first gain its hold? how did it extend its grasp from the Himalaya to the Pyrenees? how has it retained its power for fourteen hundred years over more than one hundred millions of the human race? and how can this power be subverted? True mental culture in Egypt and Palestine are in close conflict with fossilized error and ignorance. Some attempt to answer these questions will bring out what I have to say upon education in Egypt and Palestine.

How did the Arabian prophet first gain his hold upon his countrymen? He struck his roots in the right soil. In Arabia Petræa these roots were indeed "wrapt around the place of stones." Mohammed was great by nature. Sinewy, sagacious, electrifying in his person and genius, he knew, he felt, his superiority over the groveling masses around him. He saw the pusillanimity, the degradation, of their worship; he saw through and despised their idols. Alone he had ranged the desert under the stars, and looked with adoring eye to the silent immensity. He read the spirituality, grandeur, and unity of God from His works, and the divinity stirred within. He had listened to the Hebrew record and to the Christian Scriptures, and his conceptions of nature were filled out by those of revelation. He was of the noble tribe that had in charge the Caába, the temple enshrining the "Black Stone," which the children of Ishmael believed an angel had sent down from heaven as a tombstone for Abraham. Mohammed was a son of Ishmael, and hence a descendant of Abraham. The Arabs, then as now, lived in tents. The Arab is the child of the desert, and so is his horse. He buys his wild freedom by exposure and alarm. His "hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." The women are servants, to take care of the flocks, the camels, the tents. The young men nourish the virtues of the soldier, and master the bow, the javelin, and the cimeter. These Saracens have never been conquered on their own soil. When pursued, the desert opens a way of escape. The Arab is still by profession a robber. He confounds the idea of stranger and enemy. He believes and practices the creed that the best divisions of the world were given to other nations, in order that the posterity of Ishmael, the outlaw, might recover his just right by his sword and by his bow. When the Bedouin discovers from afar a solitary traveler, with his stirrup he touches the side of his mare, and darts like an arrow toward the stranger, uttering the loud cry, "Undress thyself!" A ready submission entitles to mercy. Resistance will be likely to end in blood. The Rev. Mr. Crawford, an American missionary at Damascus, informed me that he was thus stripped naked by a Bedouin robber, and left to find his way home, some thirty miles across the wilderness.

Now Mohammed was one of these wild sons of the desert. His deep insight, fiery eloquence, and intrepid daring, were the seeds for such soil. His system was adapted to the taste, the temperament, of the people. To his original powers and persuasiveness it was an additional grace, in the estimation of his uncultivated countrymen, that he could neither read nor write. With them, the more ignorance, the more inspiration. To the lofty minds among his people who felt the puerilities of idolatry, or to those who had been confused by the subtleties of an abused and corrupted Christianity, he was alike happy in presenting the simple unity of the Creator. To the Jew he claimed to be the descendant of Abraham; to the Christian he admitted the divine mission of Jesus Christ; to the warlike he gave the sword as the key to the kingdom of heaven; to those who groped in darkness for the gateway of immortality, he painted in gorgeous hues a sensual paradise. His heaven was not too holy for the impure, not too refined for the blunted apprehension of the ignorant, not too sober and matter of fact for the poetic and imaginative. Gardens fairer than Eden, watered by a thousand streams, adorned by flowers of every hue, abounding with fruits for every taste, all that an Oriental fancy could depict, all that a luxurious languor could desire, — this was his paradise.

From this review of the art, the adaptations of his system to his clime, to his countrymen, to the phases of the times, with such combinations of truth from the Bible, with such alliance with a powerful tribe, an honorable family, with an opulent marriage, all methodized, appropriated, fused, fired by the genius, bravery, enthusiasm of the author, — in view of all these advantages, we may admit the very moderate beginnings of the Arabian prophet in the Arabian cities.

We come now to the next question, How did this system widen to such an extent? Three years, and he had gained thirteen followers; twelve years, and he had the control of Medina, to which his Hegira brought him in 622. But had Mohammed stopped with peaceful and persuasive means, we had never heard of the impostor. Such appliances to the stupid, the obstinate, the hostile, were too slow, too doubtful. It was not the sword of the Spirit, but the veritable steel, that gave enlargement and victory. The sword was the gospel of the Eastern reformer. With this his conquests began. His terms to the blind, idolatrous world were: "Profess; admit that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is His prophet, — and paradise is your portion. Cling to your idols and your errors, and your doom is perdition. We are

God's avengers to reduce His foes to submission. The hilts of all our cimeters are in His hands. The hero who falls in this cause is snatched to heaven. Up, then, with the crescent banner, dripping with idolatrous gore. Let it flash o'er the mountain and plain till our sickles have gleaned the earth. The sword is the key of heaven and hell. A drop of blood spilled in the cause of Allah, a night spent in arms, is of more account than two months spent in fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven. In the day of judgment, his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk."

Thus religious zeal, mingling with mental enthusiasm, images of paradise and perdition floating before the imagination, the love of plunder, victory, power, combined in the storm, the whirlwind of human passions, that rose from the sands of Arabia, and, like a sirocco of dust and darkness, swept one way to the Ganges, and the other way across Egypt, the northern states of Africa, passing the Straits of Gibraltar, through Spain, to the walls of Paris; and had it not been for the heavy blows of Charles the Hammer, on the plains of Tours, A.D. 732, England, Scotland, and Ireland had fallen before the Saracens, and we to-night had been the disciples of the Koran. . . .

It is still more wonderful that this system should have retained its hold for thirteen centuries. . . . It has pressed like a nightmare upon the fairest portions of the East, and more than one hundred millions still grope under its shadow. . . . In the first eruptions of Mohammedanism, like Vesuvius, its light was brilliant and lurid; but, as the glare of conquest went out, darkness and ashes fell upon the countries where it had held sway, smothering the pulse of intellectual life and progress, detaining education at the same status as it found it in the seventh century. After the first dash from its head-spring, Mohammedan civilization grew sluggish, Stygian, like the waters of the Dead Sea, stirred by no splash of the oar, and with difficulty lashed into waves, even by the wind from the wilderness. Egypt the mother of empires, Palestine, the land of Solomon and of "a greater than

Solomon," have been walled around by a bank of darkness, too dense for the sun to dissipate, through which no lightnings could vibrate. Creep your way through the smoke and filth of an Arab village; pass along the low, black tents of the Bedouin, — and you will be chilled by the sadness and austerity of every face. Childhood is without a smile. Their songs are dirges. The donkey and the camel, forlorn creatures, keep their march to a minor tune. In my journey through the land, save a wedding or two to which I longed in vain for an invitation, all was sombre, — women plowing, men lounging, smoking, no shout of laughter, no glee, no fun. Two sportive sights did me good like a medicine. One was a young donkey kicking up its heels as if in derision of our poor burdened mules as they passed; the other, a flock of kids frisking, skipping, running "around the shepherds' tents."

The gloom and ignorance so long upon Egypt and Palestine are legitimate exhalations of the Koran. What is not taught, say they, in that sacred book, is profane: hence the Islam faith repels modern discoveries, science, progress. Its harness is all breeching. One of the straps that holds back is the doctrine of a blind fate. It begets in the minds of the people a stupid immobility. Do tyrants oppress, does the small-pox threaten, does the cholera appear, instead of "taking arms against a sea of troubles," instead of fleeing to vaccination, instead of experimenting for a remedy, they have but one answer, "God has so willed it." The poor Bedouin, when overtaken by sickness in the desert, wraps himself in his blanket, and lies down to die, depending upon the winds to sing his requiem, and to blow the sands over him for his burial.

Even from the native schools this popular ignorance gains strength and permanency. The Koran teaches certain prayers, penances, duties. To fulfil these, they must be known. In cities and villages there seems to be abundant means to support these schools. According to the sacred book, prayer is one step to heaven, fasting is another, generous giving is the last. When a rich Mohammedan is about to die, and has some reason for qualms about his past life, he makes all sure by a large bequest to the mosque. These sacred treasures have been collecting for centuries. Vast foundations are thus laid for schools. But these schools are never intended to give more than a very dim religious light. The Koran is the only text-book for the juvenile beginner and for the graduate of the highest university. Coming away from the "tombs of the patriarchs," at Hebron, upon which Moslem bigotry does not allow a Jew or a Christian to look, I passed through one of the main streets, and hearing a discordant noise in a basement-story, involuntarily rushed down the steps to ascertain the cause of such sounds of distress. It was a Moslem school. The light, the air, might have been improved. No desks, no seats. Two hundred boys stand around an aged sheik in full regalia, — blue coat and red fez. He sits on the ground. His example of a violent see-saw motion is imitated by the boys as all together, at the top of their voices, they read extracts from the Koran written on plates of tin. I was told that in a majority of cases, pupils do not by this process learn to spell and read sentences of Arabic so that they can understand any other book. But the pride of the teacher is to turn out as many boys as possible who can repeat from memory the largest portion of the Koran. It is not the object of this educational system to enlighten or expand the intellect, but simply to bind the youth to the forms and to the faith of their fathers. When we reflect that the girls are entirely left out of the schools, like the young animals of the field, that half the population are excluded from all education, that the noble mission of woman in training the young is ignored, is it too much to say that these native schools are an element of that cloud of darkness which enshrouds the land? If then, the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness! Now this school at Hebron is an example of the pure unadulterated article. Hebron, a city of ten thousand inhabitants, is exclusively Mohammedan — no mail, no telegraph, no railroad, no carriage-road, no newspaper, no printing-press, no vehicle save the hump of a camel or the bones of an ass, creeping along the same bridle-path over which Abraham rode four thousand years ago. Our consul at Jerusalem said to me, "The native schools of Palestine are not worth looking after. There is not one Arab out of a hundred that can read or write."

By a rule that crushes out enterprise, by a blind fatalism that extinguishes a sense of responsibility, by a narrow sectarian education, the native mind in Egypt and Palestine is cramped, held back from progress and expansion. Methinks the great Prophet himself, in his strength and originality, would despise the results of his own system. In conclusion, can we find any thing at work that bids fair to break through this barricade of bigotry and ignorance?

Revolution promises reform. This bombshell of revolution has opened fissures that have sent vital currents into the standing pool of Egyptian mind. . . .

In the words of our consul general at Cairo, "The Egyptians are eager to learn, and are susceptible of education to a high degree; and, if public instruction receives the official encouragement in the future that it has during the past ten years, Egypt will soon rank with many of the European states in educational attainment." The revolution, then, of Mohammed Ali and his reigning house, has broken in upon the blindness and torpor of the national mind of Egypt.

Again: *modern inventions and arts*, started by the activities of a Christian civilization, are proving potent educators. They are the disturbers of this Oriental inertia. The whistle of the locomotive is waking up the Rip Van Winkles all along the Sleepy Hollow of the Nile. The steamboat is stirring the Dead Sea of Eastern mind. The telegraph is sending electric shocks through the paralyzed nerves of society. Moslems and monks are arousing, astonished to find out what has been going on in their long slumbers. It is cheering to the traveler from the New World to look on a train of cars from the shore, meeting a train of camels from the desert; on one side to see a woman spinning from a distaff she holds in her hand the fine linen of Egypt, as in the time the tabernacle was built, and on the other to hear the click of a Singer's sewing-machine. As kerosene from Titusville is lighting every night the cities of Egypt and Palestine, and even the tent of the Bedouin far out in the desert, so ideas from the inventions of the New World are gleaming over the same lands. The American plow becomes a preacher, the printing-press a missionary.

Modern commerce is also a great educator in Egypt. It brings light and good-will on its white wings. It has broken through the Isthmus of Suez. What Alexander and Napoleon only prophesied of, modern gold and enterprise have achieved. Commerce is a true civilizer; Clinton and Lesseps, the great apostles.

But the most hopeful influences for the education of mind in Egypt and Palestine are the *schools planted by the churches of America and Great Britain.* Gold and intellect have been devoted to this work. Liberal and enlightened in their instruction, these schools have proved the most direct gateway to the education of the people. To the American traveler nothing is more refreshing than to find these centres of light. Men, acquaintances from our own free country, are cheerfully bearing expatriation and self-denial to dissipate the darkness and superstition of these lands from which the light first came. The armor of the Mohammedans is most vulnerable through science. The soul craves truth, expansion. Even Mohammedan parents love their children, and wish their advancement. Young men see their way to success in life through education. They pursue study as a means of influence and power. This light and expansion disenthrall the mind from ignorance, from old and dark systems. It was a wise policy of the American missionaries at Beirut to begin the work of education with the children of the poor at the base of the social pyramid. . . . The natural outgrowth of these primary schools and colleges is an *active and intelligent press.* Steam-power is employed in printing Arabic Bibles, school-books, monthly and weekly periodicals. Beirut is a focus from which to radiate truth over mountain and vale far away, till one hundred million of Arabic-speaking people shall be reached by the influences of science and Christianity. . . .

Near the Capitoline Hill in Rome there stands a section of an old wall, made of the ancient Roman brick. It has defied the storms of many centuries, and the battering-rams of sieges; and yet time did but cement it in strength and defiance. But as I passed by, I saw it cleaving asunder. Some time in the past, a seed from the live-oak fell into a crevice, and took root; by its growth and expansive power it went on splitting and dividing particles, bricks, masses, till a seam was opened from top to bottom. What chiliads, what cannon, could not do, was achieved by the life and silent power of a single seed. So these old, over-towering battlements of error may survive revolving ages, may defy the attacks of force, but will yield before the vital, insinuating, expanding power of truth.

It is the office of the educator to plant this seed of truth.

DAMASCUS, April 13, 1874.

MY DEAR WIFE, — I have been hastening on through Palestine. Came to Damascus last Saturday night. This morning I have been making arrangements to visit, not East Palmyra, but ancient Palmyra. Rev. Mr. Wright, a Scotch missionary, has agreed to go with me. There are missionary stations within fifty miles of the old city. To-morrow I expect to go with Cook's party to Baalbec, and hope to return to Damascus by Saturday next; then the next Tuesday morning Mr. Wright and myself take our way across the desert to that lone spot, the Tadmor of the wilderness. So I hope to see the most splendid ruins in the world. . . .

The Lord has been very gracious to me since I left home. The lateness of my journey has saved to me an opportunity of travel through Palestine. The cold has held on, and the rain has made the ways impassable to parties before ours came. We are the first that have gone through. My journey has been rapid; my health good.

Remember me to the sick, to the Sabbath-school, to neighbors — to all. . . .

The wish of his heart — to see the first, the oldest Palmyra — was denied him. Incipient symptoms of Damascus-fever obliged him most reluctantly to give up this journey. He followed the advice of physicians, and, leaving the tainted air of that city, proceeded at once to Beirut, where he soon recovered.

He would greatly have enjoyed a visit to ancient Ephesus, but the excursion was on the Sabbath. He remained in Smyrna and observed holy time.

From his journal: —

May 10, 1874. I kept the Sabbath aboard ship in the harbor of Smyrna. Back of the city, on a hill in plain sight, was the monument of Polycarp, a native of Smyrna, a disciple of the apostle John, pastor of the church at Smyrna, put to death in the year 167, at the age of one hundred and four. He was probably "the angel of the church at Smyrna," to whom the apostle wrote, "I know thy works and tribulation and poverty; but thou art rich. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." During the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, he was seized, and carried before the Roman proconsul at Smyrna. Being urged to curse Christ, he replied, "Six and eighty years I have served Him, and He has done me nothing but good; and how could I curse Him, my Lord and Saviour? If you would know what I am, I tell you frankly, I am a Christian." He was thrown to the beasts of the theatre, and devoured for the recreation of the assembled people; but some assert that he was burned at the stake. On Monday morning I went forth to visit the sepulchre. Over the rough monument towers a splendid evergreen, the cypress. I felt the sacredness of the spot, and the trial and triumph of the martyr. Here was the theatre, the stadium where he suffered. Wild beasts could destroy his body; but his name is held in perpetual verdure.

During his delightful stay at Constantinople he was entertained at Robert College, at the request of his old friend, the founder. We have no room for quotations from lectures on that beautiful city, on "Six Days in Athens," on the "Catacombs of Rome," or for further notes of travel, save two short letters, the first dated —

Slough, England, July 2, 1874.

My dear Wife, — Rose early; did Windsor Castle; passed to Eton College, thence to Horton, the home of John Milton; through Dachet, celebrated by Shakespeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor." On my way to Oxford I was detained some two hours and a half at Slough.

Signifying my regrets to the man at the depot, he said, "Take to your feet by a path through the fields. Two miles will bring you to Stoke Pogis, where is the tomb of Gray and the 'country churchyard' of which he sings in his Elegy." I had already walked eight miles; but the thought of seeing that quiet nook in Old England pictured in Gray's Elegy, made my feet like hind's feet, and I was away, through a landscape of which I cannot withhold a description. "The time, how lovely and how still!" It was near the pensive hour of the setting sun. There was the "lulled tinkling," the lowing of the herds returning home. The bells from the curfew tower on Windsor Castle were sending out their chimes over the landscape. It was the very moment the poet described. The fields of wheat and oats through which I passed were gently waving in the breeze. Hundreds of rooks walked about unscared, upon the newly-mown fields. The hawthorn hedges that divide and adorn the downs have just passed from the flower to the thick-set fruit, while the sweetbrier lifts its blossoms above the thorn, lending beauty and fragrance to the vale.

Through such enchantment I made my way from Slough to Stoke Pogis. A wicket-gate opens to the copse that shades the monolith, one side of which bears the name of the gentle poet. He died 1771. This monument was erected by one of the descendants of William Penn. The family of the Penns are buried here. Near by is the ancient church with its "ivy-mantled tower," where "the moping owl does to the moon complain." There are still "the yew-tree's shade," the tombless hillocks where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

As I walked in this cemetery, this sleeping-place of the dead, I was alone. Not a house or a living person in sight.

This spot, so embalmed in elegiac song, the noisy outside world has not yet desecrated. The sentiment of seclusion and retreat is heightened by contrast. In full view is Windsor Castle. The ample folds of the British flag, floating from the pinnacle, declare that the Queen and retinue are there in state.

But the quiet of centuries rests upon the "country churchyard," and the ancestry of its gifted poet.

EDINBURGH, Aug. 4, 1874.

MY DEAR WIFE, — Of all the places I have seen since I left my native shores, none seem so much like home as this Athens of Scotland. Indeed, the hills in and about Edinburgh much resemble those that are in and about Athens; and there, too, is the old and the new town quite as distinct as in the more distant city. Religious and educational institutions and hospitals abound here. The people are staid and self-reliant, and controlled by high principle.

As I passed through the cemeteries of the dead, I was struck with the illustrious names. Walter Scott was born but a few rods from where I sit. They have reared for him the finest piece of monumental architecture that I have seen, and it was conceived and wrought out by a plain man, a master-mason, named Keep. This laboring man had been cherishing thoughts upon architecture, which, when developed, placed him ahead of any who had given their lives to that line of study. But here, as in the case of Burns, was a melancholy end. Poor Keep no sooner forced himself up into eminence by his genius than the rich and great began to feast him, parade him, and treat him. This diverted him from that life of industry and sobriety which he had followed. He lost his balance, and, after a night of intemperance, was found a corpse in the canal. The great evil of Scotland is whiskey.

Moody and Sankey have done great good here. How wonderful that two American laymen should be made the instruments of working such a reformation in this refined capital! They came here in simple but strong faith in Christ.

. . . I was especially instructed by witnessing the direct, earnest, honest appeal of inquiring minds to the word of God. Their Bibles were open as the minister read and preached from the Scriptures. The intellect so intent on feeding upon the Word seemed to me the key to the precious work of grace in their hearts. . . . I have greatly enjoyed the meetings and the Christian fellowship I have found in Scotland.

It has been truly said that traveling reveals the man. In the car or the steamer, in the hotel or the tent, it was evident that Dr. Eaton's was the motto of the Christian gentleman, "In honor preferring one another." Amid all the inconveniences of the way he was ever the cheerful, unselfish traveling-companion.

We have received this letter from Dr. Bancroft of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

MRS. A. R. EATON. ANDOVER, MASS., April, 1884.

Dear Madam, — On Lake Windermere, in the gray of a rainy morning, an English gentleman who stood near me on the deck of the little steamer addressed me with some indifferent but friendly remark, and we soon found ourselves mutually introduced, and carrying on a brisk conversation. He spoke of a trip to Egypt and Palestine in 1874, in which he became much attached to an American gentleman who traveled with him, Rev. Dr. Horace Eaton of Palmyra, N.Y. He afterward had him at his home in London, and valued him among his choice friends. He enforced what he had said by some comments on America and Americans, on certain other members of the party, and by incidents which brought out the admirable qualities of your husband, his learning, his good-fellowship, his Christian courtesy, and *regard for others.* This gentleman was Rev. William P. Griffith.

From a sermon preached the Sabbath after his return to his people: —

. . . When I left you on the 5th of February last, I had not time or opportunity to tender my thanks for your great kindness. Permit me now to express my gratitude to the children of the Sabbath-school, to the families and members of the congregation, and to those not of the congregation, far off and near, who granted me the furlough, and who so generously aided me in my outfit. Through your liberality a sufficient amount was vested to meet the expenses of my journey. On this foundation I received from the bank of

Messrs. Cuyler and Sexton a letter-of-credit. This was my only financial dependence. I kept it near my heart. To me it seemed almost impudent, to you it would have been at least amusing, to have seen the firmness of step with which a stranger, a foreigner, so insignificant in his own name and financial ability, could enter those distant temples of exchange, and demand the requisite gold. They did not ask who or what *I* was. They looked alone at my indorser. My confidence was in the name of another, — in the letter-of-credit I brought from Palmyra. This was my authority in London, in Paris, in Egypt, in Constantinople.

But, dear hearers, I had a name, a letter-of-credit far more prevalent. To my letter from Palmyra there was a limit beyond which I could not draw. There were certain places in which I could not draw. There were many necessities which your letter could not supply. But the name of Jesus, and the letter-of-credit which He gave, ran thus: "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will do it." Jesus had died for me. He had laid up in the bank of Heaven a credit on my behalf that I could not overdraw, alike available in every place and for every necessity.

The name, the letter-of-credit founded on the merits of Jesus, subordinated all the agencies of nature for my safety against the perils of the ocean, the perils of the city, and the perils of the wilderness. Still more, His loving *presence* condescended to attend me to the ship, to sail with me, to be my companion in the cabin, in the tent, and by the way. He opened up to me His own power and majesty as mirrored in the billows of the great and wide sea. His hand raised the stormy wind. His voice said, "Peace, be still." "The sea is His, for He made it."

In the Tower of London He showed me the footsteps of the King of kings as He came marching down the ages, setting up one, and putting down another. While gliding through the valleys of Southern Europe, He pointed me a way to the heights of Piedmont, where "the bones of His slaughtered saints lay bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold." At Rome He opened to me the arena where His followers were cast to the wild beasts, and took me down into the Catacombs, those sepulchral halls where the faithful used to retire for prayer and to celebrate His death. He spread out before me the landscape of vine-clad Italy and the colors of His pencil that garnished its sunsets.

Jesus went with me to Egypt, where He spent a part of His infancy; attended me to the spot of His birth, to the hill country where He was brought up, to the lake where He stilled the tempest, to the garden of His agony, the mount of His ascension. . . .

But this Jesus who went out and came in with me is not merely the personage who lived in the time of the Cæsars, and stood before Pilate, but the ever-present, living Christ, whose word is, "I am He who liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore." He it was, who said, "I am with thee alway, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." For such strange, astonishing kindness to one so unworthy, I would renewedly consecrate myself to a more humble, trusting, and obedient service.

THE RETURN OF THE PASTOR.

Praise Him who smoothed our pastor's path
  Across the boisterous main;
Disarmed the tempests of their wrath,
  And brought him home again;

Who led him on to view the land,—
  The land by Jesus trod;
And on the very Mount to stand,
  From which He went to God;

To see the Salem of the seers,
  The spot where David sang,
Where Jesus shed His bitterest tears,
  And gave His life for man.

And now once more among his own,
  The people of his choice,
We join to pour before the throne
  Our thanks with heart and voice.

. . . .

Rev. John Spaulding, D.D.

September, 1874.

To his uncle, Nathaniel Eaton, on his hundredth birthday:—

April 30, 1875.

My dear and honored Uncle,—And this will reach you on the one hundredth anniversary of your birth! Fortunate man! How few continue who began life with you! How many have died since you began to live! A single year is a large portion of our earthly pilgrimage. Thirty such fractions make up the average of human life. The watch that should tick through a whole year without winding must have a fine and flexible mainspring. Firm as steel those wheels of life, tough the sinewy heart, compressed the vital force, that, without missing a pulse, beats off the seconds of a century. Your physical framework was of no trembling, no flimsy material. Your web of life shows a double stroke to the loom, with no stint to the warp and woof.

But, my dear uncle, you are not only fortunate in the possession of a century, but in the selection of your century. Your cradle was rocked by the earthquake of the Revolution. The moment was a meridian in the nation's, in the world's history. Your coming was fifteen days after the battle of Lexington, forty-four days before the battle of Bunker Hill, in which Captain Nathaniel Eaton, your own father, led on his patriot band. . . .

In this one hundred years what times have gone over you! What triumphs you have witnessed! The increase of light, the widening of the area of freedom, the snapping of fetters that have bound the bodies, the souls, of men, have greeted you all along your pilgrimage. . . . But the century-plant is identified with the spot where it grows. The history of Sutton blends with that of your own life. You are one of the early and the few whose sturdy blows chased away the dense forests, and opened the soil and the silex to the sun. . . . I have an excellent picture of you, taken when you were eighty-nine years of age, hung in a conspicuous place in one of my rooms. A look at that brings back more of my youthful days than any other memento of the past. . . . I well remember when you built your new house, and how those green blinds struck my youthful eye. I remember when your new chaise was bought, and when you rode in it for the first time on Sunday to the South Meeting-house, and how I ran after you as far as the Peter Place. How I enjoyed the morning when yourself, Uncle A., and other patriots of the neighborhood, went by to the town-meeting the second Tuesday in March!

. . . As I turn from your past to your future, my dear uncle, I still more rejoice. Though, for the sake of the living, I might be glad to have you arrive late to heaven, I can but give thanks that good men may die, that Jesus has robbed death of its terrors, and gone to prepare mansions for them that love Him. Providence permitting, I hope to see you the coming summer. . . .

MAY 8, 1876.

MY DEAR BROTHER JACOB, — . . . With grateful humiliation I can but tell you what the Lord has done for us as a church. Yesterday we welcomed, on profession of their faith, one hundred and two persons, also eleven by letter. To fifty-five of these I administered the ordinance of baptism. To God be all the glory! My strength has held out wonderfully. My youth has been renewed. I have been anointed with fresh oil. Pray that the Divine Spirit may not be grieved away.

PALMYRA, N.Y., July 4, 1877.

MY DEAR BROTHER J., — The celebration of the nation's birth comes to our house draped. Nine years ago our dear John left us for the better land. This morning I found my journal of 1868. There, under July 4th of that year, I had written a minute account of his death. I took it to our breakfast-table and read it to the family. A recurrence to that dark and solemn moment brings back the crisis that almost unnerved me. You will remember how Edmund Burke wrote when he lost a darling son who promised to more than fill his father's place: "The storm has gone over me. I am like one of those old oaks that the recent tempest has turned up. I would part with all my honors for one peck of bad wheat." Such was the moan of this great man at the loss of his only son. Such was mine. But after preaching the next Sabbath twice, I took a solitary walk. The thought came to me as from the lips of my dear boy, "Don't surrender to this sorrow. Work on, still do battle bravely for Christ, and the time will soon come when you too shall come up hither." The thought strengthened me. And then that passage, "Wait on the Lord and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; yea, I say, wait on the Lord." These thoughts splintered up my broken bones till the wound was healed. And I have gone on with the hope that there will come a time when I shall know the reasons of my affliction, and see the dear boy I so sorrowed to lose.

There was no place he so loved to visit as the old homestead in New Hampshire.

EATON GRANGE, WARNER, N.H., Aug. 9, 1878.

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS, — My ride from Palmyra to Troy was a continual song. The different phases of traveling never fail to divert my mind. The going to a place of recreation is a delicious foretaste of that enjoyment. A copious rain had preceded me. Every tree, flower, bird, seemed revived. Nature was in her happiest attitude, a mirror of divine goodness. Soil so rich, seasons so genial, productions so abundant, flowers so fragrant, woodlands waving in the wind and shimmering in the sun, air so fresh and tonic, — all these cannot be gifts of a malignant Being! The tint of the rose, the flavor of the peach, the song of the lark, all tell of a delicate, gratuitous, overflowing goodness in the Creator.

Wayne County never fails to greet the traveler with valleys fat and well-watered. This year Onondaga and Herkimer are not behind in richness.

As I passed along the Mohawk, the rain on meadows newly mown, on the stubble of the late crop, inviting a later and another harvest, suggested to me that, advanced as I was in age, through the rain of the Spirit, I might render yet some service to the needy. . . .

The brothers and sisters, with their families, are coming in. I try the brook to-day for trout or dace. I leave you both in the good hands in which I leave myself.

YOUR FATHER.

To an invalid sister: —

PALMYRA, April 21, 1877.

MY DEAR SISTER L., — . . . I snatch a moment, although it is Saturday, to let you know that I have you constantly in mind. I pray that your pain may be alleviated so far as is consistent with God's glory and your eternal good. Nothing can bear us up against disappointment, bereavement, and strong pain, like the personal, loving presence of Jesus Christ. And has He not said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"? Read and ponder the first four verses of the forty-third chapter of Isaiah. That bore me up like a lifeboat all the way across the ocean. My health is good. I work hard, and enjoy my work. How safe, how happy, we are, when we can put our hand in God's hand to be led and protected and saved! My sun must at length go down, but I wish to do all I can and make the most of the thrums of life. Dear sister, pray for me.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTORAL LABORS. — HOW HE MADE SERMONS. — HIS STUDY. — USE OF ANALOGIES. — MUSINGS ON THE RAILROAD. — IMPROVEMENT OF CURRENT EVENTS AND PROVIDENCES. — WHEAT-HARVEST. — INTRODUCTION OF GAS. — THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. — THE ORGAN. — NEW YEAR'S SERMON, THE CLOCK. — FRAME-WORK OF EXTEMPORE SERMON. — FACETIOUSNESS. — PREACHING TO CHILDREN. — PRAYERFULNESS. — "TRIUMPH IN CHRIST."

Dr. Eaton was indefatigable as a *pastor*. The following extracts from his journals and letters give samples of the work of many a day in many a year: —

Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1860. My mind did not work well this morning. The truth is, I must have some rest. When I do not rest on Monday, I *have* to rest on Tuesday.

June 20, 1860. Called on Mrs. H. She will not live long. Mrs. P. about the same. Find that Mr. O. has moved to the house where Mr. B. used to live. Must call on them this week. Mr. F. must have his marriage-certificate. Gave a book to ——. Attended lecture in the evening. Acts 5 : 6–12. Teachers' meeting after lecture.

March 25, 1863. Was called up this morning at four o'clock to see W. D. He thought himself dying, but he revived. Dear boy, he asked me if he could do any thing more than cast himself on Christ. Went to see —— and —— and ——. Spoke in evening on Ps. 40 : 2, 3. Brother H. present. Seventeen at the inquiry meeting.

April 6, 1863. Called on Mrs. S. She is trusting in Christ. Called on ——. Found him in the barn. Had a kind and faithful talk with him. Had a good time in prayer with his parents. . . .

Sunday, 12th. Was very tired this morning. A full house. My subject, "If I had not come and spoken to them," etc.

. . . Some thirty at inquiry meeting in evening. (Then follow their names.)

April 13. C. F. thinks she has found the Saviour, or, rather, the Saviour has found her. Mr. W.'s concert in church this evening. Brothers F. and T. and S. were in my study, and we talked and prayed about Zion.

Dear L., — This morning I left home at 8.30; rode to where dear Mrs. —— died; after a short service there, followed the hearse to ——, preached a sermon in the church, attended the burial; came back to Palmyra at 7.30; hastened to perform a marriage-service at 8.30; have just made a record of the whole thing, and now report progress to my youngest daughter. Last week I made and preached four sermons. The last funeral is the thirty-seventh to which I have been called this year. Each funeral will average one day's labor. I cannot find the time I would like for visiting my parish. I am thankful that I have strength to go through so much. How long I shall stand it, I cannot tell; but the work of ministering to this dear people, the work of studying the Bible, and preaching the gospel, is glorious; it brings its own reward. I think of you every day, and pray for you; hope you will be guided in all things by the good hand of God; trust Him at all times. He has been my refuge in all troubles, great and small, and He will be yours. In much haste and weakness,

Your affectionate father,
Horace Eaton.

Palmyra, Jan. 11, 1877.

My dear M., — . . . The highways shut up as in the days of Shamgar (Judg. 5:6). Mr. —— sick. I undertook to drive the pony there. Road partially broken. Train across the track. Pony wet, the buffalo and the wolf-robe wet, I was wet, — all wet. Found Mr. —— better. Hard to turn the sleigh for home. No time for supper. Bell ringing for meeting. But had a blessed meeting. Subject, prayer for our country. The remarks by the brethren were excellent.

I think of you and pray for you. I hope you will grow in the knowledge of God's word, and have all that comfort, strength, and joy, which comes from a sense of the presence of the Saviour. . . .

Your loving father,
H. EATON.

Beside faithfulness in his own parish, he labored much for those who belonged to *nobody's parish*. He was scrupulously careful lest he invade the domain of a brother-clergyman, and when he met with those who expressed a preference for a denomination other than his own, he promptly and honorably gave over their names to the pastor or Sabbath-school superintendent of the church of their choice. At the same time, he called every one his parishioner, whether rich or poor, who attended church nowhere, and endeavored to dispel their indifference, dissipate their opposition, and arouse interest in divine things. Like his Master, he sought "to seek and to save that which was lost."

There was no patronizing manner in his dealing with the wretched and the outcast. They knew he loved them. They trusted him. They were won to the right and to Christ by his influence. How would a *handshake* like his between every man and his fellow, help to cure the acrid spirit of socialism!

"The hand is index sure and true
Unto the heart.

. . . .

It was not any word he said,
But just that care and sorrow fled
As if at his command.
'Twas not the smile upon his lip,
But just the honest, hearty grip
With which he shook my hand."

Active and laborious as he was as a pastor, one feature of his commission he kept ever in the front: "Go, *preach* my gospel." He brought to the pulpit "things new and old" from the Scriptures. To it he also made "the riches of the Gentiles" tributary. His travels, all his studies in nature, art, literature, were subordinated to it. Every gem he gazed upon must garnish the uplifted cross in the sight of his flock.

The seed-thoughts of sermons often lay germinating in his mind weeks and months before full development. The first thing in making his sermon was to note down every thing nearly or remotely connected with his subject in the Bible. In doing this he tolerated no English edition of the Holy Book, except the genuine, unabridged Bagster. He would then carefully examine the original Greek and Hebrew; afterward, it may be, books in his library bearing on the general theme. This done, it was his favorite method to walk the floor of his study, fold his hands behind him, and make his plan. Order would break through the chaos. Bone would come to his bone, and ere long sinews, flesh, and breath would appear. How happy was his look, if, when through with his forenoon's work, at the noonday meal he could say, "I can see through it; it has cracked open in the seam"! Did interruptions seem to forbid completing his sermon according to his ideal, he would sigh, "I fear the poor sheep will have to look up to an empty rack next Sabbath."

From a letter to a young clergyman:—

. . . The fact is, if we want to say any thing, we must have something to say, and we must feel that we have something to say, and something which it is of great importance men should hear. Looking up often for divine light while making sermons, greatly facilitates clearing up and enforcing points. For, as with the lightning-rod, so with a sermon, clear and sharp points bring down the quickening fire. . . . I love to take the Bible and read it in the English, without note or comment, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. It feeds my soul. And when my own soul is fed, then I can feed others. I have always noticed that when I write from a deep, warm experience, then there is silence and solemnity in the audience.

Perhaps you will find some assistance from the book I send you. Do you want others? Tell me.

His study was his sanctuary, his very Holy of holies. When at work there, his books would be found open at the places where he wished to consult them. They might lie upon his desk, or prone upon the floor by his side — all their apparent discord was harmony understood by himself. During his first years in Palmyra his study was a room enclosed over the front porch of the church. Many a sermon has he wrought out while walking to and fro in "the long-drawn aisle" of the eastern gallery. How much of thinking and praying, alone and with others, in that second study he occupied, which he used to call his "den"!

In unfolding the great string-pieces of the gospel system, his arguments were always clear, and the inferences convincing and practical. No matter what his subject, or how remote the preliminary remarks, he never omitted a fervent and impressive application. It was his aim to embody somewhere in every service a distinct answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" It was to him a ground of strong consolation that Christ was *our substitute* as well as our example, that "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He loved to preach upon God, "A spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." He said, "It is the mark of a true disciple to esteem God Himself better than all His mercies." He presented the personality, divinity, and offices of the Holy Spirit,—"the love of the Spirit" (Rom. 15 : 30), "The help of the Spirit" (Rom. 8 : 26), "the laws of the Spirit" (John 3 : 8), "the Holy Spirit the Comforter" (John 16 : 7–10). He often said, that when this divine agent was his theme, His influences seemed specially manifest upon the congregation.

In the iron-works at Wyoming, Penn., I saw the ore and coal pitched into the great furnace, a hard and frigid mass. But a current of air was made to go up through it. The fire kindled and extended till all was aglow. The ore melted, the dross ran off. So the Holy Spirit, the breath of the Almighty, drawn up through the soul by prayer, can kindle the truth, melt the dross, soften and subdue the heart.

The Holy Spirit is a divine person. He knows all things, is everywhere present, creates, enlightens, rules. He deals with the souls of men as free, accountable agents. He does not govern by blind force. He brings forward motives, draws, convinces, allures. He does not override the freedom and accountability of man. He can persuade when a created spirit cannot. He has a key to fit the wards of the human soul, to turn the bolt when all other agencies fail. Do you ask *how* He influences mind? I cannot tell. Can you tell how the eye of the mother looking into the eye of the child can vibrate thought and affection? . . .

Illustrations and analogies elucidating and enforcing Bible truth seemed to crystallize around him like polarized atoms. "They cling to me like burrs," said he. Symbols flew to his mind as doves to their windows. On returning from a journey to Vermont, he gave the young people, on Sabbath evening, his *Musings on the Railroad:*—

Ps. 119 : 105. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

2 Sam. 22 : 29. "For thou art my lamp, O Lord, and the Lord will lighten my darkness."

Railroad traveling is often very stimulating and delightful. As you fly along the meadows, between the mountains, through the deep and ancient woods, you are ever surprised with new aspects of scenery and forms of life. How passengers can spend their time in reading yellow-covered novels, while the ever-varying page of Nature is so refreshing to the imagination and the heart, is inexplicable. The bird of passage flying over can look down upon lake and landscape. The railroad traveler can continue longer on the wing as he glides through the changing prospect. The diversions attending a ride, now on the bank of the rushing river, then under the projecting crag, or from peak to peak, leaping along the summits of the Green-Mountain range, is fitted to arouse curiosity, wonder, and fear, and carry the mind up to the highest degree of interest and excitement. What switches, what swoops, what looking up and down! It is not strange that in these moments the thoughts should run out into analogical and moral reflections. I took pains to secure a seat in the rear of the last car. Thus I could review the track I had passed over more easily than I could look ahead. So on the great railroad of life we cannot see an inch before us, but "it is greatly wise to converse with our past hours."

The railroad-track as thus viewed suggests the necessity of two rails. The cars cannot run like a velocipede, on one wheel. There must be two wheels based upon two tracks. Now, may not these two parallel rails stand as emblems of the two great principles of the divine law, *love to God* and *love to man?* How dangerous to divide these two precepts! That is a one-sided orthodoxy which, in its zeal for the honor of God, forgets the good of men. That is a one-sided philanthropy which ignores the justice and holiness of God. The Christian who would bring his fellow-men to accept and serve the God he worships will do best to adorn his religion with a tender sympathy for humanity; and the philanthropist will do most to relieve human woes, who seeks in all to glorify God. These two principles start from the same source, and run parallel to the same termination. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Sitting where I did, my eyes naturally fell upon the gorges blasted through the solid ledge and the deep chasms filled up from beneath. What cost, labor, perseverance, to make a railroad through such mountains of rock! But who shall tell of the obstacles removed in opening a way of mercy through Mount Sinai! What peaks of arrogance and pride are to be humbled! what depths of melancholy and despair are to be raised! what difficulties in justice to be met and satisfied! But Jesus "fainted not, neither was weary," till he exclaimed, "It is finished." "I will make a way in the wilderness; I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted."

I found myself on a new road, passing through sections of the State that never before resounded to the locomotive. But though the road was so built as to carry people quite through from the West to the East, and that was its great end and aim, yet there were rich, incidental blessings scattered along the way. Here a little village had sprung up, with its schoolhouse and church-spire. Farmhouses were improving. Marble, lumber, slating, were piled near the track. Enterprise was stimulated, resources developed, avenues opened to pleasure and health. The gospel is indeed a highway of holiness. It takes men from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, on condition that they will trust the checks given. Heaven is the goal of the gospel railroad. But how great are the wayside blessings, — education, intellectual cultivation, good order, individual and social purity! Every-thing green and lovely in our path on earth is promoted by Sabbaths, sanctuaries, the worship and songs of Zion. "Godliness is profitable to all things."

On one dark night there was a scene of some excitement on the cars as the conductor came round with his lantern to inspect the tickets. Some were calm and unmoved; their tickets were in sight on their hats. Some were asleep; all were stirred up, and not a few thrown into trepidation; their faces were anxious; there was a fumbling in the pockets. I greatly pitied one poor fellow, who evidently thought to smuggle himself through without a ticket. To the conductor he said, "Let me go, I am no trouble." — "But," he was answered, "did you not know the law of the road?" — "Let me go, I say, I am no trouble." The bell rang, the cars stopped, and the man without a ticket was put out into a swamp in the dark. Another, whose words and conduct seemed to evince his honesty, as he awaked from sleep was confused. He searched in vain for his ticket. The conductor could not wait; said he would come again. At the second coming, no ticket. When about to put the man off, to the joy of all, the delinquent recovered the missing pass. As these things went on, I was deeply impressed with the thought that all are on board the railway of life. At the right time the heavenly messenger with an unerring light will examine our tickets. Some will have the testimony written on their foreheads, "Known and read of all men." Some will be awaked from sleep in much trepidation of soul. Others will be "found wanting." They presumed on the kindness of the Lord of the way. They saw no reason why they should be at the inconvenience of any preparation. They will be speechless and without excuse, and all the more, because the office of the Celestial Road gave to every applicant a free pass on condition that he should not use it for low or selfish ends, to stop off along the way at Hill Lucre or Vanity Fair, but that he be a through passenger, having his heart set upon the New Jerusalem, because there are his treasures, his home, his best friends. What peace to him who has his ticket, who knows he has it, and who has it in sight, so that others may see it!

With through tickets go checks that take away all anxiety in regard to burdens and baggage. The Master of the road provides for them. His word is, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

It excited surprise and inquiry, when, at a certain place on the road, the great flaming lamp was lighted in front, sending from its polished mirror the rays far ahead upon the track. At the same time the lamps were lighted within the cars, and all in the clear shining of mid-day. It was a satisfactory answer that a dismal tunnel was to be passed through. Who has not shuddered at the darkness and condensed thunder as he has rushed through a railroad-tunnel? The railroad of life has its tunnels. It is well to have the lights trimmed and burning before we plunge into them. This I say to the dear young people, — prepare for long, dark passages that may meet you in future life.

There will be severe trials of principle. . . . While absent, I met a recent graduate of an Eastern college. He told me he had been pressed with sceptical difficulties which brought over him "a horror of great darkness," and that, had it not been for the words of Jesus which he had before proved and settled in his own mind, he had gone a wreck.

There will be seasons when temptations converge and intensify. So Joseph and Daniel found it. Jesus said, "Now is your hour and the power of darkness." I have heard men say who were struggling with the slavery of tobacco, opium, or alcohol, that there were moments when their old appetites returned upon them like a whirlwind. At such times Satan makes his onsets.

Could we look beyond the vale of sense into the spirit-world, we might see the great enemy of God and souls circling the path, and watching the habits, of that young man. He is away from home, seeking an education, profession, or wealth. "Here is my victim," says the tempter. "The eyes of his parents are not on him. I will allure him to the first glass, to the theatre, to the gambling-saloon; I will insnare and destroy him." As he lights near on his fiendish errand, he hears the young man repeating the sentiments taught him at his pious home or in the Sabbath-school. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." These texts are like arrows to the demon. He spreads his sooty wings, and is gone. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

But the monster is insatiate. He will yet have a victim. A young woman meets his basilisk eye. I will poison her imagination with pernicious reading. Step by step I will lead her on to ruin. But as nearer he bends his flight, he hears the maiden singing, —

> "Other refuge have I none,
>   Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
> Leave, ah leave me not alone,
>   Still support and comfort me."

Rebuffed, but not conquered, by the heavenly missile, he gathers resolution from his disappointment, and fixes his gaze upon an afflicted invalid. He says, "I will breathe into his heart the spirit of murmuring and rebellion. I will tempt him, as I tempted Job, to 'curse God and die.'" But from the chamber of agony, under the roof of the dreary and dilapidated dwelling, arises the voice of submission and of praise: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." . . . These all had their lamps lighted before they came to the fearful tunnels of temptation. How many have fallen, never to rise, because they neglected so wise a precaution!

But the railroad of life terminates with the tunnel of death. How terrible, to enter these gloomy precincts without a lantern, to feel the jar and reverberations of a whole lifetime concentrated into one dark hour, "without hope, and without God in the world"! But we may then have light. A friend of mine was telling me of passing through the nine-mile tunnel of Mount Cenis. He was on his way from the snows and icebergs of the Swiss Alps to the sweet fields and mild skies of Italy. Great was the change from one side to the other, cheering the first rays that beamed in, increasingly glorious as they emerged into the soft atmosphere of that clime of the sun. To those who have their lamps trimmed and burning, death is a tunnel lighted up, a passage from the cold regions of sorrow and sin, to the banks of the river of life, to the land of perpetual spring. . . .

Dear friend, is your lamp lighted?

There was a marked fitness and relevancy in the selection of his themes. He was ingenious and happy in the improvement of current events and providences. Discourses of this kind he oftener delivered on Sabbath evening. He drew lessons from the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable, from the exchange of the old pulpit Bible for a new one, from the Chicago fire, from a total eclipse of the sun, from severe drought or the "blessed rain" that succeeded it, from the seasons, "The Teachings of the Fifth Month," "The Voices of Autumn," "The Moral Uses of Winter." When one of his parish had been struck by lightning, narrowly escaping death, he spoke on "The Teachings of the Storm Cloud."

There are false protections that endanger rather than secure the building. In our spiritual perils the cross of Jesus Christ is the true lightning-rod.

As his congregation removed to the hall of the Union School for worship while their edifice was undergoing repairs, he preached a sermon on "The Schoolroom of Tyrannus at Ephesus" (Acts 19:9, 10); after a Sabbath-school festival, on "The Model Picnic" (Matt. 14:15–21). At the time of an abundant harvest his text was "Is it not wheat-harvest to-day?"

. . . In the wheat-harvest we are reminded of the dangers that beset the grain between the sowing and the reaping. Some stalks are choked with weeds, some are black with mildew; but, worst of all, the midge, the fly or weevil, stings the joint, or eats the kernel in the milk. These enemies are invisible. They invade the life of the plant when unripe. We know not when the mischief is done; but as you walk among the standing crop, and see the light head flaunting in the wind, over the bowed and solid ear, you say, "It is proud because it is empty. The insect has eaten out its substance." How many a young man and young woman have been smitten by some poisonous word, principle, example, or book, by the intoxicating cup, the game at cards, by the visit to the theatre when in the city, by the unseen violation of conscience, of the Sabbath, and of the word of God!

When gas was introduced into the village (1858), his subject was "Light."

Christ crucified was the great factor of creation. The very foundations of the morning were so framed as to subserve the cross. Calvary upholds the universe. It is said of Christ, "All things were by Him and for Him." Every metal and every mine, every invention in science, in mechanics, every specimen of vegetable and animal life, every event in all the free and accountable agency of men and angels, has a place in the evolutions and involutions of man's redemption. Our common mercies, this cheerful light, savors of Christ's love and of Christ's sufferings. . . .

In the material changes we have contemplated I see a cheering promise as to our own purification. Once this dark coal was in the form of majestic trees, perhaps adorned with flowers sweet as the far-scented magnolia. Now, after a burial of so many years, this primitive vegetation appears as light, splendid light. Who shall say that these bodies, though sown in dishonor, shall not be raised in glory? . . . "What changes have been wrought on dead souls taken from the black and buried masses of human depravity! What lights have a persecuting Saul, an Augustine, a John Bunyan proved!" As the Lord has set the sun to give us light, as He has embalmed the sunlight of former ages to enlighten our dwellings, as all this natural light is but the shadow and the pledge of the spiritual light shed by the great Sun of righteousness on darkened souls, how reasonable the command, that we "shine as lights in the world!" . . . Glorious will be those mansions "where they need no candle, or light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

After the defalcation of a man in high repute, he endeavored to impress the lessons of the Eighth Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

This one idea of the Eighth Commandment is destined to give a security to trade, which no insurance company can afford, a facility and despatch beyond the telegraph or express, cheapness outrunning all competition. Honest purpose in the debtor, truth and compassion in the creditor, will relieve all the apparatus of writs and sheriffs. Difficulty in selling, and danger in buying, much palaver and little honesty, will give way to the short and simple language of sincerity. In every bargain two persons will be obliged. Covenants will not be broken unless unlawful or impossible. No monopolist by withholding corn will grind the faces of the poor. None will take wages where they have rendered no equivalent. Men will make fewer debts, and be more earnest to pay. The command will be fulfilled, "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another."[1] Conviction of right will collect debts which no legal process can enforce. . . . Piety is not simply for the cloister, the church, the Sabbath, for holy days and holy places: it is for all duties, and all seasons. Unlike the use of the surplice or the cowl, it is for every-day wear, not to be put off and on like a Sunday coat. It is the religion of counters and ledgers, of workshops, hotels, sheep-shearings, harvest-fields. It tries men over their bargains, over dollars and cents, weights and measures, as much as over creeds and prayers and sermons. We need a religion that makes men honest in the dark, that will put as good apples in the middle of the barrel as at either end, as good wood in the middle of the pile as on the top; a religion that will keep sand out of sugar, water out of milk; a religion that will exclude the translation from the recitation-room, the copied problem as the scholar goes to the blackboard, or the composition stolen from book or magazine. We need a religion that will carry the Eighth Commandment into every day, and the principle, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," into the whole life.

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[1] If there was one thing about which Dr. Eaton was more punctilious than another, it was in regard to *the payment of debts*. He *loved* to pay an honest debt. All in his employ will remember with what cheerful promptness he met their claims. And in return they gave most faithful service. For fear lest, in the press of other duties, an obligation might have been forgotten, he would often go, toward the close of the year, and inquire of those with whom he traded, "Do I owe you any thing?" His rule was "Pay as you go." He kept a daily and accurate account of all moneys received or expended.

When our beautiful organ was purchased, he delivered a sermon on "Music as connected with the Worship of God."

David the minstrel was mightier than David the monarch; his poesy more brilliant than his crown. His harp has a string for every human joy or woe; it trembles at every sigh; its tones are the echo of every mental emotion. He will ever stand the cloister of the militant and the millenial church. How sweet the hymn in which the Saviour Himself joined, and perhaps led, as "they sang a hymn, and went out" from the Last Supper! The descent of the Spirit imparted increased power to the praises of God. Paul writes to the Ephesians: "And be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." But to answer their high intent, the praises of God should engage all hearts, and as many voices as possible. I have already implied that music is not a gift to all. If the voice is harsh and the ear leaden, better lavish effort on some other faculty more tractable. If my singing disturbs another's devotion, if I cannot chant like the nightingale, I must be content to chatter alone like the swallow, or croak like the raven in solitude. If I cannot praise God with my voice, I can worship Him with the Spirit. He will accept the melody of the heart, the rhythm of the affections. Some of us, it may be, must be content with a broken and cracked voice till we put on the resurrection body. But of those who cannot learn to sing on earth, the exceptions are too few to set aside the command of the text: "Let all the people praise thee." When, in the old Hebrew worship, Miriam and Deborah led the praises of Israel, all the women followed their lead. When David was the precentor, the four thousand, yea, "all the people," joined in the chorus. The influence of the psalms and hymns of the sanctuary are not best secured by the silent passage of the thought through the mind of the listener. Participation in the music heightens and deepens the impression. The history of divine worship is this; — when religion is revived, praise fills the mouths of the people. The gospel made the angels sing. Faith in a coming Saviour made the ancient Hebrews sing. Faith in a Saviour already come made the apostles and early Christians sing. The gospel in the soul is joy, is rapture, and it must find vent. But, when the church fell into the arms of superstition, the priests took this bread from the children, and ate it themselves, or gave it to the dogs. But in the Reformation, brave old Martin Luther brought back the blessing to the people. Luther struck again the same old chords, and when thrust from the cathedral, he went on, still rolling volumes of praise from his mighty lungs, and was joined by the hearts and voices of millions. In Luther's soul, music became a trumpet. The Forty-sixth Psalm in his lips was the Marseilles Hymn of the Reformation. Who shall say that Luther and Watts in the upper sanctuary, that your parents and mine, do not breathe in the same numbers in which they used to sing here on earth? Praise is a part of our worship that will go with us to heaven.

He endeavored to improve the transit from the old to the new year. Among sermons of this class we find one on the "Analogies of the Clock," delivered Jan. 3, 1869.

Ps. 90:12. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

A gentleman in Boston one day sauntered into a courtroom to spend a leisure hour. His attention was arrested by a large clock suspended behind the seat of the judge. He was soon entirely absorbed in watching the regular oscillations of the pendulum, one foot in diameter. He saw nothing else. That clock was a preacher. It spoke of time, probation, retribution, eternity. In anguish of mind he rushed out among the crowds on Washington Street, and sought a place where, alone, he lifted up the heart in that prayer which, offered in sincerity and in the name of the Crucified, is never rejected, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Some of you remember the old patriarchal clock that has counted off the days, months, and years of generation after generation, till it came to be invested with a sacred and mysterious personality. The aged and the young looked up to it as a true friend, a safe adviser. Like a thing of life, it has never ceased its teachings, warnings, commands.

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it's stood:
As if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
Forever, never,
Never, forever."

To-day, upon the transition moment between the new and the old year, the household monitor may furnish some profitable analogies.

What is apparent, and on the face of the clock, is connected with much more that is internal and out of sight. We only see the hands as they slowly traverse the dial-plate: the mainspring, the complicated and harmonious wheel-work, evade the eye. To many, the changes of the great dial-plate of Nature seem to come by chance. They contemplate not the unseen instrumentality and agency ever moving behind the external index of events. Nature and the affairs of the world seem disjointed and out of gear. And yet, to the Infinite Mind, all this apparent discord is harmony. An unseen hand moves on His undisturbed affairs, finding a place for every particle of matter and a time for every event of His providence. He declares the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done. To His eye there is nothing fragmentary; but all is one complete, harmonious whole.

But this ancestral clock has culminating moments, when it strikes. Though it ticks on, second by second, and the hands move slowly and unobserved over the disk, yet, when it comes to the sixtieth minute, there is an alarm, a blow. Then a new hour is born. Some clocks are so constructed as to make a noise that ushers in the day. A steeple or church clock could be so made as to arouse the town at the commencement of the new year. God's great clock of Nature and Providence has sublime moments, when it strikes. Events and changes sound out like a bell hung up in the dome, the belfry of the sky. These mark the times that go over the nations. The world stands still to listen. The almost silent vibrations of Time's pendulum are gathered into a single stroke. Events increase by going. New lines are marked all along the dial-plate of the ages. New hours and advanced progress are traced in human destiny. How unimposing the first announcement of Christianity! But the clock did not run down during the dark ages. At the Reformation it pealed forth with louder reverberations. Thus different victories of light, freedom, and salvation, have at different times been announced. It will at length strike twelve over a redeemed and renovated world, when great voices in heaven shall say, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

But not only is nature, with its complicated wheel-work and heaven-hung bell, a sublime chronometer, measuring and proclaiming the successive events of human progress, but what is man himself but a time-keeper? It is his mission "so to number his days that he may apply his heart unto wisdom."

"Oh! wondrous is that work of art
  Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
  The life-clock's magic power.
Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
  By wealth and pride possessed,
But rich or poor, or high or low,
  Each bears it in his breast."

As we may know the time of day from the face of the clock, so we can tell the time of life in our frames and spirits. If we count the days of our years threescore and twelve years, then divide them, like the face of a clock, into twelve parts, it will allow six years for each figure. The boy who is six years old has lived to one o'clock in the morning of his life; at twelve years he has come to two o'clock; at eighteen, it will be three; and at thirty, five o'clock; when sixty, it will be ten o'clock,—within two periods of the close. Few reach the twelfth, the last period. To many of us the hand of our probation will stop before it shall come to the last figure. Dear friend, what is the time with thee? As the marks of age advance, as the clock runs down, do wisdom, grace, holiness, run up?

But another analogy between the clock and the soul. Each is to be corrected by a standard from heaven. The celestial bodies measure time with perfect accuracy. The sun is the authorized criterion of every chronometer upon the sea and the land. To start and keep right, we must come back to the chronology of the skies. There are, indeed, private clocks, town-clocks, church-clocks, which set themselves up to regulate the time of others. But these are liable to vary from the true meridian. Did we all set our watches by the unerring sun-dial, the word of God, should we not keep more accurate time? should we not keep nearer together? Clocks may vary in their cases, their position, in the frequency of their vibrations. The only thing important is, Do they accord with the sun? Substantial agreement does not necessitate circumstantial uniformity. What if John Calvin, John Bunyan, John Wesley, John Newton, did differ somewhat in their mode of worship, mode of thinking, and method of stating their belief? Who now doubts that they were in real harmony with Christ, with the Holy Ghost, and with one another? Tame uniformity is not the law of nature or of grace. We differ in temperament and education. At the same time we may have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, and Father of all." Charles the Fifth burnt the reformers, and shed innocent blood, that men might think as the Pope did on the creed. He afterward retired, in disgust of life, to a Spanish cloister. There, wearied with his dull round of mechanical devotions, he found relief in mechanical arts, and for a long time set himself to make two clocks tick alike. In this he failed, and in review of life uttered the very sensible reflection, "What a fool I was to try to have all men think alike, when I have not been able to make two clocks, which have neither mind nor will, move in unison!"

But if the sun-dial is the divine standard to which a correct time-piece must conform, to every good chronometer there is an internal arrangement by which it is made to accord with the standard. The regulator is the most essential part of a good watch. . . . Conscience is the regulator of the soul. Conscience is to receive its law from the higher law as found in the Scriptures. The conscience is not a mere adviser or associate among the faculties. It is the legal commander; it sits upon the king's bench; it bears the seal of the realm. The conscience owns no law but God's. It can be corrected only by God's word. We may be conscientiously wrong. When Paul persecuted the Christians, he verily thought he was doing God service; but, when his conscience was set right by the divine word, he repented. You sometimes compare your watch with the sun, and retouch the regulator. The great item of inquiry on this first Sabbath evening of the new year should be, "Have my life and heart obeyed the law of right as represented by a conscience enlightened by the Bible?" . . .

My clock suggests and impresses another principle in spiritual chronology, — repairs must begin from within. How stupid to attempt to make a clock go right by standing before the face, and forcing the hands round from hour to hour! . . . Paul at first endeavored to correct his life by outward efforts; but he saw his folly. The commandment came. He felt the inward, awful depravity of his heart. He repented, renounced self, fled to Christ. The love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. His life was brought back by changing the inward principle and mainspring. The reformation that begins from within will work out. The reformation that begins from without is irksome, unnatural, and will not work in. Polishing the case, turning the hands, will not set and keep your watch right.

Again: from "the old clock behind the door" I learn the lesson of "patient continuance in well-doing." It never complains. It is not jealous of those more adorned and noticed. Its motions do not grow faint because of its humble condition. It is more concerned for its fidelity than its notoriety. Nor does the clock called to stand in a public place become morose because of unjust censure. Nor is it so offended with the delinquency and sluggishness of others, that, in a fit of disgust, it endeavors to throw aside its responsibility. Through evil and good report it cheerfully toils on till worn out. A good clock does not depend upon its situation. A bad clock is not improved by its position. You may change it from one steeple to another. The more prominent, the more disgraced. Obadiah the faithful servant is spoken of with honor, while Ahab his master was cast down to infamy.

The accurate time-piece reads to us lessons of punctuality. During every moment of the past year that faithful clock has done its work in its season: hence, at the end of the year, no arrears are to be settled. It has ticked and struck at just the right time. It has told no lies, it has omitted no duties. How different had it been ten minutes behind! What disappointments at the church, at the railroad! Ten minutes too late has lost fortunes, kingdoms, souls. Have any of you, my hearers, put off repentance the last year? Have any of you failed to fulfil the vows you made to God in danger or on a sick-bed? Shall procrastination be your eternal undoing? Shall "too late" be written upon the portals? shall the door be shut?

But finally, there will be no clock in eternity. The heavens, the great dial of time, will be rolled together as a scroll. Days, months, and years will end with time. Then commences unmeasured, immeasurable duration. Then we launch on the sailless, shoreless ocean. "Time shall be no longer." No days, no nights, no old years, no new years, but one ceaseless gliding of the river of life, or one ceaseless wading on through blackness and darkness forever!

We copy a few pages from one of his printed sermons, delivered at the dedication of the Presbyterian Church, East Palmyra, N.Y., 1870. Its title "A Tribute to the Fathers."

"Our fathers had the tabernacle of witness in the wilderness, as He had appointed" (Acts 7 : 44).

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exod. 20 : 12).

. . . On this auspicious morning, and on this spot so hallowed by the providential past, it may stir our thoughts to healthful action, and lift our hearts heavenward, to glance at the stern resolves, cheerful self-denials, and loving piety of the men into whose labors and heritage you have entered. Gratitude should kindle at the *cost* of mercies. The sacrifices of the past should stimulate to faithfulness in the future.

Peering backward, in imagination, seventy-seven years ago the 4th of last April, to a little cove in Southampton, L.I., you will see a band of emigrants launching away from their sea-girt shore, their island home. Ocean waves bear their humble but trusty bark around into New-York harbor. The noble Hudson welcomes them to Albany. Here, like the ships of Cleopatra, lifted over the desert, their boat becomes their burden to Schenectady. There it is launched anew, and pushed up the Mohawk to Rome. From the Mohawk, it goes overland to Wood Creek; through that, it hoists sails on Oneida Lake, feels its way along Oswego, Seneca and Clyde Rivers, into Mud Creek. After a voyage so peculiar, of five hundred miles in twenty-eight days, this well-freighted argosy comes to anchorage at the mouth of Mill Brook, Monday, 2d of May, 1792.

Could we return upon that fine spring morning, it would delight us to witness the play of surprise, zest, and curiosity, as it appears in the colony just set down in the wilderness. The practical, strong-minded men walk forth to observe the strength and depth of the soil and to take in the lay of the land. Their inward thought is, here is to be our home, here we are to work out our destiny for time and eternity, here are to be our graves, here the inheritance we leave to our children. They gravely contemplate changes worthy of thoughtful, educated Christian men.

The romantic spirits among them admire the height and hue of the out-budding trees, and catch the spirit of the deep and glorious woods. Of the girls, one seeks the wild flowers; another watches the birds that sing among the branches. Of the boys, one is preparing to catch the salmon or bass that sport in the untried stream; another is picking his flint for a shot at a partridge drumming upon a neighboring log. If among them there are any made up of fearful, trembling material, they trace with apprehension the remains of an old wigwam, or the trail of the Indian hunter. They are startled at the track of some monster in the soft earth, at the marks of bears' claws upon the trees, or at the snarling of distant wolves. Indeed, they think it a dismal undertaking to make an abiding-place a town in this frowning solitude.

I see the newly-arrived radiating from the landing, climbing the summits, marking the locality of their future homes. As they return to the table spread for them in the wilderness, what themes of interest, conjecture, and surprise, absorb their conversation! The whole scene suggests to us the verse in which Virgil sings the arrival of the Trojans upon the banks of the Tiber: —

> *"Urbem, et fines, et litora gentis*
> *Diversi explorant."*

> "When next the rosy morn disclosed the day,
> The scouts to several parts divide their way,
> To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
> The coasts and trendings of the crooked shore."

To the eye of the pioneers of this community there was indeed a sober side. In the very newness and fatness of the soil they see miasm and death. Friends and physicians are far away. Who will be the first victims of disease? Then what labors look them in the face! By deed, they have received five thousand five hundred acres to subdue. But there is not a whisper of return, no putting the hand to the plow and looking back. Resolution rises with obstacles.

Soon the axe gives its clear, metallic ring through these valleys. The giant Anaks of the forest creak, groan, stagger, and come thundering to the ground. Fires roar and rush through the dry fallow. In the dim night, flames gleam from either side across the creek. Smoke obscures the sun, giving the day the mystic hue of Indian-summer. The sprouting wheat grows rank among the stumps. The reapers sing as they bind the tall and golden sheaves. Rude but pleasant homes rise along these hillsides. The buzz of the wheel, the stroke of the loom, tell of domestic industry, of the discreet and beautiful women once so aptly described by a king's mother. Hearts are knit for life while fingers are busy in knitting the woolen or flaxen fibre. Nuptials are celebrated in homespun. Little children look out the windows, and run among the trees. The town-meeting is called. The schoolhouse goes up. The master is abroad. Mutual necessities and hardships among neighbors awaken mutual interest and hospitalities. Each has a helping hand to rear up a house for the new-comer, to sow and harvest the fields of a sick brother. The funeral as it files through the woods to the final resting-place calls out a long and sympathetic procession. It does not cost the living the last pittance to bury their dead. Those scant in pocket can afford to die. Poor-laws are superseded by the laws of kindness and reciprocity. . . .

As the little boat must bring its frame and fastenings within itself, so the *principles* of your fathers were the ribs and bolting of their character. They could not leave them behind. These principles were a well-set, a vertebrated column.

At the base was *individual responsibility* directly to Heaven. . . . This doctrine of independent thought and direct accountability to Heaven met the Puritan's *estimate of the Bible*, as the tenon the mortise.

. . . As he regarded the conscience unbound by the appointments of men, so was he tenacious of the *institutions of God*. To the Puritan, the *family* was as ancient as Eden,— the arrangement of the Creator, cherished by nature, protected by direct command. The birds have their own nests. How curiously they weave them! how lovingly they pillow them with down, and cover them under the sheltering branch! The family is the downy nest for the first hopes, joys, and sorrows of life. Parents and children nestle together under the wing of covenant love. Every man thought his own wife the best. Indiana divorces and Mormon marriages had not then abrogated the denunciations of Heaven against adulterers and adulteresses.

The Puritan received the *Sabbath* on no mere human or church command, as Michaelmas and St. Patrick's are enforced. It was the divine authority that hooked into his conscience and fastened it, the "Sabbath of the Lord his God," framed into the very structure of man's wants, rendered perpetual by the Decalogue, and declared by the Saviour, "made for man,"—for man in all ages, in all climes, the harbinger and foretaste of heaven. It was twenty-four hours long, like other days; and God "challenged a special property" in the entire day. The sky was more serene, the birds sang more sweetly, on the Sabbath day. Then the harmonies of creation and redemption blended in the soul.

The *church* was a congregation of Christ's disciples, drawn together by the elective affinity of faith and love, fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God, — a body republican in constitution, tolerant in spirit, free in communion.

It is not strange that the Puritan carried his principles of personal responsibility into the *State*, which, like the Church, he regarded as the institution of God. He submitted to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, provided Cæsar did not trench upon the prerogative of Jehovah. *Then*, like Mordecai, he sat in the king's gate, neither bowing, nor doing obeisance. The Puritan conscience has ever been a stubborn thing to those who tyrannize by divine right. It has proved the advancing iron prow, breaking its way through ice-bound channels of consolidated oppression, and often clearing the way for those who at first denounced its firmness as obstinacy.

Like the antagonistic cordage that holds the mast of the ship firmly upright, or as the flexor and extensor of the human arm, the principles of the Puritan went in pairs. Affection for children and strict authority over them; private frugality and public generosity; fervid emotion and cool reflection; freedom and responsibility; faith and works; a dependence on God, as though the creature could do nothing; an activity and adaptation, as though all success came from his own agency, — these sentiments, only apparently contradictory, were the balance and strength of the Puritan life. He was not the man to go over the falls from persistency in rowing with one oar. Conservative, yet progressive, without contempt for the past, he looked out with hopefulness and expectation upon the future. Said the devoted John Robinson in his farewell to the Pilgrim band, "I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that ye follow me no further than ye have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has much more truth to break from His holy word."

But it is especially befitting this hour to refer to the fathers' *estimate of the sanctuary.* By no means forgetting that God was a *spirit*, to be enthroned in their loftiest thoughts and holiest affections, they were yet careful to strike a golden mean between a formalism that quenches life and a spiritualism too sublimed for this terrene state. They saw that the purest oil could not give light in darkness without a wick around which the flame might play. The pioneers felt the need of external worship, of a "tabernacle in the wilderness," where public instruction, prayer, and song, should address the ear, the eye, and stir and cheer the social nature. They also remembered their old sanctuary left at their island home. . . .

. . . The Sabbath drew on, in which they were to do no work. Like the Pilgrims at Plymouth, your fathers consecrated their first Lord's Day in Palmyra to the worship of God; and to the present moment not a Sabbath has gone by without the solemn assembly. That spot is worthy of a monument, where, young and old, they hallowed the first Sabbath by thanksgiving for past mercies, and by invoking blessings upon their future toil. As the trees waved in the wind, their hearts bowed under the divine Spirit. As their voices rose to heaven,

> "The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthems of the free."

Here was grove-worship without the taint of idolatry. . . .

In the summer of 1793 this church was organized, the first west of Oneida Lake. Deacon Stephen Reeves and Deacon David H. Foster were the Moses and Aaron of this infant Israel; the former meek, retiring, yet strong in faith, giving glory to God; the latter gifted in speech, and a leader in the service of song. As the new-born Saviour was cherished in a manger, so this youthful church was sheltered in a barn. At an early day a meeting was called to devise means to secure the preaching of the gospel. Captain Joel Foster was commissioned to hasten to Bloomfield, and engage the services of a young clergyman by the name of Ezekiel Chapman. A large audience gathered in Deacon Foster's barn to listen to the inaugural sermon. The text (Acts 10 : 29), "Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for. I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me." Sermon the next Sabbath in the same place (Acts 10 : 33), "Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

The Lord of angels, born in a stable, graced the assemblies then worshiping in the place where the sheep and horned oxen fed. There the heavens opened over the Sabbath congregation. There the faithful celebrated the Holy Supper. There the Hannahs and Elkanahs presented their children in covenant faith. . . . That sainted mother in Israel, Mrs. Ruth Durfee, daughter of Deacon Stephen Reeves, declared that while her venerable father, with locks white as the snows of winter, was offering the concluding prayer in Deacon Mason's barn, on the Sabbath day, she turned her face, not to the wall, but against the hay-mow, and while her father plead with Heaven, she gave her heart to Christ. In the secret cave, on the desolate moor or the solitary shore, where God meets His people, *there* is the sanctuary of the Most High. These migratory synagogues in the forest, barn, and schoolhouse, continued for fifteen years.

In 1806 the people met to discuss the expediency of erecting a house of worship. The question of locality was sharply contested. "One hundred dollars," said Oliver Clark, "if on the north side of the creek; fifty dollars if on the south side." "One hundred dollars," said Humphrey Sherman, "if on the south side; nothing if on the north side." The south side had it. The amount subscribed was $960.49. Dimensions of the house, fifty-four by sixty-four. Eagerness to occupy the house outran the ability to finish it. Rather than embarrass the enterprise with debt, the house at its dedication, Jan. 11, 1810, was left somewhat rude, compared with the present temple. In the heat of summer, the sheep of an adjoining pasture used to take shelter under the sleepers, — mark, I mean the timbers under the floor, for there were no sleepers among the worshipers above. Of the score of windows, but five were glazed, the rest opaque with rough boards; no steeple, no plastering, no wainscoting, no furnace save a fire of coals in the midst, like that in the hall of the high priest where Peter warmed himself. And since the fathers could not bear smoke in their eyes, more than Peter sin on his conscience, this fire of coals was put away, and in the clear, cold light of winter, devout men and women sat out long prayers and long sermons, keeping warm by the glow of love to Christ, by the mental effort of wrestling with the doctrines of free-will and destiny, and by climbing amid the sublimities of the divine government and perfections. Some of you can remember the furtive eye of childhood as it glanced to the naked rafters, where the swallow had found a nest for herself, or where some neighboring wheelwright was seasoning his timber, or farmer curing his flax, in the loft above. The pulpit rested upon one pedestal and was formed in the shape of a goblet or the socket of the golden candlestick, having reference, without doubt, to the light that was to shine there. There were doors to invite worshipers from the east, the north, and the west. The gallery extended around three sides, the choir occupying the entire front, — Deacon David H. Foster in the centre with his pipe to give the pitch. To catch the more perpendicular droppings of the word, the other deacons were seated under the pulpit.

Such was the second, if not the first house of worship in Western New York. It was built by sacrifice, and, though "*a tabernacle in the wilderness*," it proved a place of power, because accepted as a palace of the Lord our God. . . .

Of the pioneers, — embracing the first and succeeding arrivals from Long Island, and those who joined with them in laying the foundations of this community, — I have spoken with the freedom, perhaps with the partiality, of admiration. That every one bore the character I have drawn is not probable; that all were sinners, and needed atoning blood, none felt more deeply than themselves: but they were ahead of their age. We are not called to-day to go backward with shame-facedness, holding up the mantle of charity to cover their faults, but gratefully to look upward, and receive the mantle of their virtues. Before we blame, let us be sure that we exercise equal fortitude and self-denial; that in their circumstances we should have done better for God and posterity. Before we talk of rough diamonds, let us see to it that we shine not in false brilliants. I am not in a mood to put out my eyes in searching for spots on the sun, or to use smoked glass in measuring eclipses and obscurations. . . .

. . . Hold on then, advance in the doctrine of truth and holiness. You have done well in adding beauty to the strength of your sanctuary. You know too much to trust in any thing short of the Spirit of God. When the children of Israel looked to their ark for help, they and their ark were carried away captive. You best honor your ancestors, not by boasting of their piety, but by imitating it, and by going on to higher degrees of faith and power. With these new lines of elegance and grace in architecture, forget not the beauty of holiness and the grace of God. Let family religion burn clear and bright upon every hearth. Let the Sabbath ever shine in hallowed rays upon your hearts, homes, and landscape. The Puritan has no preference for rudeness. His worship invites all that is charming in music, attractive in taste, redolent in flowers, provided they do not divert from the simplicity of his faith, or smother the fires on his altars.

If our love to Jesus be supreme, He accepts the *condition* of His worshipers. To Moses on the rough mountain-side, He appeared in the bush. While Israel abode in tents, the Shekinah illuminated "the tabernacle in the wilderness." When the people of God came to dwell in sealed houses, no gold or gems were too precious to adorn the temple of His praise. This comely edifice has grown out of the principles of your fathers. Attractive to childhood, to mature mind, and to pious affection, may this new temple long stand a monument of the *endurance*, *principles*, and *worship*, of the patriarchs of this Zion.

From this spire may tones mellow and inviting fall upon the ear. May this orchestra vibrate the praises of the heart. From this pulpit may

> "The violated law speak out
> Its thunders; and, in strains more sweet
> Than angels use, the Gospel whisper Peace."

As I behold in this audience ministers and members of other churches, I rejoice that in our free, Puritan system, "life takes the precedence of form," that the heart is left to go out in cordial fellowship to every disciple of our common Redeemer. . . .

. . . My young brethren, the old trees are falling. Let the young orchard be so rooted and grafted as to bear fairer and still more abundant fruit. As to-day we look into the solemn future, we inquire, Shall these foundations again be relaid? Shall a coming generation ever regard this structure as antiquated, and replace it by a type of still higher order and taste, — a type still further removed from "the tabernacle in the wilderness"? In another century, shall another dedication recall *your* memory? God grant that you may be so true to the trust committed to you, that it may then appear to your listening spirits, that you have transmitted an unimpaired, yea an improved, inheritance to the ages. . . .

Something like the following was his manner of jotting down the framework of an extempore discourse: this was preached on a funeral occasion, and the memoranda taken after its delivery: —

Mark 4 : 35. "And the same day, when the even was come, He saith unto them, Let us pass over to the other side."

Describe scenery around Lake of Galilee. Jesus in boat. Hill, where people were gathered around Him, rising gradually from the shore. Jesus had preached all day; tired. Gave command of text. Beautiful exhibition of humanity and divinity of our Lord. Jesus, a perfect *man*, was weary; laid "His head on a pillow;" slept. Resting in gunwale of that little boat, a flaw came down from mountain, just as now. Winds roared, waves tossed their heads, tempest raged. These noises did not awaken Jesus; but the *single cry*, the prayer of His disciples, *did* awaken Him. Now behold His *divinity.* He speaks to winds, they lulled to rest; to waves, and not a ripple. "There was a great calm." Christ can do the same now to the tossed and tried spirit.

"And the same day, when the even was come, He saith unto them, Let us pass over to the other side."

(1) There *is* "another side." Those about to cross the ocean look up every thing in regard to the other side. Strange that we are so occupied in the present that we forget "the other side."

(2) Jesus said, "Let *us* pass over to the other side." He does not say, "Pass *thou* over to the other side," but, "Let *us*," etc. Death is a night voyage. It may be stormy. But *Christ* will be *with* the believer as he passes "over to the other side." When the right, the best time comes, He will say, "Let *us* pass," etc.

(3) *Blessedness* of "the other side." — An evergreen shore, immortal youth, no weariness, pain, no heartache, *no sin.* Refer to emigrants who embarked on our ship from northern coast of Ireland. True, they shed some tears at parting, but, on the whole, hopeful, cheerful. Their treasures had been transferred; their friends had gone on before. They were passing "over to the other side," where was a "better country." The Christian is going to "a better country, even a heavenly."

We cannot omit an allusion to the vein of humor that was so truly a part of Dr. Eaton's nature. Curbed and consecrated as it was, it proved a handmaid rather than a hindrance to him as pastor and preacher. What he said at the funeral of Columbus Croul, Esq., of Lyons, was literally true of himself: —

> His religion sanctified and subsidized for good a natural trait which is too often a wayward and dangerous gift. Mirth twinkled in his eye, facetiousness, pleasantry, repartee, dropped naturally and pleasantly from his lips. Tempered by conscience, restrained by kindness, they stopped short of sarcasm and of foolish jesting, which are not convenient. With him, "Wit was the yeast to enliven wisdom."

He enjoyed fishing. He loved to mingle in the sports of children. He would stand at his window and with delight watch the boys and girls as with shouts of glee they coasted down the sidewalk in front of his house.

He early commenced work among the young of his congregation. To all who correctly recited the Assembly's Shorter Catechism he presented a gilt-edged reference Bible. In one year forty or fifty obtained this prize. He preached a series of sermons to the children, entitled "Homeward Steps." They were to furnish his texts. On the first Sabbath they were each to bring on a slip of paper a single word from the Bible. From the many he selected one as the theme for the ensuing Sabbath. Then they brought texts of two words, then of three, and so on. Much interest and searching of the Scriptures were excited among the little people. Late in life, he occasionally made a short sermon to the children a prelude to his regular Sabbath morning's discourse.

The First Robin of the Spring.

> Eccl. 10:20. "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."
>
> The last summer a pair of robins built their nest in the lone apple-tree, not far from my study-window. There they rested, watched, and fed their two broods of young ones; there they sang through the long, bright, summer days. They were the charm of the garden. After the last rose of summer had faded, and the maple-leaf had grown red as the bird's breast, at the sunset hour, the robin chanted his farewell song.

The absence of the robins was mourned by the forsaken nest, the trees, and the parsonage.

On the glad morning of the 12th of March, the last year's songster was again in the top of his old apple-tree, by his old nest. His voice was clearer, louder, richer, than ever before. To *me*, it was the first robin of the spring, and started some grateful and profitable reflections.

As the dove with the olive-branch in her mouth brought hope to Noah, so the first robin brought spring on his wings, and said, "The winter is over and gone." Soon will follow the warm shower, the oriole, the tulip, and the peach-blow.

The first robin's song carried me back to the springtime of my life. The robin was the favorite bird of my boyhood. It was ever a bright day when the first robin of spring came to my mountain home and sung his first carol in the oak-tree down before the east door.

As the same moon and stars that shone upon me in life's young morning shine upon me now, so the same robin red-breast that chanted in "the old roof-tree" seems now singing in my own garden, though so far away.

Do robins ever die? Ask your father and mother who attend their funeral, where is their burying-place.

But may I not hold a short dialogue with my pilgrim robin, and ask him something of his journal and his journey? Does not my text say, "That which hath wings shall tell the matter"?

"Well, my merry bird, why did you leave us the last fall?"

"The skies began to scowl, the nest grew chill. But, most of all, the grubs we ate in the spring, the cherries we shared in summer, the red plums on which we lived in autumn, failed us. Cold and hunger drove us away."

"And where did you find your winter home?"

"Amid the palmetto and orange-groves of the sunny South."

"Did you go by rail, or by sail?"

"Not by rail. My wings were my sails. I did not pay my passage: I worked it. My course was the air-line, —

swift, gay, and free. If storms drove from the north, we outstripped the wind, and arrived by a single flight. If the sky was fair, at inviting fields we alighted for rest and food."

"Where is your mate this morning?"

"She is on the way, and will soon join me here. I, who am a bird of stronger wing, have come before to refit our old home, and prepare for housekeeping anew. Our conjugal tie is for life. We are no Mormons."

"By what almanac did you begin your voyage? By what guide-book, compass, chart, did you direct your way?"

"I carry my almanac, compass, and chart in my own red breast. He that made me guides me. 'Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? How knoweth the stork her appointed time? the crane and the swallow, the time of their coming?' Who teaches the blue-fish navigation, as through the ocean-depths he comes back to the day to his native shores?"

"Why did you come north this spring?"

"The north is my home, my birthplace. At the south I roam in indolence: here I work, sing, and rear my brood."

Young friends, "Behold the birds of the air," their coming, going, their beautiful dress, their innocent joy. Love the robin. Listen to his morning and evening song, and, when the parent bird sets up the shrill and plaintive cry for help to rescue her young from the prowling enemy, fly to her aid.

Dear children, God has given you a life above that of the bird. You are of more value than many robins. If you love the Saviour, you will some day fly beyond the stars, to have your home in the garden, the paradise of God, there to sing the song of redeeming love.

Sermon to Children. "The Man in the Moon."

Gen. 1:16. "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

Dear children, as Adam was created a man of full size, how do you suppose he felt when he first looked up into the sky, and saw the sun in all its glory? How did he feel as the sun went down for the first time in the west, the first night shutting in around him? Did he think there would ever be another morning? Was it not a cheering sight when the full moon came up in the east, and led on her train of stars through the sky?

The soft and silvery light of the moon is easier for our eyes than the dazzling rays of the sun, and we can look at it more steadily. The moon is beautiful in the night. It is the orb nearest the earth. Through the telescope we see its mountains. It was not made for *other* worlds: it is *our* lantern, hung up in the sky to guide *us* safely by night. Young eyes love to watch its changes, — the new, the full, "the harvest moon." To the ancient shepherds who kept their flocks by night, the dark spots on the moon presented the nose, the eyes, the mouth, of a human face: hence they spoke, as we do, of "the man in the moon." It is an innocent *fancy*, which we may for a moment treat as a reality.

"The man in the moon" is *very aged.* He is older than Adam. He looked down on Eden, where the tree of knowledge and the tree of life grew. Though wrinkled, he is not yet gray. He will hold on to attend the funeral of the last of the sons of earth. We shall then no longer need his light, and his lamp will go out.

Dear children, when you look the "man in the moon" full in the face, you see the same old character that Adam, Noah, and Job saw.

The "man in the moon" is *an exact time-keeper.* In some cities they have a tower-clock as a regulator, by which they set their watches. "God appointed the moon for times, for seasons." The Jews, the Egyptians, the Druids, looked to the new moon for the beginning of their months. New moons measured off their years. New moons fixed the day of their feasts. The increasing moon they trusted: the waning moon they feared.

The "man in the moon" is a *great discoverer.* Columbus found America; but the "man in the moon," in his first balloon-voyage, looked down on all continents, islands, rivers, oceans, and polar seas. This eye-witness in the moon not only sees places, but things that have been done, both good and evil. Could this old observer speak, he might tell us of the wild flight of Adam and Eve from the garden, of Noah riding in safety over a drowned world, of the ruin of Babel, the wanderings of Israel in the wilderness, the grave of Moses, the destruction of Sodom, Babylon, Palmyra, and Jerusalem. The moon in full orb shone on Christ in His agony in sad Gethsemane, and on His sepulchre.

The "man in the moon" is *kind in his influence.* He never sleeps in his watch-tower. He holds out his lamp to the tempest-tossed on the sea, to the wrecked on the shore. He throws light on the path of the lost child, and guides the traveler over the desolate moor. To give Joshua the victory in battle, he stood still in the Valley of Aijalon. By his timely ray he saved Constantinople from its besiegers, and ever since, that city has held up the crescent as the emblem of its national safety.

How much do we all owe to the moon as it shines into our windows, and lights us on our way! The "man in the moon" never turns his back on our world. He always keeps the same honest face toward old and young, rich and poor.

Children, when you see the new moon over the right or over the left shoulder (it makes no difference which), think of the goodness of God, that through all the ages has given men so charming a light by night. When you trace the features of the human face in the full moon, resolve to be always at your post, whether it be at work, or at church, or at the Sabbath-school. "Where duty calls, or danger, be never wanting there." The "man in the moon" never leaves his post.

Be prompt — in your seat at school, everywhere. The "man in the moon" is never tardy a second.

In itself the moon is dark. It borrows all the light it has from the sun, and sends it down into our gloomy nights. So you, my dear children, have no light in yourselves. But if you look to Jesus, and study the Bible, you may receive light from Christ, the Sun of righteousness, and by word and example you may enlighten those who have lost their way, and lead them into paths of safety and peace.

Sermon to Children. The North Star.

Job 22:12. "Behold the height of the stars, how high they are!"

Dear children, I knew a very good woman,[1] who lived almost a hundred years. She was born on one of the cold, bleak hills of Massachusetts. She told me that when she was a child she was out one winter's evening, and that her eyes and thoughts were directed above, to the stars. She said she was so impressed with the greatness, goodness, and purity of God, and with her own littleness, dependence, and sinfulness, that there alone, under the stars, she gave up her heart in penitence and prayer to the Saviour. From that time onward to the end of life, she regarded that looking-up to "the height of the stars" as blessed by the Holy Spirit to her conversion. In her long life she was the means of "turning many to righteousness," and no doubt, according to the promise, she herself is to "shine as a star for ever and ever."

Young friends, if you should give yourselves to counting the stars this evening as they begin to peep out after sunset, you could with the naked eye number some seven thousand. Should you look through a good telescope, millions of stars would seem to you like golden dust on the floor of heaven. Some stars are larger, brighter, nearer, than others. Some stars are constantly changing their places.

But there is one star that does not move. Job says, "God stretcheth out *the north* over the empty place." If you look away over Greenland and the frozen ocean, you will see a star fixed in that "empty place," set fast like a diamond in the sky. While northern lights flash, while meteors blaze and die out, while comets come and go, that star always shines from the same spot with a kind and steady ray.

This North Star is that faithful old sentinel to which the sailor-boy looks when he keeps his midnight watch on deck, far, far at sea. He remembers that this star shines down upon the cot where he was born.

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[1] Mrs. Dr. Gain Robinson.

The North Star has lighted many a slave-mother fleeing with her child before bloodhounds and negro-hunters to the land of the free. To those out on the ocean sailing, to those lost on the prairie or the desert, it has been a safe guide, a true friend.

Another wonder about the North Star. The magnetic needle of the sailor's compass cares very little for other stars, but always points for its rest and home to the North Star. Guided by the compass and the North Star, the ship makes her way through rough and stormy seas to the distant port.

Now, dear children, what the North Star is to the tempest-tossed mariner, so is Christ to those out on the perilous voyage of life. He is the sure guide. In the very morning of your days you need a friend to whom it is safe to look, as the sailor looks to the North Star.

"Behold the height of the stars, how high they are!" how many, how bright, they are! See God in the stars. They are His thoughts, His work, and, like the aged saint of whom I have spoken, submit your heart in childhood to Him. Take Christ, the Star of Bethlehem, as your light, your guide. Then, as the North Star attracts the needle of the sailor's compass, so Christ will touch the needle of your heart with His love. He will be your delight. You will sail under a faithful pilot with an unerring compass and chart, and though seas be boisterous and wild, you will come safe to the haven, you will anchor in the harbor.

Will not each one of you take Jesus as the Polar Star of your faith, your hope, your life?

Dr. Eaton was ever at the front on the question of temperance. He was a total abstainer at home and abroad. No water in Naples or Rome was so impure that bringing it up to 212° Fahrenheit and an effusion of tea or coffee did not render it safe for him. Persistent waiters in hotel or steamer, being before instructed of their employers, and determined to run up a wine-bill, did not intimidate him. In the pleasant company with whom he traveled in Egypt, he had friends who feared the results of his abstemiousness upon his health, as did the ancient steward for the four young *protégés* of the Babylonian king. But when he, the oldest of the party, reached the ground from the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, they gathered around him, and exclaimed with cheers, "Bravo, Dr. Eaton! We will urge you no longer to partake of our wine. You have more courage and strength without it than we with it."

At the last meeting of General Assembly to which he was a delegate, held at Madison, Wis., May, 1880, he was appointed one of a committee of nine "to consider the expediency of establishing a permanent committee of the General Assembly on Temperance." This permanent committee made its first report in 1882. When Hon. William E. Dodge, its chairman, was removed by death, it was Dr. Eaton's prayer that the mantle of that standard-bearer might fall upon some one equally wise and fearless.

While he welcomed every remedial agency and organization, he nevertheless believed that the Christian Church had a most important work to perform in the cause of temperance, and that influences from the cross of Christ and from the Holy Spirit were to be relied on to give success to efforts for the recovery of the fallen. He was assured the time would ere long come when the disciples of Jesus would utterly and forever free themselves from all complicity with the rum traffic, at whatever cost of money, position, or political preferment.

By example and precept, Dr. Eaton sought to encourage the keeping of the Sabbath day. In a letter he says: —

I always loved the Sabbath. It was ever a pleasant day at the old home. I was never wearied in reading the Bible, or listening to my mother's good words. But then perhaps it was a matter of romance, of sympathy with friends. Now I think I have an inward spiritual delight in the Lord's Day. It is to me a foretaste of the rest that remains.

We copy a few paragraphs from a report presented by him at an Annual Meeting of Geneva Presbytery, held at Palmyra, Feb. 7, 1854. It was upon the question, "Is it right for a member of the church to collect toll at the gate of a plank road upon the Sabbath?"

The discoveries, improvements, and changes of every succeeding period, bring the church in contact with new duties and temptations, and yet the Holy Scriptures do not pretend to describe the *minutiæ* of every lawful or unlawful act, nor to give *specific* directions for every position in which the Christian may be placed. Between the lines of right and wrong, so clearly defined as not to admit of doubt, there is often a space where the honest inquirer may for a time innocently hesitate. But if the Bible does not prescribe the precise steps of duty, in all the varying circumstances of our probationary state, the spirit and great principles of conduct are so clearly revealed and illustrated that the mind candidly asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," will not long remain without clear and definite conviction in regard to the course most consistent with the revealed will of God.

. . . "But if to collect toll is Sabbath desecration, then the *company* break the Sabbath by *employing men to do it.*" This deduction from our positions we must admit to be legitimate. David committed murder by another. What we do by our agent, we do ourselves. In human law this is a principle of settled authority. The man who *only aids and abets* stealing, forging, counterfeiting, is held guilty of the crime.

If the collector at a toll-gate should overcharge or abuse the public, the company would be accountable for the work of their agent. What, then, shall we say of the *moral* accountability of the company who invest their money, and employ their agents, in Sabbath-breaking establishments? What though the disciple of Christ may go to the house of God, yea, come into the sacred desk, yet if he employ men in forbidden labor upon the Sabbath, is he not as really implicated in breaking the Sabbath as though he were a conductor of a Sabbath train, or a collector of tolls on the Sabbath day? If *individuals* are held to keep the Sabbath day holy, then any *associated number* are bound to keep the Sabbath day holy. No company or corporation can become so rich or numerous as to defy the command of God with impunity. This should be well considered by every professor of religion who holds stock in the great Sabbath-breaking enterprises of the day.

But does any one thus implicated inquire, What shall I do? We answer, Before you invested, you should have known that your property would not have been employed in violation of the holy day. It is a poor stewardship to use God's money against His Sabbath.

But you are *already* implicated. Then bring all your individual and corporate influence to bring back these otherwise noble agencies from the desecration of the Sabbath. Let the people of God present a bold, united front against this great evil, and they will be rescued from the service of Satan. Give us the key to the treasures belonging to the church in this country, and we can *command* the observance of the sacred hours by all these great enterprises. We have God with us. We have the consciences, yea, the interests, of worldly men with us.

We believe it is the cowering, yielding cupidity of the church that is accountable in a great degree for this increasing evil.

But you say you have done all you can, and have no hope of reformation. Railroads, plank-roads, — they will continue to break the Sabbath. Then the word of God is plain, "Come out of them, my people," be not "a partaker of their sins." Sacrifice, if need be. Be not accessory to the desecration of God's holy day. Hundreds of good men have already done it. Let *all* good men do it. Let them stand aloof from Sabbath-breaking railroads, plank-roads, and all Sabbath-breaking enterprises, and what a change would come over our villages, our churches, our land! The business, the voluptuousness, the intemperance of this age, are pressing upon the sacred enclosure of the Sabbath. Millions swarm among us from other countries where the true idea of a Christian Sabbath is not known. If God's people do not conscientiously observe the Sabbath, and stand boldly by it, this moral sky-light will be shut up, Egyptian darkness will close in around us, and the hopes of our country go out in despair.

The above argument has been strictly confined to the question placed at the head of this discussion. Are not the principles equally fitted to try the right or wrong of other practices in this community? We urge a self-applying consideration of the above positions upon every stockholder and agent of Sabbath-running railroads, upon collectors, forwarders, lock-tenders, and boatmen engaged on our canals.

Must not the professed disciple of Christ regard the Sabbath labor connected with each of these employments as at least doubtful, and as presenting the appearance of evil; yea, more, as an actual infraction of the letter and spirit of the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"?

Dr. Eaton used to cite the manifest tokens of divine favor on the Chautauqua Association, as connected with their consistent example in literally following the command given by Nehemiah (13:19): "And it came to pass when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the Sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath; and some of my servants set I at the gates."

In his private and public prayers, Dr. Eaton did not so much inform Jehovah at length of creeds or events, as tell Him his needs, his wants. Oblivious to every thing about him, with becoming reverence and loving trust, he poured out his soul before the Lord. All who heard him felt that he was in the presence of some one whom he had met before, and who was then listening to him. None but God, and those most intimate with him, knew how truly prayer was the habit of his life. Ejaculatory prayer, "shooting-up prayers," as he phrased it, sending brief messages to the mercy-seat at all times, unobserved by men, he esteemed a delightful privilege. But he never allowed this practice to forestall his regular seasons of prayer, when he entered into his closet and shut the door. Often, when wrestling with God, his eyes were held waking. How was he wont to plead to be delivered from "self-seeking, self-will, and distrust of God"! Thus one spiritual foe after another was vanquished, one victory after another won. With him the trend was ever upward. What were snares before lost all power to annoy. "Out of weakness he was made strong." What he considered his shortcomings and imperfections were transmuted, by prayer and the blessed alchemy of the cross, into "spiritual symmetry and power," until, to those who looked on from the nearest view, it seemed that the apostle's words, "*Triumph in Christ,*" were written on his whole nature. Nothing was further from his thought than that he had "already attained, either were already perfect"; but, like Paul, he did "follow after," he did "reach forth unto those things which were before," he did "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY TO ENGLAND AND IRELAND. — "FIRST NIGHT AT SEA." — RESIGNATION. — CLOSING SERMON AS PASTOR. — THOUGHTS FOR THE AGED. — CHARGE TO THE PEOPLE AT ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF HIS SUCCESSOR. — LAST FOUR YEARS AND A HALF OF LIFE. — LABORS AT MARION, N.Y. — LIGHT AT EVENING TIME. — LETTERS.

In October, 1878, Dr. Eaton took a short trip to Great Britain. He had been suffering for a few weeks previous from malaria. This made him more willing to accept the kind invitation of his friend. He hoped to come home well, and fresh for earnest, spiritual work in his parish at the opening of the winter. The anticipated benefit was not realized. The effects of a violent cold taken just before sailing were severe and protracted. He prefaces a sermon preached on his return by a short account of his journey: —

William R. Hart, Esq., thirty years ago a resident of Palmyra and a student in our Union School, now a merchant in Philadelphia, feeling the necessity of a short season of recreation, with a large generosity but a strange preference, sent to me an urgent invitation to accompany him in a trip to England. During the last three months, fearful storms have swept the sea, and strewed many a shore with wrecks. Our voyage out was tempestuous. On the thirteenth day we came in sight of the Irish coast. "Land ahead," "Bantry Bay," "Cape Clear," "Galley Head," "Old Head of Kinsale," "Fastnet Rock," "Roches' Point," were the successive cries as we approached the splendid harbor of Queenstown. We saw this city under a bright sun and a brilliant sky. Our eyes were drawn to the fortifications, to Spike Island, and the amphitheatre of mansions rising one above another around the shore. Romantic scenery lined the River Lee, as we passed up fourteen miles to Cork. There we were specially diverted by the green lawns tinged with yellow, by the dike shaded by the yew and the laurel, and by Father Mathew's monument in the market-place. Just out of Cork we passed Blarney Castle. For kissing the Blarney-stone the train made no provision. From Cork around through Tipperary, Queen's, and Kildare counties, to Dublin, was one hundred and sixty-four miles. The whole way we watched with interest the rural felicity and infelicity, — stacks of grain and hay, fields where men and women were gathering their harvests of roots, now a lordly dwelling, then a straw-thatched cottage or more comfortable home, churches and graveyards, — all dear to many a heart in America. The attractions of the Irish capital were the River Liffey, the castle, cathedral, park, university, and a grand temperance convocation, in which Protestants and Romanists were united in fervent zeal. Across the Irish Channel, from Dublin to Hollyhead in Wales, was a delightful sail of three hours. Through North Wales to Chester we watched the well-cultivated fields, the black cattle, the mountains, mines, manufactures, and modest churches of these unconquered, original Britons. Chester, that old city, with its Roman wall and battle-ground, where iron Romans first contended with Britons, and where Cromwell's "Ironsides" conquered the cavaliers of Charles I., next commanded our time and thought; then to Liverpool, that centre of the world's commerce, with her eight miles of docks up and down the Mersey ("the quality of which is not strained"); then on two hundred miles over the railroad, where George Stephenson made his first trial of the steam locomotive. — This brought us to Trafalgar Square. Every road leads to London; every thing is marked for London; and so were we. Here antiquities and wonders multiply to any extent. The sun, meanwhile, was in a chronic eclipse. The obelisk once hidden from the eyes of Moses by the three-days' darkness, now transferred to the shore of the Thames, was shrouded from our eyes by the London fog. By the cold, thick, corroding atmosphere of London, we were driven two hundred and fifty miles to the south of England, to Devonshire, Plymouth, Torquay, where the soft breath of the continent invites the traveler and the invalid. Here we remained till we returned by the way of London to Liverpool. On the 4th of December we embarked on the "Ohio" for Philadelphia. The ocean, so furious in our going out, wore a uniform smile on our return. Nine days brought us to our native shore.

The First Night at Sea (Ps. 107 : 23–32).

. . . This night compels to a *searching review of the heart and life.*

When the sun shines, when the tide of life moves gayly, we too often forget God our Maker; but danger brings us to our senses. "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee. They poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." A night of peril will flash before the soul the follies, impurities, dishonesties of life, which we feel we cannot take with us into the presence of Jehovah. A storm at sea has brought many a careless heart face to face with God, there to relax its hold of idols, and to cast them overboard. Paul was a night and a day in the sea; and is not his word to the Corinthian Church tinged with this experience?—"Ye sorrowed after a godly sort. What carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge." The conviction of God's greatness and our own insignificance brought us next to the supporting assurance that the *gospel is the only religion for the tempest*, for a shipwrecked soul, for a shipwrecked world. Our God is available in the storm. "Our God is the God of salvation." John Wesley, when coming to America, was overtaken by a tempest, which aroused his fears. In the cabin he met two Moravian missionaries awaiting in cheerful calmness the result of the storm. He asked the ground of their serenity. "Our Father," they replied, "holds the winds in His fists, Our Saviour is at the helm. We are assured He will do all things well." This testimony was blessed to Mr. Wesley. From this time he entered into more abiding peace.

In our outward voyage, a poor spent bird from the Irish coast, driven a thousand miles before the wind, took refuge in the rigging of our ship. A kind hand caught the lost one, supplied meat for its hunger, and a cage for its rest. Soon the stranger began to utter sounds of confidence and contentment. Although of the raven brood, a carrion bird, a bird of ill-omen, yet such distress, such trust, conciliated all hearts, and secured the pledge that it should be restored to the green isle where it once nestled under the parental wing. Faith saved it from a watery grave.

By the winds of passion have we been driven on restless, weary wing from the shore of peace? Where can we fly for refuge from the storm? Where but to the gospel ark? A divine hand is there, ready to take in every repentant and believing spirit.

> "There safe thou shalt abide,
> There sweet shall be thy rest,
> And every longing satisfied
> With full salvation blest."

From his diary: —

Feb. 3, 1879. Good house yesterday. Communion service. My sermon was on the texts, "When I am weak, then am I strong"; "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." After the last hymn I asked the audience to be seated, read to them my resignation, and hastened home without a word to anybody.

The following is a copy of this paper: —

To the Western Presbyterian Church and Congregation, Palmyra, N.Y.: —

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS, — For years I have lived in view of the moment when it would be the will of our common Master that the relation between us, of pastor and people, should be dissolved. The thirtieth anniversary of my coming among you will occur on Wednesday of this week, the 5th inst. I have thought it timely to fix my resignation on this Sabbath. No one has suggested this step to me. But my own acquaintance with the duties of the Sabbath, the calls of the sick and dying, the necessity of frequent visitation over a large and widely extended congregation, has led me to shrink from further assuming these responsibilities. In tendering my resignation, be assured of my confidence in your attachment, and my gratitude for your co-operation, generosity, and forbearance. I love this flock too well to remain its pastor one hour longer than its best interests demand. To give you and myself an opportunity of making the changes consequent upon the dissolution of the pastoral relation, I would name the last Sabbath of April as the time of my closing service.

Your servant for Jesus' sake,
HORACE EATON.

He thus briefly writes to his sister: —

MARCH 11, 1879.

I have met my thirtieth anniversary with a resignation.

1. The duties increased.
2. My strength did not increase.
3. My beloved wife is breaking down under the care of her mother, — now eighty-six years of age, — and other duties. We both need rest. I think I have done right and that God will go with me. I see great imperfections during these years. My only hope is that I have a great Saviour. . . .

The action of the church and society toward him at this time was in every respect most gratifying and sustaining, — all that a filial, loving people could do; all that the sensitive heart so knit to them could think of asking.

Two letters — one from a home missionary in the West, and the other from a foreign missionary in the East — gave expression to the feelings of many at the unexpected tidings.

BRENHAM, TEX.

EDITOR JOURNAL, — Your issue of last week is now seven days old; but it was only on Tuesday that I received it. To me as to many others its most interesting matter is Dr. Eaton's letter of resignation. The New York "Evangelist" is not astray when it says, "Thousands will regret to learn that Rev. H. Eaton, D.D., pastor in Palmyra the last thirty years, has tendered his resignation. This has been an exceptionally pleasant pastorate. By thirty years of patient, able, and loving service, Dr. Eaton has become tenderly enshrined in the affections of the old and the young. And in Lyons Presbytery he has long been regarded with love and veneration as the patriarch of the body." Such words are only too tame. There are many of us to whom these tidings bring grief. Palmyra without Dr. Eaton would not be Palmyra. We have never known it so bereft. There are indeed thousands to rise up and call the good — I cannot say old — man blessed. It was a very exceptional privilege which we enjoyed who had him for our only pastor. That is one thing I would not change if I had the opportunity to live my life over again. There never was any nonsense about Horace Eaton. An honest scholar, a sturdy thinker, he gave his people the very marrow of truth. No one will question the statement that to him more than to any other single person are due the best elements in the characters of those among whom he has lived. I say *lived*, for his life has been as clear and straightforward as his sermons. A minister told me once that there was not one such pastor as Dr. Eaton in ten thousand. Another has said to me that he gained a clearer, better system of theology under Dr. Eaton's preaching than in the theological seminary.

WARNER B. RIGGS.

SMYRNA, ASIA MINOR, Feb. 15, 1879.

MY DEAR PASTOR, — I see your resignation in the "Evangelist." It gives me a pang. *What next? Heaven?*

Yours in sorrow,
MARIA A. WEST.

We copy the following remarks from his last sermon as pastor: —

. . . This morning the voice of years comes over me, now in the cheerful tone from the lyre on the myrtle-branch of hundreds of nuptial scenes, now in the minor key from the harp hung upon the willow and the cypress of as many rites funereal: —

"With their labors, hopes, and fears,
With their raptures and their tears,
Gone into the silent spheres, —
Thirty years."

Memories and emotions, songs and sadness, gathered into one throb, give depth and intensity to my own greeting to you as adopted from the text: "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

. . . My dear friends, I do not feel that I stand before you to-day greatly condemned in my own conscience for idleness or self-seeking during these thirty years. "I have coveted no man's silver." But alas! had I taken faster hold of these helps, had I rested more implicitly on the finished work of Christ, "prayed more in the Holy Ghost," breathed out more of the life of Christ as the Spirit was ready to breathe it in, what sins, failures, mistakes, had I escaped! what power with God and men had I gained! how many more of you had I won as stars in the crown of the Redeemer! When the sheeted dead shall wake and come to judgment, and I stand with the thousand whom I have committed to the earth, how terrible may then appear the results of my lack of faith and "prayer in the Holy Ghost"! Oh that I had prayed more! Nothing less than the merits of an infinite Saviour can cover me in that day; and how should I thank God that I have such an Advocate! . . .

Brethren, the moment of so much anxiety, the moment that severs our relation as pastor and people, has now come,—come as one of the sorest trials of my life, yet a trial invited by myself under the conviction that it was best for the cause of Christ, whose I am, and whom I serve. Amid the conflicting emotions of this moment I have three sources of comfort:—

First, we part in peace. Unbroken harmony has marked our protracted intercourse. For your sympathy in my necessities, for your forbearance toward my many infirmities, you have my sincerest gratitude. Go on, dear brethren and sisters, cultivating the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. In the selection and election of a new pastor, let a prayerful, conciliatory, unselfish temper pervade your hearts. A special anointing of God's grace will rest upon all who in simplicity and godly sincerity shall now repel every temptation to division, and shall set themselves in earnest prayer for the peace of Jerusalem. "They shall prosper that love thee;" "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces;" "For my brethren, my companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee." In our pleadings one for another and for this church we shall never be separated at the throne of grace.

My second consolatory thought is this,—Jesus is the living head of this church. He planted it in the wilderness. His grace has watered it. He has written her name upon the palms of both His hands. Built on Christ, cemented by His Spirit, comforted by the Father's love, "What shall separate us from the love of Christ! shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us; for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Finally, I am consoled by the hope I entertain of the young people of this congregation. "The fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live forever?" But "instead of the fathers are the children." Dear young friends, those gone before you have prayed, sacrificed, to establish this church. We must deliver it over into your hands: assume the responsibility; bear forward the ark of God. A career of "glory, honor, and immortality," opens before you. First, give your own selves to the Lord. Consecrate strength, enterprise, life, property, to building up this Zion, and in your turn hand it over, enlarged and beautified, to another generation. "And may the God of peace, which brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

On the 30th of March, 1879, he preached a sermon to the aged people of his congregation, from the text, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

. . . *An abiding Christ will make old age beautiful.* The gospel imparts a mellowed effulgence to the setting sun. Many of us, my brethren, have passed our threescore milestone. "The day goeth away." "The shadows are lengthened out." Our sun hastens to his going-down. It is at least "*toward* evening." But let us not fear as we enter into the cloud. A transfigured Saviour, who has been walking with us all the way, will yield to our cry, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

An abiding, indwelling Christ is a defence against the infirmities that are wont to sear the aged heart, against spleen, gloomy forebodings, morbid irritability, fault-finding with the present, one-sided praise of the past, which sometimes comes out in the whine, "The former days were better than these." The soul endued with the spirit of Christ will never grow old. Its wonted fires will flash up out of its ashes. Goodness, like Christ, is ever young. It will make age the complement and culminating glory of life. The keepers of this house of clay may tremble, the strong men bow themselves, and those that look out of the windows be darkened; but if within there be the Christlike spirit, that soul is cheerful, hopeful, up with the times, never too wise to learn, alert to catch the morning ray of improvement, invention, progress. Such a mind retains a love of Nature. In the very winter of years it finds the rose opening with as sweet a blush, the trees waving as gracefully, and the rainbow spanning the cloud with the same promise as in the early spring-time of life. It also cherishes a keen sympathy with the young in all their joys, is free from the envious, jaundiced eye. If frost gather upon the brow, there is no chill at the heart. Sanctified age is often the centre of attraction in the home circle. Nature is as beautiful in her October hues as in her May blossoms, and the last lay of the robin is as sweet as her spring warble. If Christ is constrained to abide with us, the soul will retain the bloom which will emerge into *immortal youth.* Angels are represented as young. There is no old age in heaven.

The abiding presence of Christ will make old age not only beautiful but useful. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." They should be full of fruit. For this purpose they were planted in the vineyard. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," fruit all the more mellow for the many suns and the late gathering. The palm lifts its feathery coronal and its hanging clusters in the sandy desert, and this because it sends its roots down to the nether springs. The aged believer can say, "All my springs are in thee." Hence, amid increasing infirmities, by prayer, patience, wise, loving words, holy deeds, he brings forth the fruits of the Spirit. The aged believer recommends religion to the young, and transmits it to another generation. If we are to have greenness in any period, when better than in a green old age, evergreen in winter?

But if the faculties retain their freshness, they must be kept active, and, if kept active, the aged man must feel the presence of responsibility *up to his strength.* To retire from responsibility is to slip the band of motive, and the wheels of the soul will stand still. How many a merchant has given up business, and retired to some country-seat on the Hudson only to drop out of sight as a dyspeptic, cynic, misanthrope! The burden should indeed be fitted to the back. Some can carry more than others. But to make the most of the vigor we have, we must use it. To use it, we must have an object to call it forth. "*Otium cum dignitate*," rest and dignity in old age, is a *heathen* adage. An abiding Christ will teach the aged man, by cleanliness, temperance, by sufficient sleep, good air, warm clothing, to dispute inch by inch every infirmity of body and mind, and fill up life to the last hour with wholesome precept, good example. An aged disciple should not be an indolent disciple, a garrulous disciple, a croaking disciple, a smoking disciple. The Bible worthies — Abraham, Moses, Paul — brought forth their richest, ripest fruit in old age. Usefulness should be the end of every period of life.

The abiding presence of Christ will fill up the nights and days of the aged man with *comfort*, and make his last days his best. His presence will pour light upon the Bible, upon Providence, upon promises, upon prophecies of the future glory of the church, till, if God so favor, he may go up, like Elijah, in a chariot of light and glory.

To none of this congregation do I look with more solicitude and trembling interest than to my elderly parishioners, who have come along with me the last thirty years, and have never yet constrained the risen Saviour, saying, "Abide with *us;* for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

You feel to-day the force of habit which years of worldliness have left upon you. Too long have you said to the calls of the Spirit, "Go thy way for this time: when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." Too long have you grieved the Saviour, who, although unseen, has attended you all your way. You feel that the world is empty, that its attractions are "paling to an ash-colored spark." Like a bird in a vacuum, you pant for something better to satisfy your soul.

I pray you, dear friends, despair not. The word comes to you, "To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him turn unto the Lord, who will have mercy upon him, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon." Let the providences, the preservations, the blessings, of your past life, kindle in you the cheerful flame of gratitude. Consider how short your time is. Now constrain the willing One, who has so long knocked at the door of your heart with the words, "Abide with me; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

"Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

"Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

"Fall before Him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in His ear;
Seek Him while He may be found;
Call upon Him while He's near."

I see before me a large number in the morning of life. *There is but one thing, my dear young friends, that will keep you from the dimmed eye, the trembling hand, the feeble step.* That one thing is *death.* You prefer old age. Virtue, self-control, an abiding Christ, alone will make your old age beautiful, useful, happy.

From the account, in the New York "Evangelist," of the ordination and installation of Dr. Eaton's successor, Rev. Warren H. Landon, Sept. 30, 1880, we take the following: —

. . . "The climax of interest was reached when Dr. Eaton entered the pulpit to deliver his charge to the people. In the fulness of that unselfish love of Christ and His cause which has through all this history re-emphasized his ministry of thirty years, and with his own deep and fervent unction, amid impressive and touching silence, he began. Memories, tender emotions, were awakened in all hearts, and tears came to many eyes as he alluded to the past. I cannot forbear to repeat some of his paragraphs: —

"Sixty-three years have fled since the western Presbyterian church was separated from the mother-church of East Palmyra. During this period eight pastors have been installed over this congregation. Seven of these, after having 'served their own generation, by the will of God are fallen on sleep.' Saving one here and another there, still lingering like autumnal swallows, the ordaining councils and ministers officiating on those occasions have gone on before. You must go from the walks of the living to yonder cemetery, the ever-increasing congregation of the dead, would you meet those who greeted these successive pastors at their coming. This is essentially true of the audience who welcomed the retiring and only surviving pastor thirty-two years ago. Dying ministers among a dying people, and all hastening to their last account! Jesus elects, endows, anoints, sends, his ambassadors to their appointed fields. He is present at their ordination. The wings of angels rustle over this assembly. And have not 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' who one after another fulfilled their course in this pulpit, heard beyond the stars the bells that call to-night to the ordination of their successor into a field once dearer to them than life? Do not the spirits of Townsend, Stockton, Whelpley, Shumway, Fisher, bend in listening and joyful conclave as this beloved people receive from the great Master a servant of God? And where are the elders, deacons, fathers, mothers, members of this Israel, once toilers here, now translated? Are they not among the unseen agents who join us to-night in blessing and sealing this union of pastor and people?

"I have recurred to the church of the past, the better to refer to the church of the future. To-day you turn over a new leaf; you rise to a new elevation.

"In a manner fatherly and affectionate, he then referred to the relation of the pastor to the homes of the people, to the orchestra, the Sabbath-school, the prayer-meeting, and showed how in all these the pastor might receive help, as also by the prompt and faithful attendance of the people upon the services of the sanctuary, and their careful hearing and doing of the Word, repreaching it in their lives. He then exhorts them to pray for their pastor.

"Dear brethren, if your pastor is quickened with pentecostal power in this pulpit, there must be pentecostal prayer for him in the church. A sermon prayed over by the church, studied by the pastor, enriched by the Spirit, will come freighted with comfort to the weary, conviction to the thoughtless, pardon to the penitent. Power from the engine in the recess is not more direct upon the trip-hammer in the busy shop than is spiritual power from the adjacent prayer-room upon this pulpit. What gave point, edge, victory, to the sword of Joshua against Amalek? Was it not the wonder-working rod held high by the three suppliants in the mount of intercession? Had Moses, or Aaron, or Hur been absent from that prayer-meeting, where had been the victory of Joshua over the enemies of God?"

The history of the remaining four years and a half of Dr. Eaton's life, the relation of his successor to him, "as a son with a father," of his old people, as loving "brethren and fathers," his pleasant supplementary ministry at Marion, N.Y., his occasional journeys and closing labors, may be gleaned from the following letters: —

PALMYRA, May 13, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER J., — . . . My resignation has brought me no relief as yet. One week more and I give the pulpit up to a young man from Union Theological Seminary, New York. He comes recommended as a gem of a mind and heart. *I pray for him daily and hourly.* If God will put him in my place, and thus the transfer be made without a jar, I shall be devoutly thankful to the Great Shepherd. . . .

PALMYRA, N.Y., July 28, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER JACOB, — Sixteen days ago I put eight men, good and true, upon my house to make war upon old shingles, old plaster, and the *débris* of ages. I have raised the roof over the whole. I have smashed, torn up, and rushed away a continent of rubbish. I do not believe you ever worked sixteen days as hard, got as tired every night, slept as well, rose as fresh for the fight the next morning. "*Totus in rebus*" has been my motto. "*Opus fervet.*" A new story has risen over the wigwam. My study has gone up from the basement to the third story. It is the eyrie of the gray mountain eagle. It will be the finest room in town for my use. The first ray of morning, the last ray of evening, gild it. May it prove the prophet's chamber, where divine light and power come down!

PALMYRA, Nov. 14, 1879.

DEAR SISTER R., — Stern duties seem to follow me, and claim my time and strength. I had no sooner gone through with the turmoil of repairing my house than a neighboring pastor left his people, and I was called to supply that vacant pulpit, — a kind of supplementary minister like that of Dr. Bouton of your place. The village is six miles from my home.

He always went to his flock at Marion with a glad heart, thankful that he might be permitted still to work for the Master. "The sense of something to be done" was ever to him "the most invigorating of medicines." As he drove away from the door, this request was often on his lips, "Pray for me."

Nov. 12, 1879.

My dear Brother Botsford, — The tracts you sent me seem very fit and timely. I am trying to "sow the seed by the side of all waters." I am encouraged to know that your heart is drawn out for my people at Marion. Some improvement is seen in the prayer-meeting. I lead in that and in the teachers' meeting. The passages in the Uniform Lessons are very rich and precious. I want you to make your old pastor a special subject of prayer, that his ministry at Marion may be more faithful than that of his more vigorous years; in short, that the thrums may be of stronger texture than the previous web. May God help us to believe His simple word. Faith honors Him, and brings the blessing. How a revival of religion in Palmyra, and Marion, and all through this region, would glorify Christ, and save souls! Pray for so glorious an end.

Palmyra, March 8, 1880.

Dear J., — I have just heard of the death of Rev. Dr. Bush, a dear brother in the ministry. He died instantly after preaching. This vividly brought to my thoughts the moment of my own death. How near it may be! How suddenly it may come! I am frightened that I am not more distressed. But the truth is, I have ever had so much that seemed present duty, that I have not had time or interest to be ever looking out for the arrows of the relentless archer. Indeed, I do not know but it is as well to commit the whole matter of our departure to Him who knows the end from the beginning, and be found working instead of waiting. I have sometimes comforting assurance that Jesus will be with me in the dying-hour. I think I know what took off Brother Bush. He was about my age. Last year he made the tour of the Orient. It excited, exhausted him, and the lamp went out for want of oil. Men at his age and mine had better stay at home. My last voyage to Europe brought me down to the nadir, and when I found I could not meet my accustomed duties, I resigned, for I would not hold a place I could not fill. But rest and the out-door work of repairing my house have driven the hoops anew. Besides doing some work in my old parish, I have kept up the pulpit of a neighboring church. But I advise you not to sail for Egypt, Palestine, or even England, for this simple reason, you are too old.

I translate your silence to be that Sister L. is about the same. We pray that God will hold her up in her protracted sufferings. . . .

PALMYRA, N.Y., Oct. 20, 1880.

DEAR SISTER R., — "Grandma Webster" went home at half-past six this evening as gently as though rocked to sleep by the angels. She was in her eighty-eighth year. She was in perfect health until within a few hours of her death. She died in her chair. I have no idea she knew any thing about the transition. She fell asleep, and woke up in heaven; or, as her little hymn has it, which she used to repeat every night after "Our Father," —

"If I should *die before I wake,*
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for *Jesus' sake.*"

The night but one before her death, A. thought she heard her speak, and, on going to her bed, asked her if she had been dreaming. "Oh, no!" she replied, "but I was trying to tell them '*Jesus loves you.*'"

Her mind was bright, and wonderfully interested in the Bible and awake to the work of God in the missionary field. Her faith and love in her last days were aflame. She read every word in regard to the meeting of the American Board at Lowell, Mass. She would call Mrs. Eaton to join with her in admiring some of the promises of Isaiah, and other scriptures. . . .

PALMYRA, Jan. 6, 1881.

MY DEAR H., — . . . In the State of New Hampshire, in which I was born, there was genuine heart in the word

"Happy New Year" as it rang out on the chill air before the sun lifted the night-cap off Kearsarge. The school did not suspend; but there was more of sliding down hill, and a brisker game at snow-ball. In the ashes of those years "sleep their wonted fires." Our New-Year's Day was greatly enlivened by hearing from you. Though I can say with Moses, "My eye is not dimmed, or my natural force abated," yet the elegant magnifying glass you sent me is a very timely help. Minutiæ, points in Greek and Hebrew, small notes in my Bagster, are made large and plain. The glass helps me to read the Bible. . . .

Our prayer is, as was the prayer of your devoted grandmother, that your future may be on the upward grade of a true Christian life, culminating in eternal blessedness.

Your affectionate father, H. E.

Feb. 15, 1881.

My dear Sister R., — How stands the mercury at Concord? I have never experienced such a winter in New York, yet I have ministered to my little flock, six miles away, every Sabbath; I confess not without some exposure in going and coming. . . . But I desire to assure you of the great mercy of God. I know not a jar between my old people and their old or young minister. The Lord's work is prospering. My successor is a refined, educated Christian gentleman, a faithful pastor, and an able preacher. In short, the evening of life is far more serene than I had expected it to be. My chief anxiety is to please the blessed God by growing more and more into the image of Christ, and by improving the opportunities of doing good to others. I trust I have forgiveness for the past, and hope for time to come. Through faith in Jesus the future looms up gloriously. If a little foretaste of Christ's presence here is so blessed, what fruition to be forever with the Lord! If our steps are less firm, let us take hold of that strong and loving arm extended for our support. . . .

To a daughter who was teaching: —

. . . I wish I could look in through some loophole upon your school as you teach. A wakeful, self-composed, poised serenity, like that of the eagle, will help you. Classify as closely as possible. Make difficult points *clear*. All minds are interested in new light. Don't be too fast in making laws. . . . I have generally found that hard things come easiest in the morning, when I am rested. Don't do your severe studying when the mind is jaded. Get as much sleep as you need. Eat good, wholesome food. Take counsel daily of God's word, and seek direction and strength from the Master you serve, and your task will grow lighter, and you will do good and get good daily.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

JUNE 17, 1881.

DEAR BROTHER L., — . . . I am happy in the review of the past. My mistakes and sins have been many and great. But *I have a great Saviour.* "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous." I look forward with joy. I have the promise that Jesus will guide me with His eye, that He will defend me with His arm, comfort me with His presence, and that, when this short life is ended, the dear Master stands ready to welcome me above. . . .

EATON GRANGE, WARNER, N.H., Aug. 20, 1881.

DEAR H., — We started July 18 with Mr. Landon. The next morning we awoke among the eighteen hundred islands of lake and river. Down we shot, two hundred and thirty-four feet, through the Rapids, the old Indian at the helm. We did Montreal, Quebec, then back to St. Albans,[1] Sheldon, and over to Grand Isle. We had a splendid visit at Mrs. Landon's mother's; then to Burlington, White River Junction, Claremont, here. . . . Your mother is sewing, and I am writing at a window where Kearsarge never appeared in such dignity and repose, so robed in the dark blue, the variegated green. In short, the old mountain has had his face washed, and he has come out in his gala dress.

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[1] In a letter written at another time, he alludes to a visit at St. Albans. . . . "I found the old shop where I learned my trade. I craved the privilege, of an Irishwoman now residing there, to look around the old walls and windows. While I was noticing the marks of my hammer and file, the woman came up to me with great earnestness, and said, 'In troth, sir, and what would ye be after finding here?' I answered, 'Should you go back to Ireland, where you were born, would you not be after finding something?' The Irish heart began to swell. The tears ran down her cheeks. 'Indade, sir, I would! Look as much as you plase.'"

A few days ago, Lucien took me around a by-path which I had never threaded. We came at length to an obscure spot about a mile and a quarter from the Grange. What was my surprise when informed that the veritable schoolhouse built by my father and grandfather, and to which I was introduced by my sister, at four years of age, was standing a few rods away! More than fifty years before it had been taken down, and removed to another neighborhood. As I caught the first view, the image and the reality clasped each other. The humble old house met the bill. The roof, the windows, the siding, were the same. I bade farewell to it fifty-six years ago. The old door retained the heavy iron handle. It refused me admission; but the window welcomed me to the old floor where my little feet first stood as I recited my A B C. As I "faced the mark" on which the spelling-classes were arranged, I could remember my fellows, and even some of the words by which I was handed up or down. The desk of the teacher was in its place; but the ferule and the birch were not there. Teachers, comrades, schoolbooks, scenes grave and gay, went by me as in a diorama. Did the Muses favor, I would mount my Pegasus and sing the honors of the old schoolhouse on the ledge. . . .

A hard worker but no poeta,

Your affectionate father,

H. EATON.

TO GENERAL JOHN EATON. PALMYRA, N.Y., Sept. 21, 1881.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—The bottled oxygen is still uncorked. I am surprised at the difference in strength, mind, heart, between the weeks before and after I went to the Grange at New Hampshire. I have found some rest at Saratoga. But the mountain air of my own native hills is a more healthful tonic than the mineral waters of Saratoga, and fishing for trout in Stevens Brook, a fitter recreation than watching the fashions and follies of a modern watering-place. A return to the old natal rock is even better than a pilgrimage to Mecca. You thank us for going. What, then, shall be said to the Grangers for their entertainment? Sentiments of poetry and piety went deeper and deeper into my spirit every day. As I wandered and mused amid the familiar objects of the old landscape, as I looked to "the mountain" on one side and "The Minks" on the other, the scenes of my youth went vividly by, picturing the family, the school, dear kindred, and associates. Electrifying the nerves with these remote memories imparted animation, circulation, to both body and mind.

While I thus write, my heart is oppressed. The flag hangs languidly at half-mast. The sun burns on from day to day. The ground is chapped. Then the gloom that comes from death! Oh, how funereal! The spirits sink. "But why art thou cast down, oh, my soul? Hope thou in God." God is the Sabbath and rest of the soul. If our dear President Garfield has been called away, God has done it. And, if He has done it, I doubt not, all things considered, it is best. So, if our prayers have not been answered directly, we have the substance sought in our prayers, something Infinite Wisdom saw was better. Let us then trust for the better good though we cannot see it as yet. . . .

The object you would promote, the education of the entire population of our country, is grand in its intellectual and moral aspects. Your arguments can but commend themselves to the patriot, philanthropist, Christian.

John, I feel an intense desire that all your dear family, — I mean your brothers and sisters and their families — in all their activity and influence, should be found clear over on the side of evangelical religion; and this for their own good and the good of the world. I desire that they may come into sympathy with Christ and that cause which is to triumph over all the earth. Every soul united to Christ has victory and eternal life for its portion. Every soul arrayed against Christ will meet a terrible overthrow. Let us pray mightily that none of our dear kindred may be found fighting against God.

Your gray uncle,
HORACE.

PALMYRA, N.Y., Nov. 8, 1881.

MY DEAR SISTER RUTH, — I cannot realize that I am older than King David when he died, and that you and your three old brothers are the last remnants of a numerous family.

But, dear R., I take no stock in that moping melancholy that bows down the head like a bulrush. By nature I was a stubborn, gnarly piece. My life has been marred by much insensibility and ingratitude. But I regard my sins as no barrier to my hope. I have accepted Christ as my *substitute*. My sins are imputed to Him, and His righteousness is imputed to me. At the sight of the cross the burden rolls off, and is seen no more. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our trangressions from us." How light the soul when Jesus says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee"! Now as the sear leaf trembles on the stem, about ready to fall, no gloom, no night, shuts in around me, but I see the streaks of the morning, the morning of eternity. Consider, dear sister, the destiny of the redeemed soul. The bliss is *unending*. Beautiful is one day of this Indian summer; but it will soon be over. But there is no wintry sky, no pain, there are no infirmities of age, in the celestial future. . . .

TO GENERAL J. E. DEC. 31, 1881.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, — I have a few moments before 1881 goes out. It has been, on the whole, a happy and profitable twelve months. Save the Sabbaths I was absent in the summer, I have preached constantly to my little church at Marion. I suppose it the weakness of old men to think they are strong; but the rest and recreation of my sojourn at the Grange in New Hampshire the past summer has seemed to turn back the shadow on the sun-dial ten degrees. Both my wife and myself have been more than usually vigorous since our visit there. . . .

PALMYRA, N.Y., April 1, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER LUCIEN, — Spring is escaping from the lion-paw of March. . . . I have never given much anxiety about my temporal matters, and am surprised at the kind providence of God that provides thus for all my wants. "I dwell among mine own people." Our fellowship is very cordial. The young minister is all that I could ask, — an able, studious, and godly man. I am rejoiced to have my people fall into so good hands. My health is unbroken. I can do a good amount of study, preaching, and pastoral labor. I don't think I can wrestle with severe problems as I could twenty years ago, but I still love to work. You and I have seen great things accomplished. Humanity is being uplifted. "There's a good time coming." The next battle is to be with the hydra-headed foe, alcohol. I find more difficulty in fetching men up to a bold and decided stand against cider and beer than any other stimulating liquors. I know not how to take neutral ground. The church is still militant, and ministers must lead the van. I enjoy great peace in meditating on the wonderful mercy of God in Christ. But I mourn over my insensibility to such tenderness. . . .

To his sick and aged sister: — PALMYRA, July 31, 1882.

DEAR SISTER L., — I grieve that I hear from you no more. Has that "right hand forgot its cunning"? Those arms that bore me so lovingly in infancy, do they droop? Are those that look out of the windows darkened? Well, my dear sister, that is fulfilling the description Solomon gives of the winter of life. But beyond the winter there is a perpetual spring. That body which is "to be fashioned after Christ's own glorious body" will never grow old, lose its vigor, or hang heavy upon the aspirations of the soul. No, that glorified body will be like wings to the sanctified spirit. The soul, cleansed from all the paralysis of sin, will find perfect fruition when united again with the body with which it sojourned on earth. I think a great deal of the redemption of the body. Your loving brother,

HORACE.

We find in one of his sermons some thoughts on the theme just referred to.

. . . This feature of the gospel, *the redemption of the body*, is full of consolation. How often can we say, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak"! But, when these bodies "are fashioned and made like unto His glorious body," these leaden clogs will be changed to wings. We shall think without exhaustion, and worship without fatigue.

Our subject teaches the value and dignity of the body. It is more than the house we live in, more than the shell of the flown bird. Christ watches the garnered dust. The chemistry of the grave shall bleach it. The resurrection morn shall impress upon it the dignity and loveliness of Christ's glorified body.

Between the body and the soul there is an eternal wedlock. Both bear the impress of Christ; one of His Spirit, the other of His visible form. Our bodies are a part of us, an immortal part. Our bodies and souls will be united after the resurrection at the last day. They had been close friends from birth till death. It was hard parting. The reign of death over, the disembodied spirit will return from heaven to earth with Christ, for it is said, "He shall come with all His saints with Him." The body shall be raised, changed, and fitted for the indwelling of the sanctified spirit, and both shall have a meetness to be "forever with the Lord."

Our subject suggests a *recipe for unfading beauty.* The beautiful and Christ-like spirit will surely be clothed with the beautiful and Christ-like exterior. Would you be beautiful to all eternity? Accept Christ, breathe the spirit of Christ, and you shall appear in the image of Christ. . . . How terrible that the body which has ministered to sin should minister to eternal deformity and misery! that the haggard features of unholy passion should be delineated upon the body at the resurrection of the dead!

PALMYRA, July 31, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER JACOB, — It is not a little gratifying to me that my old people are agreed in wishing me to preach for them while the young pastor retires for four weeks to the shadow of the Green Mountains. I would that this supplementary ministry might be more fruitful than any of the previous thirty years during which I have served them. I have many hundreds of sermons which I wrote with care; but I am estranged from my older intellectual children and take to the Benjamins of my threescore years and ten. I love to make a new sermon. The young minister and wife left this morning. We are very happy in the new pastor. He has a clear head, is simple and Christ-like in purpose, ingenious in reaching the young. God sets His seal to His labors. I could not see my old people in the hands of a loose and self-seeking pastor.

In one sense I have "set my house in order." I have leveled and swarded my grounds, completed my walks, repaired and enlarged my house, and am satisfied all things are in good shape. Should I be taken from the world, my family would have a home. Now I wish to cultivate that state of mind which will enable me to pass without disquiet to the employments and enjoyments of the better world. . . .

EATON GRANGE, N.H., September, 1882.

DEAR L., — Last Sabbath it was thought too moist for prudent people to venture to the house of God. Your mother thought best to make the attempt. The result was most pleasant and profitable. The rain soon ceased. We returned happy and refreshed both by nature and the word and worship of God. . . . A solemn and strange coincidence occurred last Friday. A Miss P. was to be buried at Warner, aged seventy-one. I was called to officiate at the funeral. The house was where mother, brother F., and myself lived when I was seven years old. This woman was a child with me in the same house. I had not seen her since we used to play together. How little we know of the future! How little I thought I should bury her! We had the most gorgeous sunset last Sabbath evening I ever beheld. There were banks of clouds of different density reaching around the western horizon. Hence all the lines of the rainbow came out in splendid brilliancy. At the same time Stevens Brook and tributary rills down the mountain made music in the distance. While my eye and ear were thus addressed, my memory was recalling the Sabbath evenings of other years amid these same objects of light and sound. Life is a transient scene. Great-grandparents, grandparents, parents, and nine of my mother's children have passed away to the land of silence. Three only are left.

Next Sabbath I am to preach a dedication sermon in Mr. Cressey's old church in Bradford. Last summer he was on from Newark, N.Y., to see them. He told them he would give them one dollar for every ten they would raise for church purposes, — ten dollars for every hundred. This timely help has encouraged and stimulated them. The result is a good young minister, and a church edifice remodeled and beautified. What an example for the wealthy emigrant sons of New Hampshire! I grieve over the death of D. S. A. Have not decided when to return. Hope you are well, happy, and useful.

YOUR FATHER.

EATON GRANGE, WARNER, N.H., Oct. 10, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER L., — My wife and myself are just back from the meeting of the American Board in Portland, Me., — the great convocation of the American Israel. Six thousand of God's people came together to consider the last command, "Go ye into all the world," etc. Like those on the mount of transfiguration, we could say, "It is good to be here." Rays from the glory to be revealed shone upon us. I would that the Saviour might attend us down the mount, and grant the power of healing to His servants working at the foot of the mount. . . . A true theology, self-denial, and missionary enterprise can be sustained only by the prevalent influences of the Holy Spirit. I fear that decay from those vivid impressions of sin, the holiness of God, eternity, and the necessity of Christ's death and intercessions, is stealing over the hearts of the ministry and the church. We need the return of such a year of the right hand of the Most High as was enjoyed in 1858. The revival of pure and undefiled religion gives strength and substance to all reforms in the State as well as the Church. Praying men, like Daniel, are the unknown, unseen pillars of the State. They are in alliance with God. Our strength for every good work is in keeping near to God.

I have no time to tell you of Portland, — the birthplace of Longfellow, the scene of the blessed Payson's labors. Not a grog-shop, not a drunken man, marred our sight!

You remember our dear old mountain, Kearsarge. The frost-pencil has touched it with colors vivid and varied. A gorgeous robe has been laid on the sides and summit. But the hues are those of death.

Then the comet! I have never seen the like. Is it the day of judgment with some burning world, or is it the fusing, nebulous matter out of which another world is to be formed? It is a bold stranger in our sky, "the work of God's fingers." . . .

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 16, 1883.

DEAR BROTHER J., — . . . A young man, T. G. Strong, Esq., a child in Palmyra, now a prominent lawyer in New York, invited Mrs. Eaton and myself to visit him, and sent the spelter to defray expenses. We greatly enjoy the stay here. I find my old friends are nearly all gone. I am among a new generation. May we "serve our own generation by the will of God," and so "fall on sleep."

We shall return by the way of Washington and Frederick, Md. . . .

One morning during this visit at New York, while conducting family worship, he gave a minute account of the conversion of Judge Theron R. Strong, the father of his host. These, in brief, were the facts: Rev. A. M. Stowe, under the auspices of the American Tract Society, had presented to the church in Palmyra a plea for colportage in the destitute portions of our own country. Judge Strong, with two others, assumed the salary of a colporteur. Several months after, Judge Strong sought an interview with his pastor in the office of the former. He said to him, "I find myself in a singular position. I have been regularly receiving for some time, warm-hearted letters from the colporteur I am assisting to support. He speaks of souls brought to Christ through his labors. He never dreams that I have not a responsive sympathy in the spiritual part of his work. But I am not a Christian. *What must I do to be saved?*" The two kneeled side by side. The judge followed the pastor in a sincere, tender, and earnest prayer. An extensive revival of religion followed the conversion of Judge Strong. Outsiders said, "If Theron R. Strong thinks he has become a Christian, there's no sham about it. It is real." Many came to the meetings that they might listen to prayer and testimony from his lips.

JUNE 4, 1883.

DEAR BROTHER J., — The rain, "the great rain of His strength," is over and gone. We rejoice in the clear shining of the sun. How bright the face of Nature after the baptism! A choir of robins, orioles, and bobolinks fill the air with their songs. This leafy June is the heyday of the year. . . .

We have just had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, the friends with whom I traveled in 1874. Last October they set out again from London, this time for the circuit of the world. At New Zealand they met two sons, one a farmer, the other a Wesleyan minister. The congregation over which their son presided were about to build a house of worship. The architect presented Mrs. Griffith with a silver trowel, and she had the honor of laying the corner-stone of her son's church. The four days they spent with us were all too short for old memories. My wife declares she has seldom met such splendid conversationalists, — their persons attractive, their minds like thousand-sided brilliants, their hearts warm and pure. Visits of such English friends would bind the two countries in golden chains. . . .

The first sentence of the next letter refers to the return of his absent children.

Palmyra, June 15, 1883.

My dear Brother Jacob, — Our tabernacle is just full of light. "Our mouth is filled with singing and our tongue with laughter." . . .

I cannot think of you as old. Some men never grow old. If frost is upon the head, there is no chill at the heart. But I find I am no longer young. . . . I was sorry to hear that your pastor was taken from you by death. I was much interested in his sermon and kindly spirit. He was near to your home, near to your heart. These Christian associations will be renewed in heaven. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them"; from "*henceforth*," — from the time of the soul's departure from the body. There is no intermediate purgatory, no sleeping till the resurrection. The holy dead go at once to heaven. "*This day* shalt thou be with me in paradise." In the last chapter of Revelation we learn where this paradise is. It is where "the tree of life" is, and that is in the very "midst of the street of it"; it is where "the throne of God and the Lamb" are. Stephen "saw heaven opened and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God. And he cried, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The whole church is represented either in heaven or on earth. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Says Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is far better." The "spirits of just men made perfect" are in the heavenly Jerusalem. When John, the revelator, looked into heaven, he saw multitudes of redeemed spirits standing before God and the Lamb, "singing the new song, which none can sing but those which were redeemed from the earth."

Please give my regards to the afflicted family of your deceased pastor. Love to the two "Almas."

Your brother,
H. Eaton.

Palmyra, N.Y., July 24, 1883.

Dear J., — I rise with the lark. I have just read the Ninety-first Psalm with Spurgeon's comments. There is honey in this rock, — "The *secret* place of the Most High," the "*dwelling* under the shadow of the Almighty." I think much of the hymn, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." The anchor and the anchorage! How sweet the promise, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." We can hang a world on each of the promises! . . .

Palmyra, Aug. 8, 1883.

Dear H., — The summer is gliding away most pleasantly. The girls are very happy in each other's society. Your mother and myself are well. The pastor and session were anxious that I should occupy my old pulpit during August. Mr. and Mrs. Landon are in Alburgh, Vt. I preached last Sabbath morning. In the evening Rev. Warner B. Riggs spoke beautifully on the word "*Come*," as found in different Scripture passages. We have union meetings in the evening of the Sabbath. . . .

I was much delighted to know you were so well, and profitably employed evenings with those Chinese youth. I think it marvelous that they should show such evidence of improvement in so short a time. There must be native mind in them. . . . I think of and pray for you daily.

Your Affectionate Father.

Palmyra, N.Y., Oct. 1, 1883.

Dear H., — The new postage-stamp is before me. This is the first day of its issue. The new stamp suggests the changes in the postal system of our kind and accommodating Uncle Sam. Bela Morgan told me that in 1818, while struggling with the hardships of a new settlement, he went five miles to borrow the twenty-five cents that secured him a letter from kindred he had left behind in old Connecticut. I paid the same price for letters from my mother and sisters while an exile at St. Albans, Vt. If I drop down a few years, I find myself carrying on a brisk correspondence in which it was no burden for me to pay eighteen and three-quarters cents each way. Then the stamp came down to ten cents, then to six, to three; and now we have but little excuse for repressing the pen. *Currente calimo* is the voice of the red, two-cent stamp, and so I let mine run. . . .

Study, commit the Bible.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

PALMYRA, Oct. 1, 1883.

MY DEAR BROTHER J., — You have read that the trial of patience was much more precious than that of gold which perisheth. But it was not to try your patience that I have so long delayed answering your last letter. Scarcely do I remember the month that has been so crowded with things temporal and spiritual, things present and to come, as the last. I am happy to say that the summer has sped away most delightfully, and more than usually profitably. M. and L. came home worn with long teaching; and they unbent the bow, and the sound of laughter and song went up from the parsonage without restraint. H. came home in time to be with them one week. But you will say such cheerful flow of soul is just fitted to indite letters to kindred. That is true; but while the children were full of glee, I was pressed with sober duties. For my vacation I took back my old parish, doing the preaching, visiting the sick, and burying the dead. One week I attended five funerals. At the same time I had on my hands two reports to be presented to Presbytery, demanding no little investigation. Then as soon as Mr. Landon had returned, and my ecclesiastical and missionary efforts had been performed, I went back to the church at Marion which I serve, some six miles from home. In short, you will perceive that all my time and strength were foreclosed upon. . . .

Don't forget to pray for me on the 7th of October. Should I live to that day, I shall be seventy-three!

From your youngest brother,

HORACE.

CHAPTER X.

DEATH. — BURIAL. — FUNERAL SERMON. — ADDRESSES.

From the "Palmyra Courier" of Oct. 26, 1883 : —

"Grief and sadness pervade every household in our community this week. On Sabbath morning last, just as the sun was tinging the October foliage on our beautiful hills, the tolling of the church-bell announced to every person within its sound that a good man had gone to his rest. Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., for more than thirty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this village, and a man beloved in every home throughout this entire community, had in the early morning hours passed peacefully and quietly from the scenes of his earthly labors to the better land beyond. Oh, how sad it is for us to write these lines, and with what deep sorrow will they be read by the many friends of the beloved deceased in distant homes! For nearly thirty-five years this kind, affectionate, and loving pastor has lived among us, carrying words of cheer into the bereaved household and in every way ministering to our social and spiritual welfare. No man will be more deeply mourned, none so greatly missed; and sadness deep and heartfelt rests over us to-day like a pall.

"In the spring of 1879, Dr. Eaton was induced, by reason of impaired health, to tender his resignation as pastor of the church over which he had so long presided. This action was received with deep regret by every member of the congregation, and strong efforts were made to induce him to remain in charge with an assistant. But to this arrangement the beloved pastor could not consent, and very reluctantly the resignation was accepted. Rev. W. H. Landon, the present able pastor, succeeded Dr. Eaton.

"Another pen than ours will write the history of this noble man. His sickness was of short duration. Less than two weeks ago he complained of severe pains in the head, and later, congestion of the brain set in. He lingered in a semi-unconscious state until four o'clock on Sunday morning last, when he passed peacefully away, surrounded by his wife, son, two daughters, niece, and a few devoted friends.

"On Wednesday afternoon, the time appointed for the funeral, all places of business were closed, and the stillness of a Sabbath day pervaded the village. Persons came from long distances. Before noon the people from the surrounding towns began to arrive, and by one o'clock, one hour before the service, every seat in the large church edifice, not reserved, was closely filled. After a prayer at the house by Rev. W. L. Page, the remains were conveyed to the church, the deacons and elders acting as bearers, with the members of the Presbytery as pall-bearers. The church was heavily draped, and decorated profusely with choice flowers sent by loving friends. A favorite text of the deceased pastor was set forth by a shock of corn fully ripe. The choir rendered 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.' A large number of clergymen participated in the exercises, among them the pastors of the village. Rev. Dr. A. A. Wood led the audience in a solemn and affecting prayer.

"The eloquent remarks of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Landon, were listened to with close attention, and the sad words of tribute to the memory of the deceased brought tears to many eyes. Rev. A. M. Stowe briefly and tenderly spoke of the departed. Rev. A. P. Burgess alluded very appropriately and earnestly to the great loss which the Presbytery had sustained. Rev. L. A. Ostrander read a letter and poem from Rev. G. H. Griffin of Milford, Conn., a member of Dr. Eaton's Sabbath-school while he was a pastor in New York City. The closing prayer was offered by Rev. W. A. Rice.

"Just as the beautiful October day was closing, the solemn procession began its march to the grave, — Sunday-school teachers, officers, deacons, and elders walking in front of the hearse, the clergymen by the side, with the family and a large concourse of friends following in carriages. The sun was fast fading over the hilly slopes as all that was mortal of Rev. Horace Eaton was consigned to its last resting-place."

The following is the sermon preached by Rev. W. H. Landon at the funeral of Rev. Dr. Eaton, abating those portions in regard to his life and labors that have been embodied in the previous history.

2 Kings 2:14. "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

Elijah was being borne from earth to heaven in a chariot of fire. He had come down from Jericho across the Jordan, for even Elijah had to cross the Jordan before he took the chariot that conveyed him to heaven. Elisha was looking on. As he saw that man of God who had been so much to him, and so much to all Israel, ascending, he cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" By "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," he referred to the strength of Israel. It seemed as if the strength of Israel were being withdrawn. True, Elisha was left, and at Jericho there was a good school of the prophets. God's work would still go on. But yet there was so much strength departing! To-day *we* feel like saying, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" There are Elishas left. There are schools of the prophets. God's work will not stop; and yet a pillar of strength has departed from this community with the death of our father, Dr. Eaton.

Friends, I do not stand here to preach to you to-day. We are met together as a family. There are no denominational lines here now. We all feel that Dr. Eaton belonged to us. It is always comforting for a family, after the departure of a loved one, to sit together and talk of the beautiful in his life, and of the good he has done. We are here for this purpose. . . .

In the spring of 1879, the burden of this large charge beginning to seem too heavy, Dr. Eaton resigned his position as pastor. But such a man could not be idle. Soon after, he began to minister to the church of Marion, still retaining, however, his home among his old people. There he labored for four years, till the time of his death, completing a ministry of more than forty-two years.

Able as Dr. Eaton was to teach others, he boasted of no great knowledge, but was willing to sit at the feet of the humblest, and learn. To us he seemed a fully-ripened Christian character, — to himself, only a poor sinner, saved by grace. He gave self but little thought. He was nothing; God and His cause were all. In preaching, he hid himself behind the great truths he proclaimed. He was thoroughly unselfish. Living with him in his own home for four years, succeeding him in the pastoral charge of this church, I have occupied a position in which, if there had been a selfish trait in him, I should surely have discovered it. And now I wish to testify that I have never heard him give utterance to the first selfish thought. I have never seen him do the first selfish act. It gave him pain to hear of the failings of others. He had two responses: one, "I can't believe it, there must be some mistake"; the other, a grave, sad, significant, "*I am sorry.*" He took the blame of every one's faults in the parish upon himself, — "Had I been what I ought, these things would not have taken place."

His conversation was never trivial. He had a fund of good stories, and he knew how to tell them. But they ever "pointed a moral," or impressed a truth. He had a mind richly stored with material for interesting and profitable conversation. It can be said of him as truthfully as of almost any man, that *whatsoever* he did, he did to the glory of God. He had a marvelous faculty of weaving the Scriptures into common conversation, but he never did it irreverently. His genial face, his pleasant discourse, his genuine Christian spirit, were magnets of attraction. To see him and visit with him but once, was to learn to know and love him. So tenderly have we loved him here in Palmyra and in Wayne County, that we may have thought we were the only losers by this death. But there are many elsewhere who are deeply afflicted by this event. There is a large circle of kindred, widely scattered, who have regarded this man with great affection and reverence. The summer gathering at Eaton Grange, in old New Hampshire, was never quite complete without the presence of "Uncle Horace." In many States and Territories are members of his old congregation, who have loved to listen to the gospel from his lips in years gone by. Their tears will fall with ours. He endeavored to commend himself to every man's conscience. "Commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God," was a favorite text with him.

He was very generous, — generous to a fault, some thought. To such fears he used to reply, "I have a good bank-note, — it is this: 'Trust in the Lord, and do good. So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'" He often said, no one should deprive him of the joy of giving. I presume he rarely, if ever, turned a poor man away who asked him for alms. He gave largely to the cause of missions. . . . At the meeting of the American Board at Portland, Me., a little more than a year ago, he rose with others, and signified his willingness to double his contribution that year. He said he was not sure he ought to have done it, but he could not help it. He is not sorry now. It was his last offering to that glorious charity. The incident was characteristic of the man.

Dr. Eaton was a student, — a learned man. His large library is filled with books that are well thumbed. He was a profound scholar in the Scriptures. He knew more of Greek and Hebrew than the large majority of ministers outside of theological seminaries. He always read from the Greek Testament every morning in his private devotions. He called that book his "pocket-pistol."

He was a great lover of nature. He saw more than most men do. This made his letters which he wrote for the press so rich and interesting. . . . He loved the fine elms in front of his home. He had watched their growth from the time they were small trees. Many a morning, after family prayers, he would take friends out upon the front steps to admire them.

In his private and family devotions as well as in public prayer, Dr. Eaton seemed to get very near to God. . . . None of us who were present at the Missionary Convention in this church three weeks ago this forenoon will soon forget the prayer he offered after our brother Riggs from Texas had made his stirring address. It was his last prayer in public. And dear friends of the Marion Church, if you knew how he had prayed for you, you would all be encouraged to labor as you never have before. Every morning during the last week in which he was able to lead the family in worship, he prayed earnestly for your church. "God bless Marion," "God bless the dear little church," were frequent expressions in his prayers.

In the pulpit it was his endeavor not to display his learning or his wit, but to feed his people. He sought to obey the injunction, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." And many are the people who can testify that he fed them "with the sincere milk of the Word, and that they have grown thereby." The truth that he preached he presented in an interesting, vivid manner. Many of his sentences were short and crisp. He could pack an immense amount of meaning into a single word. Under his preaching here for thirty years, the people of this congregation formed a habit of always looking toward the pulpit. They knew that a sermon would come from that place which they could not afford to lose.

Dr. Eaton was a broad man. He was interested in all great moral and social questions, interested in all that pertained to the good of this entire community. He belonged to the *town* as well as the church. He took a deep interest in its history and growth. Beside a document printed in 1876, entitled "The Early History of Palmyra," he has left many manuscripts full of statistics in regard to the families of this town. One remarked to him, "You know, Dr. Eaton, more about our ancestors than we, their descendants, know about them." He often conversed with aged people with his pencil in his hand and a note-book on his knee. He would have enjoyed preparing an extended history of the town; but he had not time and strength for this and for his other duties. He said, "Preaching Christ is the best and the biggest business." . . .

It is impossible to measure the influence of his life or the work that he has done in this community. He has been the pastor of all who were not actually members of other congregations. He has buried their dead. He has married their children. He has attended over eleven hundred funerals here, probably nearer twelve hundred. He has united as many couples in marriage. It is not known how many he received into the communion of this church, but the number must be very large. It is doubtful whether he ever counted them. He did not spend as much time as most of us in counting results. He worked with all his strength, and left results with God.

He was certainly very remarkable as a pastor. Ministers are rare who can do as much pastoral visiting as he did.

He would brighten up a home by his presence, preach the glorious gospel of repentance and of comfort[1] in a few words, and be off again, in the time that others would require to introduce conversation by some commonplace remarks.

Vast were the proportions of his pastoral labors. Eleven hundred funerals! To how many homes, to how many hearts, he must have carried the consolations of the gospel! How many sick-rooms he must have visited before those funerals, and how many prayers he must have offered there! No wonder he endeared himself to all this people. He had been with almost every family in sorrow or in joy. When he read his resignation to this church, it came as a great surprise to the people. Many left the church weeping. They felt in their hearts, "It must not be. We can know no other pastor." Only the thought that he would remain here, and still counsel and give the benediction of his presence, reconciled them to a change. During the four years and a half that have passed since then, he has been as a father to us all. He has been a pastor to the pastor, — such a help as few pastors ever knew. He has been called upon in this time to attend many funerals and weddings, and to perform other pastoral duties; but it has been his great anxiety not to embarrass in any way his successor's work; and he never has in the slightest degree. On the contrary, he has helped him daily by his encouraging words, his kindly counsel, and his prayers.

There is not time to tell of the great refreshings this church has enjoyed under his ministry.

Time fails also to speak of the *Christian literature he has distributed* through these homes. He has scattered thousands and thousands of interesting and well-selected tracts, — he called them "sharpshooters," — and thousands of Christian almanacs. For twenty-six years he presented every family in his congregation with a Christian almanac at the beginning of the year.[1]

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[1] In a brief call on a mother who had just buried a little child, he spoke of the sweet prospect of re-union. "Yes," said the mourner, "if we do not fail." His few words of reply, and the manner in which he uttered them, sent strength and hope to the stricken heart: "Mrs. ——, *we must not fail.*"

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[1] These almanacs sometimes contained a printed New-year's greeting of his own: —

"DEAR READER, — Time is the twinkling through which the future is darting by us into the past. Yesterday is gone. To-morrow is unknown. Eighteen hundred sixty-nine is fled, with more than thirty millions of souls. Eighteen hundred and seventy will claim an equal quota from among the living. Before another new year shall dawn upon the frozen earth, who of us shall know the mysteries of death?

"But these New-year's thoughts should chasten, not quench, the greeting

"'HAPPY NEW YEAR!'

"As we cross a new meridian, let us leave behind old vices, errors, neglects, animosities. Let us seek new strength for new trials, duties, successes. Let us borrow less trouble of the future, and be more intent on present duty; complain less that life is short, and make it long by acts of kindness to men and of piety towards God. Life is measured, not by the time we live, but by the good we do. Repentance of sin,

"TRUST IN JESUS,

reverence for the Sabbath, punctual attendance upon the House of God, diligence in business, fervency in Spirit, serving the Lord, will make this new year glide peacefully along, and if it shall prove our last, it will be the happiest of all. Your friend and well-wisher,

"PALMYRA, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1870. "HORACE EATON."

"LOCK UP.

"Buffalo is five hundred and sixty-five feet above Albany. The boatman must make this entire ascent before he comes to the harbor at the terminus. To do this he must avail himself of the locks at the end of every level. Reader, if we would finally 'cast anchor within the veil,' must we not 'lock up'?

"*Dear child,* enjoy your fun, your food, your play, your home, but let no scar cleave to your young life. Let the early dew linger on the tender leaf. Let innocence, obedience to parents and teachers, love to the precious Saviour, raise you to a pure and promising youth.

"*Have you just emerged from childhood?* Be careful now to make no mistake. Contract no soil. Laughing health, a sunny countenance, a good name, incorruptible principle, a pure conscience, and trust in God, will carry you up into a mature life, freighted with efficiency and usefulness.

"*Have you come to the responsibilities of manhood,* to the hazards of business, and the care of others? Aim for a still higher plane. Look well to the

He was in great request on special occasions, such as silver and golden weddings. Though his labors were very arduous in other directions, he was ever ready with felicitous, facetious, and instructive remarks.

Besides his pastoral labors here, he was, as it were, the pastor of all the feeble and pastorless churches in the Presbytery. They came long distances to confer with him. They knew he was their friend, and that he loved them. He has been a father to the Presbytery. He has seen all those who were associated with him in the Presbytery, when he first came, depart to other fields or to their final reward. He has seen others come and go, and still others come. But he has remained the wise counsellor of all, having in some sense "the care of all the churches." He has preached sermons at the dedication of many of our churches, at the ordination and installation of many pastors within and without our bounds. When we hold our next meeting, dear brethren of Lyons Presbytery, there will be a vacancy which we shall very deeply feel. We shall be like a family bereft of a father to whom they were accustomed to go with all their perplexities and fears, and in whose wisdom and advice they had the utmost confidence.

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freight you take on board. Do impenitence, impatience, evil habits, idleness, rum, tobacco, plead for a passage? Before you change almanacs and enter upon another year, throw them all overboard. '*Lock up*' into a higher life, that will bear you on to a serene old age and a blissful eternity. Postpone no longer the pleasure and safety of true wisdom and true religion. The new year is the time to *lock up*.

"To the child, the youth, the man, to the aged, the voice of the 'HAPPY NEW YEAR' of 1871 is, 'Friend, come up higher.'

"'For the faithful and victorious,
Out of blindness, wide the portal
Openeth into light how glorious!
Out of death to life immortal!
Come up higher!
Fair in this sweet land
The many mansions stand;
Come up higher!'

"Your friend and well-wisher, HORACE EATON.
"JAN. 1, 1871."

. . . His heavy pastoral labors were relieved somewhat by pleasant vacations, pleasant journeys in our own and other lands. He had visited many parts of our own country, east, south, and west. . . .

He preached his last sermon[1] to his old people in this church seven weeks ago, Aug. 29. The text itself, Josh. 1:8, was a fit and beautiful parting message to this people, a message that ought to ring in our ears all the rest of our days: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." In this sermon he pleads earnestly with the people *to read the Holy Scriptures, and meditate upon them.*

Dear friends, this is a time for meditation. Let us not hurry away from these services to our work, and forget the feelings and good impulses of this hour. This is a time for meditation, *and for consecration.* Let us think upon this career, its unselfishness, its devotion, its peaceful close, its present reward, and begin a new and better life. We know how this man loved us. He loved this church and this people so well, that he would have been willing to lay down his life for them, if it had been necessary. In one sense he did lay down his life for them. He has given all the strength of his best years to the one endeavor to lead this people to Christ. Oh that his love to us might constrain us all to love his Saviour! It was the great aim of his life to save souls. . . . There was an unexpressed but apparent desire in his last illness, that his death should do what he had been trying to do in his life,—quicken the hearts of his people, and lead souls to Christ. Oh that the Holy Spirit would bring to our remembrance the earnest appeals he has made to us as a people, and to so many of us individually! Shortly before he was taken sick, he remarked at his home, "I think I have conversed personally with all, or nearly all, of my impenitent friends in this place. *But I want to go around and see each one of them again, and once more entreat them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with their whole hearts.*" Hear from these sealed lips the words of warning and of love he would fain have uttered!

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[1] The text of the sermon previous to the last was Ps. 78:41: "And limited the Holy One of Israel." He was greatly interested and absorbed while writing on this theme. He talked about it when he "sat in his house and when he walked by the way." "This is a great subject, A.," he said. "We don't begin to fathom it. It is a great sin to 'limit the Holy One of Israel.' How much more are we permitted, commanded, to trust God! How much more would He do for us, for our friends, and for those for whom we pray, *if we did not limit Him!*"

I think we may discern the goodness of God in taking our father and friend at this time. He usually seemed to have all the vigor and enthusiasm of his earlier life. There were times when we were constrained to say, "His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated"; and yet there were others, when it was evident that he must soon give up regular work, and this he was intending to do the first of January. He would have borne this with all the patience that became a man of God; and yet it would have been very hard for him. Such men as Dr. Eaton cannot easily lie upon a shelf. I think it is almost always the prayer of men of such activity that they may die in the harness. He continued his regular ministrations till this serious illness came. The third Sabbath before his death he was in his pulpit at Marion. The following week he selected the hymns for the next Sabbath's service, and on his couch dictated his resignation. It was his last effort at composition.

Our loss is very great, yet not so great as his gain. He has left us many thoughts to comfort us. In one of his recent sermons, entitled "Between Migdol and the Sea," he says, "God brings His people into exigencies, that they may have a sweeter experience of His name, His guiding, protecting, and comforting presence." Again: "But to every true believer there comes a moment when his faith stands still, and waits the voice, the hand, the salvation, of God. The position of Moses was grand when he looked up straight to heaven, saying, 'My soul, wait thou only, *only* upon God.'"

His last days were full of peace. Sabbath, the 7th of October, two weeks before his death, was his seventy-third birthday. His memory teemed with reminiscences of his youth, especially as preparatory, and related to his great life-work, the gospel ministry.

Every morning of the week preceding that last week of prostration, he observed family prayers as regularly as before. Another would read, and he, lying upon his lounge, with clasped hands, would pray. One week ago last Saturday morning he conducted family prayer for the last time. "*Read the Bible*," said he; "*read a good while*." The passages selected by another were the healing of the centurion's servant and the raising of the widow's son. "Shall we read more?" was asked. "Yes; *that is good*." But no one had the self-control to read more. So there in his chair, "the saint, the father, and the husband," in a sweet, feeble voice, offered his last prayer at the family altar. Twice he stopped from exhaustion, then resumed where he left off. He commenced by thanking God that He had made the way of salvation so simple and easy, thanking Him that when we had sinned he had not forgotten us, thanking Him for all His providential dealings and great faithfulness, especially for granting him the glorious privilege of preaching His gospel. Then he prayed at length for his children, one by one, then in the most fervent manner for all his kindred, then for a long time he besought God for "the dear people in this place, whom he had so feebly tried to serve," then for the dear little flock at Marion. After a pause, brightening up, and speaking with somewhat of his wonted energy, he prayed that, if it were the Lord's will, he might be restored to health, so that he could proclaim His truth and speak of His love a little longer. Then he said, "We thank thee that we are in thy hands, that we are not in our own hands," closing with the most confiding, filial expression of gratitude, submission, and love. He then went to his room, which he never left again. He did not take his bed until late on Saturday afternoon. All day he admired the autumn leaves, noticing particularly that there were green leaves with the faded and the yellow. He seemed so *thankfully satisfied* with every thing. The food was "so palatable," friends were "so kind and sympathetic." "If I were a king," said he, "I could not have a pleasanter room than this." He alluded with great interest to the beautiful text from which Rev. William L. Page preached the funeral sermon of his son in 1868: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." "Yes," said he, "keep against the day of death, keep against the day of judgment, keep forever."

When the bells rang for church on the last Sabbath morning that he ever heard them, he said, with a slight look of anxiety on his face, "What will they do at Marion to-day?" then, with a satisfied smile, he added, "*God loves His cause better than I do*," and turning on his side went tranquilly to sleep.

Though the disease was congestion of the brain, there was rarely any wandering of mind when fairly roused. There was no cry or moan or motion of distress, save now and then some contortion of face when the "waves and surges of pain," as he called them, swept through his head. These, however, were temporary. During the last fourteen hours of his life there were no indications whatever of pain.

On Monday morning his daughter said to him, "Father, I must go away for a little while; but mother is here." He answered, "*And God is here, Jesus is here.*" How like John Wesley's dying words: "The best of it all is, God is with us, Jesus is with us"! At another time that forenoon: "*Religion* first, *Christ in the top.*"

On the Tuesday before his death he sank very rapidly. In the afternoon and evening he was insensible, and his pulse very rapid. It seemed to most of us that he could not live till morning. His son and one daughter were still far away. But Wednesday morning he returned to consciousness, and appeared so much like himself as to awaken in our anxious hearts some hope of his recovery. He remained quite bright until Thursday, — until *all* his family, whom he loved so tenderly, had gathered around him. It seems now as if God gave back his life for a little while, in answer to prayer, that all his family might have the blessing and comfort of hearing his words once more.

On Wednesday morning his wife and physician were by his bedside. He looked lovingly to the former, and, calling her by her first name, said, "Let us review the way the Lord has led us. It a wonderful way, — wonderful, *wonderful*." Then, folding his hands, he broke forth into a prayer exquisite in language, and indescribable in its petitions and expressions of trust: "We bless thee, O Lord, for what thou hast done for us, especially in these latter days. Thou hast led us all our lives long, and redeemed us from evil." Then he prayed for his children; then for "the dear people to whom we have so imperfectly ministered," begging the Lord to infold them all, to let none wander, or neglect the great salvation. In all, he had but one or two requests for himself. The prayer was for *others: "Carry on thy work all over the world!"* Then, "Lord, if it can be thy will, give us an easy passage." He ended with an ascription of praise to the Deity, much like that he was wont to use in the pulpit. No words can give any idea of this his last audible prayer.

Thursday morning he repeated this text, "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." "It's a throne; it's a glorious throne; a high throne, — yes, *high throne*." In intervals of consciousness he gave utterance to such expressions as these: "The wonderful unfoldings of God's providence"! "Greatly bless the dear people we have tried to lead!" With what emphasis did he utter the words, "*God is good*, so *good*"*!*

Thursday, just before noon, he awoke, after a refreshing nap. His daughter said, "You've had a sweet sleep, father." — "Have I?" he replied. Then, pausing a little, "*My days are almost over for sleeping, — sinning, — repenting; — but my singing is yet to come.*"

His hands frequently moved, making those significant gestures with which we are all so familiar. It seemed as if he would preach with his hands when his voice could no longer speak. His last words were spoken on Friday afternoon, to his family assembled around his bed. They were, "*Meet me in heaven!*"

Saturday afternoon the last scene began. The river was wide in the place where he crossed, the time long that he was in the current; but the waves and billows were not high, or rough, or boisterous. At the first he gazed with eyes of tenderness and recognition from one to another, and "looked the words he could not speak." He raised his hands in response to the prayer of the pastor. The ripples on the river where it touched the other shore were so gentle that they were scarcely heard. The physician leaned over him, and said, "Is it possible that that soul has stolen away, and we do not know it?"

What was next for him? We stand in the position which he occupied three weeks ago, when he wrote to a friend in New York, after Dr. Hatfield's death: —

"In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath."

As a parishioner listened to the solemn tolling of the bell last Sabbath morning, she beautifully said, "*He has gone early this morning, to be in season to hold a reunion-service with the Palmyra Christians who loved him so much.*" What a large congregation of his old people must have greeted him! There are more there than here. Of the church-members who welcomed him thirty-five years ago, only forty-four remain.

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath."

Our brother, friend, and father has gone to rest. His face, so beautiful to us all in life, so peaceful in death, calls to mind these words in one of the old hymns he loved: —

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Remarks of Rev. A. M. Stowe:—

For more than thirty years it has been my privilege to call our deceased brother a dear friend. While a student in Auburn Theological Seminary in 1850, he invited me to spend a winter vacation with him. Those three weeks of Christian work in Palmyra were the commencement of a lifelong friendship. It was a great privilege to know such a man as Dr. Eaton, and to know him in his family as well as in his pulpit.

In these brief remarks I would emphasize two or three thoughts which are just now prominent in my mind.

First, The exercises at his daily family altar gave me an opportunity to observe his love and reverence for the Sacred Scriptures. His explanations of the Bible were original. You could carry them away with you, and feed upon them. He was ever seeking after the root of the Scripture thought. The Hebrew and the Greek were familiar languages to him; and those present had the advantage of his knowledge.

Very early in his ministry in Palmyra he sought to supply this entire community with the Scriptures and with those books which explain and enforce the truths of God's word. This was my mission during that vacation. I left his door in the morning with the precious load, and returned in the evening to render my report. I remember those evening talks, encouraging words, and good cheer.

Again: All classes loved Dr. Eaton, because he loved them. You who compose this vast audience to-day have closed your banks and offices and stores, and are here because of your great regard for him. You can bear witness that he drew you up to his heart. He prayed for you, he toiled for you, in your sickness and in your health, in prosperity and adversity: he was your interested friend. His devotion of soul embraced every class of citizens. He was willing to serve with diligence not only, but with a self-abnegation that often amazed the people. . . . He would pronounce those words "Whosoever will, let him come" with peculiar power. He was patient with the fallen; and his wise guiding hand led many from paths of danger. In the lecture-room, in public halls, and with his able pen, he aided every philanthropic cause. All these years he has given no uncertain sound touching the great evil of intemperance. Few have done more for the poor intemperate man than our dear departed friend. His memory is very dear. Let us all "remember the words he spoke while he was yet with us." And may we be taught so to number our days that we may also apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Remarks of Rev. A. Parke Burgess at the funeral of Rev. H. Eaton, D.D.

. . . With you all I am here as a mourner. . . . I am to speak in behalf of Lyons Presbytery. Since Dr. Eaton has been called out of it, I am forcibly reminded that I am now the senior member, — oldest, in the ranks and in active service, of all who are left. So, in behalf of my brothers, I place a tribute of affection and veneration on the casket of our loved father, the patriarch of our churches. It has been well asked, "What will Lyons Presbytery do without him?" For years he has presented reports upon home missions and Auburn Seminary,[1] such as, for scope and mention and happy

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[1] From his last Report on Auburn Theological Seminary (1883). . . . Thirty-five years ago I was invited to this more favored portion of the promised land. Then I joined the company of those who went up to their yearly festival at their Western New York Jerusalem. The place, so "beautiful for situation," the reception so cordial, the communion so fraternal, soon assured me that I was not an alien, but "a fellow-citizen of the saints"; and the memories that twined around another seminary were charmed away, and fixed upon the school of my adoption. At my first visit, Drs. Hickok and Mills were the rabbis. I saw the inauguration of Drs. Hall and Condit. Men die: institutions live. New teachers filled the chairs made vacant. New mansions, splendid public halls, adorn the ground. Auburn has been favored of earth and Heaven.

It is a pleasure to make a report to you of our school of the prophets. . . . But the interest culminates in the *theological* examination. Here we found no fractional orthodoxy, but a system self-consistent, and in substantial agreement expression, I fear we shall not have, now that he is gone. How his heart warmed and enlarged over these vast interests of the kingdom! Much as he loved and brooded over the feeble churches here at home, — and none cared for them more constantly, — yet it was always his desire to see our home missionary gifts, as largely as possible, sent beyond "the great river," the Mississippi, for the work of God along that frontier of advancing population. Many will remember how deeply his feelings were enlisted in that Home Missionary Convention held in this church a few days ago. How he enjoyed the whole of it! And when he took by the hand that artless, earnest young woman, Miss Alice W. Robertson, after her tender appeal for the western tribes among whom her father had lived and died, I remember how warmly he congratulated her upon her work, and said, "Oh, if I were a young man again, how I would love to go and pour out my life on the great frontier!" There lingered yet in his soul the zeal for missions that had come to him in youth, in answer to his mother's prayer. And the "supplication in the spirit" which he offered to God in that convention, as he rose amid breathless silence, after the address upon Texas, by Brother Riggs, his own son in the gospel — who that heard it will ever forget? How he seized upon the very heavens, and brought them down by his faith and importunity! It was like the prayer of the venerable Dr. Schaufler, at the American Board meeting in Syracuse a few years ago, when, with his hands lifted towards heaven, he pleaded with God till it seemed as though he reached the very summit of the ladder of prayer, and laid his burden at the mercy-seat.

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with, though not enslaved by, our creed. The appeal was "to the law and the testimony," — everywhere "Let God be true." There was no shying by distinctive, and, to some, offensive points. . . . The announcement "after death the judgment," is taken as final. In regard to the discriminations of the future world, the professor of theology thinks it unsafe to be more merciful or less just than the Lord Jesus Christ. He seems to have no ambition to discover another probation beyond this present life.

However haze may linger around other pinnacles, "sunshine settles on the head" of Auburn.

A secret feeling entered some hearts that day, as Dr. Eaton sat down, that perhaps he would never again in public give utterance to such a prayer; and it was his last.

In Presbytery, Brother Eaton was universally loved, and a favorite. He was a man of peace. His heart was so tender and sensitive that any attrition with his brethren was always too painful for him. And yet no man was braver than he when the truth was to be spoken and the right defended.

But he needs no eulogy. Perhaps some time a stone may be erected to mark his resting-place; but he has already a monument. *This pulpit* is his monument; and these pews, this Sunday-school, this prayer-meeting, this church, these hundreds of homes where his voice was familiar in seasons of joy and sorrow,—all are monuments to his sacred memory. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings!" The very streets of Palmyra are more beautiful because he has trodden them so often. . . .

As we gather around this casket, and look upon that loved face, "beautiful in death," we can again say:—

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

CHAPTER XI.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MARION. — MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE SABBATH-SCHOOL AT PALMYRA.

On Sabbath evening, Oct. 28, memorial services were held at the church in Marion, where Dr. Eaton had ministered for the last four years.

From the "Marion Enterprise": —

"Despite the unfavorable weather, the house was filled to its utmost capacity. The wall, pulpit, and vacant chair were heavily draped. The decorations were emblematic and beautiful. Appropriate music was rendered by a select choir. Addresses were made by Brothers Runyan, Merrill, Kolyn, Maxwell, Hammond, and Short. A deep and touching interest was manifested throughout. All present seemed to join in the heartfelt tributes to an able man, a remarkable pastor, and a servant of the Lord universally venerated and beloved."

Rev. W. W. Runyan of the Methodist Church said, —

"It is not my purpose to pronounce a eulogy. I shall better consult the proprieties of the occasion, and better honor the memory of our venerable friend departed, by giving my estimate and impressions of him in sober and selected words.

"I have known Dr. Eaton for eighteen years. For twelve of those years I admired and revered him. During the six remaining years I have admired, revered, and loved him, because I knew him better. Horace Eaton was no ordinary man. Were other proofs of this wanting, his successful pastorate of thirty years in Palmyra would sufficiently demonstrate his intrinsic ability and the amplitude of his resources. His nature was full and round. He was strong at many points, wise in many ways, endowed with many gifts. He was genial yet dignified, prudent yet courageous, polite without affectation, learned without pedantry, widely honored and influential, yet humble in bearing, and meek in spirit. Open as the day, he yet possessed a wakeful sagacity and admirable tact. With the strength of his robust manhood was blended the simplicity, the transparency, of a child. For my own part, I must avow I never knew anywhere, in any denomination of Christians, a man who more fully realized and exemplified the ideal minister. We all know, everybody knows, how uniformly kind, friendly, benignant, he was. He had a courteous, brotherly, or perhaps fatherly salutation for every one. In this respect, and partly for this reason perhaps,

> 'None knew him but to love him,
> None named him but to praise.'

And this habitual and unfailing urbanity sprang from the real goodness of a philanthropic Christian heart. It was not assumed for a purpose or an occasion. It was not put on. It was the spontaneous out-put of a large and generous nature. It was the man himself shining through and shining out, and sometimes it well-nigh transfigured him before our eyes. His personal magnetism was something quite extraordinary, perhaps incredible to those who did not know him well. I cannot here attempt to analyze it, or account for it; but certain it is that he possessed a singular power of attracting and attaching men to himself, and yet to all appearances was unconscious of the gift. I wonder at it as I think of it, now he is gone, and then again I do *not* wonder; for he was so good and honest, so frank and friendly, so ingenuous, truthful, sterling, — an '*upright* man,' perpendicular by the Lord's plummet.

"His preaching, especially while he was at the meridian of his physical powers, held and edified all classes of hearers: sometimes it electrified them, or moved to grateful tears. But perhaps he pleased best the most cultivated and most spiritual in his congregation. He was a master of statement. His sentences were crisp, incisive, clean-cut, luminous. His diction was mainly from the sturdy old Anglo-Saxon. His written style was a model of chaste elegance and vigor. It would bear a microscope. Without superfluities, without gaudy ornaments, it was as beautiful as the gleam of an angel's wing. Yet style was never the end with him, but always a *means* to an end. He had something to say, and he said it, knowing exactly how to say it. His discourses were terse, condensed, cumulative, sometimes climacteric. They were richly freighted, too, from alpha to omega, from exordium to peroration. Some speakers hammer out the truth into gold-leaf: Dr. Eaton gave us truth in coin, ingots, and solid bullion. It is needless to say that he made elaborate, conscientious preparation for his pulpit-work. Like the householder of the gospel, he brought forth out of his treasure things new and old. He fed his flock with a careful bounty. From the storehouse of the Scriptures he spread forth the bread and wine of the kingdom, and oil well beaten. The extent of his reading and research was surprising; yet his vast wealth of materials did not confuse or embarrass him; for it was fused, refined, and recast in the crucible of his own meditations. I found it a treat, often a benediction, to listen to him, and could but admire his robust integrity as a thinker. Perhaps he sometimes packed too much thought into a discourse for the average congregation. If so, it was a fault in the right direction, and one that intelligent hearers easily forgive. Would that preachers in these days were more generally guilty of it! They should trust the people more, honor the intelligence of the people more. The masses of men crave the truth, hunger and thirst and inwardly pant for the truth. They know they are rushing onward to the grave, and they will drink in whole Niagaras of truth when they can get it, — the living truth of God; for oh the soul of the people is parched and faint, and all athirst for living water from the Everlasting Fountain.

"The doctor's occasional contributions to the weekly press were gems of their kind, and I made it a point to read whatever came from his pen in that line.

"I must not omit to say that Dr. Eaton was a pronounced and unswerving advocate of the temperance cause under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. He rebuked the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks with the fire and vehemence of an ancient Hebrew prophet, and he did so in public and in private, and in social circles; but he ever spoke the truth in love. He held aloft the temperance standard, and held it high, with full knowledge that his course would rouse bitter hostility. He saw the difficulties of his position — saw them plainly. He felt the trial — felt it keenly. But he would not falter, would not compromise the truth, would not lower the standard an iota or a tittle. He deliberately and dispassionately resolved to act on principle, be the consequences to himself what they might. Said he in my hearing, 'Let us do our *duty* in this matter without regarding consequences. Consequences belong to God.' Is he sorry now? Could he have lived long enough, his voice would have been heard again and again, ringing high and clear in the din of the great conflict which is fast coming in this land. But the Master saw fit to take him away from the troubles of this present evil world. He had done enough, and had done it well. Yea, verily, his was a fine courage. Underneath the lamblike gentleness of the man there throbbed a lion-heart. The heroic and chivalric were cardinal elements in his make-up.

"But, though Dr. Eaton was a man with positive convictions and a marked individuality, he was not a man of one idea or a solitary hobby, mentally warped or intellectually deformed. No. He was symmetry itself embodied. He was cognizant of many relations to society and the world. His sympathies were wide, and his sensibilities keen. He projected feelers and feeders in all directions. His nature was many-sided, as the Germans say, and it was receptive on all sides. Travel and observation had made him a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the globe, in his range of thought. He loved science, poetry, and art. He loved to trace the hand of God in current history. He loved little children. 'Behold, how he loved them!' He loved the birds, the lilies, the mountains, the deep, deep sea, and, next to the cross of Christ, the flag of his native land. . . .

"He threw the arms of a loving, humble faith around the cross of Christ. To lift up that cross before the eyes of dying men was the holy purpose and the best achievement of his useful life. He turned many to righteousness, and doubtless he will shine as a star for ever and ever.

"It is among the precious treasures of my life that I have known this good man, and may remember him as a counselor and friend. To me it was like sunrise to meet him on the street, like the smile of a benignant Providence to see his face, and share his converse in the privacy of his library, which he playfully called his 'den.' But none of us can monopolize him. All good citizens can claim a share in Dr. Eaton, for he was the friend of all. No denominational barriers can bound his fame. No sectarian channel can confine the rolling river of his influence, for ecclesiastical bars could not limit his charity, his services, his benefactions, or his friendships. The memory of the just is blessed.

"Dr. Eaton had laid up much treasure in heaven, and now he has gone to possess it. From that eminence, I doubt not, he will continue to contemplate the drama of time, which while here he watched with so much interest. From that elevation he will gaze upon the angel having the everlasting gospel as he flies from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth. From that happy seat he will by and by hear the Sabbath chimes and mission-bells while they peal forth one continuous triumph round a world redeemed. . . . Prince in Israel, farewell. Farewell, loved and cherished friend. Thrice honored be thy grave among the graves of the good. Thrice happy be thy spirit among the spirits of the blest."

A memorial service was held in the Sabbath-school at Palmyra on the Sabbath following Dr. Eaton's funeral, under the lead of Mr. Lucius H. Foster, superintendent. We give some of the thoughts of the speakers. Rev. W. H. Landon, the pastor, addressed the younger scholars, and related some incidents in Dr. Eaton's childhood and youth.

Remarks of Deacon M. B. Riggs: —

"Dr. Eaton went home one week ago this morning. Blessed man! Dear old pastor! We know your humble soul was surprised at the height of your place in heaven. When Dorcas died, they showed Peter the coats and garments which she had made. The importance of her life to the living was thus vividly portrayed to Peter; and the picture led him to kneel, to pray, and to exclaim, 'Tabitha, arise! and she sat up.' With such a notable example before us, may not we appropriately and profitably exhibit a few coats and garments which our late pastor made for us as a church? Although we may not expect him to be presented to us alive, will not the review aid us in estimating his character, the value of his life, and enforce the example which he has set for us, the precepts he has left, and help to perpetuate his influence upon us and upon the community?

"At his suggestion, several young men undertook to surround the church with trees. Most of them were recent converts, students in our school, and at that time had the ministry in view. They repaired to the woods and selected fine, vigorous saplings. Dr. Eaton was present at this tree-planting,[1] and the beautiful maple near the south-east corner of our church was set out by his own hands. He was upon his knees while he did the work. Many a time has he been on his knees before our heavenly Father, pleading earnestly that we might be planted and rooted in the faith of the Bible. Many of the sturdy pillars of our church were planted and watered by him; ay, and have not his teachings enhanced the spiritual growth of us all? Let us never pass that tree without recalling to mind the one who planted it, and his prayers on bended knee for us.

"When we needed a lecture-room, it was Dr. Eaton who solicited and obtained the funds necessary for the work; and the money which paid for the spacious and substantial pavement in front of our church was raised by him. When we needed shelter for our teams, he was instrumental in effecting the very judicious purchase of the grounds where our sheds now stand. When our house of worship required modernizing and enlargement, his necessary and untiring services were cheerfully rendered to assist in providing funds; and so was it when the money was contributed to pay for our melodious and beautiful organ.

"But among the many efficient and earnest efforts of our late pastor to promote the welfare and prosperity of our congregation, perhaps none more clearly exhibited his thorough unselfishness and his earnest zeal than what he did towards securing to us a parsonage, and making it available for his successor. He did not expect to occupy it, or that his family would do so, yet that did not stay his efforts; but, Samuel-like, the same cheerful service was as freely rendered as that which he gave before his resignation.

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[1] Dr. Eaton used laughingly to call the trees around the church his "vegetable children."

"But greater things than these has he done for us. He was our spiritual teacher. We have all partaken of the heavenly manna with which he fed us, and although we may have eaten it as we did our daily bread, without realizing that it was aliment as necessary to our spiritual growth as the staff of life to our bodies, yet results show its importance. During his pastorate here, some fourteen have gone out to proclaim the gospel message, — some in our own and some in foreign lands. Others beside these fourteen commenced preparation for the gospel ministry, but were obliged, by ill-health and other reasons, to abandon it.

"He was the pioneer and faithful supporter of a ministers' Monday-morning Prayer and Conference Meeting, which has doubtless been an important factor in securing the very cordial relations which have ever existed between the several churches of our village. Dr. Eaton has been laying foundations as imperishable as adamant. God grant that we may be worthy sons and daughters of such a father, and may our last end be like his!"

SAMUEL B. MCINTYRE, Esq., spoke in substance as follows: —

"To us among whom he walked, Dr. Eaton did not seem to be occupying any commanding position. Yet the brilliant names of orators, soldiers, authors, and statesmen of the present, will gradually fade away, while the name of Dr. Eaton for long years will be held in loving remembrance, and be a very household word, not only in this community, but in the hearts of many scattered over this nation and in foreign lands. Other lives may now seem splendid in comparison with his; but his life and example will always remain in sight, like the star which steadily shines on in its serene height, while the meteor-flashes have disappeared in the darkness they have but temporarily illumined.

"He was humble. He sought no fame. He perfectly expressed in his pure and crystalline character and life what is most precious and pure in any character and life, — Christian love and charity. We cannot rightly understand such lives, unless we take them as a whole, unless we enter in some measure into sympathy with them, and thus are able to comprehend the secret springs, motives, and purposes that ennobled them. How much like Paul was Dr. Eaton! It was because of this sympathy that Dr. Eaton so loved Paul. And when we fully sympathize with such a life as that of our departed pastor, then will we begin also to realize as he did the idea of a living, active, personal Saviour, full of power, but also full of simplicity, kindness, and love. Thus will our souls be dilated and remodeled, and our hearts filled with a perpetual fountain of joy. But is not his life a terrible rebuke to those of us who have doubted the possibility of exercising the faith required of a true servant of the Lord? — to those who have halted at the promises, and have felt that they were true only in a certain spiritualized sense, and have never realized their fulness, power, and richness? To those of us who have not dared to follow Christ as our exemplar in all things and at all times, from a fear, perhaps belief, that it was not in human nature to obey the command to 'take up our cross daily, and follow Him, with what force of rebuke comes this life, that has before our eyes, for over thirty years, been acting out the possibility, nay, the *reality*, of so living, resolving all doubts *by the fact!* Here has been one to whom all could point and say, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.'

"I have been asked to refer to the mental characteristics of Dr. Eaton. I find it impossible to analyze and detach any portion of his mental from his religious life. As the component colors of God's sunlight are so blended together into a pure white radiance, that the unaided human eye cannot resolve them into their different shades, so the religious and mental characteristics of our dear friend were closely interwoven, and I have no prism with which to separate them. They all together went to make the man. . . . It is impossible to point out in the whole range of my acquaintance one who was so *simple and yet so grand*. One could not but involuntarily compare him to a block of granite hewn from the adamantine hills of his native State, strong, firm, sturdy, solid, yet shaped and polished by divine grace and intellectual culture; and so he stood, simple in his grandeur, and grand in his simplicity. I wondered in my younger days at this peculiar union of seemingly contradictory characteristics, but came fully to understand it later in life. All recollect his great love for the strong, solid, and real in every thing, and his aversion to all shams. He was an ardent lover of animal and physical nature. To his kitten and horse he talked as to friends. He was not 'looking through Nature up to Nature's God,' but 'saw God in every thing.'

"Whatever came under his observation, at home or abroad, became to him vivid in significance, and rich in suggestion of moral fact or religious doctrine. . . .

"In many particulars there were points of harmony between Dr. Eaton and my deceased father.[1] There was the same love of the strong and the solid, the same love of Nature. They early became friends; and it was no wonder they were friends, for Dr. Eaton was the friend of every one. And when they meet above, as I believe they will, my father will be one among the many who will say to him, 'It is owing to your words, your life, and your example, that I am here.'"

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[1] Alexander McIntyre, M.D., of Palmyra, N.Y.

Remarks of HENRY R. DURFEE, Esq.

"When the elders of Ephesus went down to Miletus for what proved to be their farewell interview with Paul, at the close of that most affecting scene, it is related that 'they all wept sore . . . sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.' The apostle had spoken to them of the dangers and trials which they were to encounter; but it was not of these that they thought as they said farewell.

"It was their sense of personal loss which filled their eyes with tears as they realized that the loved presence of their friend and teacher would shortly disappear from their sight forever.

"And so it is with us as we gather here to make some expression of our grief at the loss of our friend and teacher. It is our loss that we lament to-day. For him, to die is gain. In this assemblage it is not so much the man of mark, of wide influence, of high attainments, fitted worthily to bear the title of 'doctor of divinity,' as it is our friend, endeared to us by long acquaintance and companionship, whom we mourn. And I think that the personal qualities and traits which attracted us, and gained him our affection, are at this time uppermost in all our minds.

"In recalling the personal characteristics of our dear friend and pastor, it has seemed to me that one of the most marked was his constant and abounding cheerfulness. There was nothing lugubrious or forbidding about his piety or his presence; but they shone with the gladsome light and warmth of the sunshine wherever he went, whether it were to the house of feasting, or to the chamber of the sick and the house of mourning. Neither his familiarity with the sorrows of his wide circle of friends and parishioners, nor his personal and private griefs and disappointments, seemed able permanently to depress his spirits. This arose, not from cynical indifference, or stoical fortitude, — for none was more sympathetic, compassionate, and tender-hearted than he, — but from the depth and serenity of his faith.

"Having that hope which is 'an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast,' and an implicit trust in the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father, his elastic and sanguine temperament rose above all the gloom which obscured the way into the pure sunlight of the divine love.

"Another characteristic was his keen perception and love of the sublime and beautiful. His was the true poetic soul, to which 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.' Whether he listened to the giant harp of the wind-swept woods, the 'breezy call of incense-breathing morn,' the songs of the birds, the pealing thunder, or the deep diapason of the sea, his ear was attuned to all their harmonies. And, in driving with him about the country, I have frequently noticed how quick he was to observe the varying beauties of the landscape, and to note the changing forms and colors of the clouds, and the fields and flowers and foliage on our way. He recognized with reverent delight the voice of the Great Creator in every harmony of wind or wave, and His creative hand in every perfect form or tint of earth or sky.

"We who have listened to his preaching cannot fail to remember with what a skilful touch, and with what a glow of enthusiasm, he presented to us the pictures in which the Master is the central figure, and described the grassy mountain-sides and the sparkling waters of Galilee, or spoke of the lilies of the field, the great oaks of Bashan, and the tall cedars of Lebanon.

"And as in Nature, so also in literature and art, whatever was grand and beautiful found in him an appreciative and enthusiastic admirer.

"Nor was this refined, aesthetic taste and perception at all allied to weakness. On the contrary, he had in his character not a little of the granite of his native hills. Gentle and affable and kindly as he was, no man ever knew him to flinch where a principle was involved, or, from fear of personal sacrifice or discomfort, to shrink from an arduous undertaking.

"A little incident which I witnessed will illustrate this. A number of years ago the snow fell to a very great depth, and on the morning after the storm ceased, as one of the neighbors and myself were out shovelling off the sidewalk, we saw Dr. Eaton coming up the street, on his way to visit a sick parishioner.

"The walk had been cleared for a part of the distance, and, when he reached the end of the path, I called to him to wait a few minutes, and we would shovel down to him. 'Oh, no!' he shouted cheerily back: 'I wasn't born in New Hampshire for nothing!' And without more ado he plunged waist-deep into the drifted snow, and lustily struggled through.

"And so it was in all his work. No war of elements or opinions, and no obstacles, natural or conventional, could deter him from vigorously and valiantly following the path in which he believed duty called him.

"To the preaching of the Word, also, he brought a like courage and vigor, and robustness of understanding. He was not afraid to grapple with the great problems of the life that now is and that which is to come, and with the profound truths of the Scriptures; and he brought to their consideration a grasp of mind, and an intentness and clearness of thought, to follow which, may indeed have sometimes required a severe intellectual exercise on the part of his hearers, but which was most truly edifying to thoughtful minds. And yet I think he loved especially to dwell upon the divine tenderness and compassion, and to entreat us by the mercies of God to be reconciled to Him.

"Of the beauty and purity of his life and character, of his many years of faithful, loving labor among us, of the influence which he has exercised and the good which he has done, we all are witnesses, and it is needless for me to speak. Much as we revered, admired, and loved him living, we realize these things now, perhaps, more than ever, — now that his life among us has ended.

"As I took my final look at the dear, familiar features, so calm and peaceful in their last sleep, it seemed to me that they had caught a reflection of the beauty and the glory and the joy of the saints' rest.

"Well may we sorrow that we shall see his face no more. Yet his teachings and his life shall not fail from our memory. These shall rest upon and remain with us like a benediction, — and an inspiration, also, — leading each of us with sweet persuasion to a nobler, purer, and higher life."

CHAPTER XII.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS. — PRESS NOTICES. — RESOLUTIONS. — MURAL TABLET. — ANNIVERSARY ELEGY, "BESIDE HIS GRAVE," OCT. 24, 1884.

The richest feature of the multitude of letters received from dear friends, expressive of esteem, love, and even reverence for the departed, is that they so gratefully refer to helpful and uplifting influences received from him. Selections from a few give the drift of many.

From E. Payson Griffin, Esq., New York: —

"For many years I have seen but little of him, but I had not forgotten him. How could I forget him who had been the means, under God, of my conversion? Many of the pleasantest recollections of my life are associated with him. . . . I thank God for bringing me in contact with such a man."

From William D. Porter, Esq., treasurer of National Temperance Society, New York: —

". . . I remember the Thanksgiving sermon, November, 1845, when your husband preached upon the sinfulness of war. I recall one suggestive remark, 'Volcanoes are the world's safety-valves.' The sermon he preached on Sabbath morning, March 15, 1846, from Luke 14:28, led me, after a two-hours' struggle, to accept of Christ as my Saviour; and I shall bless him for that sermon through eternity. . . . The last time we met was at the golden wedding of Uncle William E. Dodge, at Tarrytown, June 24, 1876."

From Gen. John Eaton, Washington, D.C.: —

"Dear Uncle Horace seemed to me the same growing character from the first to the last memory I have of him. The freshness of spirit that attracted me as a child he never lost. He always had the same strength and firmness joined with tender sympathy and consideration. His self-sacrifice knew no limits when required by the Master. He would do all and suffer all, that he might serve Him, and win souls. I have before me now his first letter and his last to me. How much of his influence upon me and our family they compass and recall! The first, yellow with years, and torn, was written when I was too small to read it. He was then in college, and engaged in a struggle for his education, in which few students would think of benefiting a child. The last bears date Aug. 31, and was written a short time before his death. How like him are both! These letters especially show how he felt the duties and privileges of kinship. When did he ever meet a relative without acknowledging the tie, and without some effort to use it for good? In his first letter, recalling the fact that we were born in the same place, he drops into a familiar chat about stones, mountains, and stars, alike familiar to his childhood and mine, and seeks to impress my infant mind with ideas of immortality, and to inspire me to act, even in childhood, as becomes one with great possibilities before him. The characteristics of this letter pervaded all his intercourse with me. He attracted me, and I always cherished the hours with him and their memory, whether we met amid the scenes of youth, or by the way, amid the urgency of events of advancing manhood, or at his home or at mine. My mother, long since sainted, early called to leave her little flock, held him up as a most worthy example. We never could forget him. Besides, he made himself among us one of our most welcomed companions.

"Uncle's last letter to me begins, 'I snatch a moment to inform you of this red-letter day. Lucien stopped off, and spent a few hours with us. It was inspiring to have a *viva voce* account of the times that have gone over the dear old spot.' And so, with the enthusiasm of youth, he refers to the incidents recounted in their conversation that occurred at the Grange in his absence." . . .

From Charles Eaton, Esq., Toledo, O.:—

"The inspiration we received from Uncle Horace can never be repeated from his lips again. It can only be treasured up in our memories. His stories of his mother, of his boyhood, of his brothers and sisters, were always feasts for the soul. His philosophy of life was elevating, purifying, joy-giving. How we shall miss him at Kimball Hill! His memory could put in their proper places in the field, by the fireside, on the 'muster-ground,' and in the church, all the actors in our ancestral path, and restore our family drama with all its music, lights, sorrows, and joys. He knew the gown and frock each actor wore; he knew their cups and their food; he could repeat their words, their speeches, and their prayers. . . . Uncle Horace's crown was humility. He pursued duty every day with diligence, vigor, and patience. He never lifted up his eyes to see if others were looking at his achievements. Distinction and display were banners that he never carried. He was content to give all the wealth of his heart and all the jewels of his mind to his own country parish. His pen was terse and strong, and when it touched Nature, it was as beautiful as Nature itself. In his private letters and public discourses there are pictures as brilliant as an autumn leaf, as fragrant as a Mayflower, and as musical as the brooks. Nature refreshed him. He loved to climb all her hills and mountains. The birds were his delight: the bobolink and the thrush were his joy. I can see him now as he would pause to listen to their melodies. He noticed the wild flowers. There was a charm to him even in the dull blossom of the elecampane. His love of kindred was an intense flame that never flickered. No son who loves his mother as uncle loved his can ever wander far in a bad path." . . .

From Rev. George H. Griffin, Milford, Conn.: —

"I desire to lay my humble tribute on the bier of this beloved friend. My earliest recollections of a minister are associated with him. . . . I remember the strong impression he made upon my boyish mind by the deep earnestness and evident sincerity of his manner in the pulpit. His love for the children was manifested by the time (on Saturday afternoons) he gave to our catechism class; coming in, I believe, at the close of the hour to hear us repeat the answers, on which good old Mother Dodge (whose son, William E. Dodge, was superintendent of the Sunday-school) had been drilling us. . . . I think I can truly say that I owe it, as far as pastoral influence was concerned (aiding and supplementing the home training of pious parents), quite as much to this departed friend as to any other that I am to-day serving God in the ministry of His Son." . . .

From Henry M. Baird, D.D., Professor in N.Y. University: —

"Nov. 9, 1883.

" . . . I have ever cherished, and shall ever cherish, the deepest regard and affection for your husband, to whose faithful ministry in the days of my boyhood I owe so much. I remember well his earnest, spiritual preaching, full of stimulating truth, and having but one end, — that of bringing souls unto Christ. I myself received from it my first strong convictions of sin and duty, and I shall ever bless God for having enjoyed the privileges of so long sitting at his feet." . . .

From Rev. Dr. Theodore F. White, Summit, N.J.: —

" . . . How much I loved him you know, or, rather, you do not know. His death brings up afresh precious memories of past days. I remember him as a theological student, as the young pastor of the Sixth-street Church. I recall his visits at our home and consultations with my father. I can never forget the seasons of spiritual blessing in that church, — least of all that time when I was led to Jesus, and all my struggles, my darkness, and my light, and how faithful he was toward me. Oh, how many things come up more and faster than I can write! And then the separation, the long pastorate at Palmyra, the delightful meetings, though so few and far between, and yet all along the feeling that he was to me the dearest man in the Synod." . . .

From Rev. Henry T. Perry, Sivas, Turkey:—

" . . . I can never forget the great kindness shown by your husband to me when I was sent as a colporteur on the Erie Canal, in the vicinity of your beautiful town. The work presented many obstacles, especially to one so inexperienced in Christian endeavor as I then was. His cheerful question, 'Well, what have you gleaned to-day?' often turned my discouragement into joy and hope. I have carefully preserved the copy of the sermon which he preached at my ordination at North Adams, Mass., in December, 1865, and have often read it in remembrance of him. 'And fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ,'—not to add any thing to the meritorious work of the crucified Redeemer, but to join Him in the spirit of self-denial for others, effectually to reach the wicked by sympathy, and glorify God by making known to the world *a suffering Saviour.*"

From Rev. E. Wilmot Cummings, Elba, N.Y.:—

" . . . Monday evening I was at Horace Deming's. We did not then know of Dr. Eaton's death, but were hoping he might recover. Horace said he could never think of Dr. Eaton as an old man: he always seemed young to him. It was so in my case. I often feared that I had been too familiar; but while with him he appeared as 'one of us.' I could not help it."

IN MEMORIAM.

* * * * * *

For truth and right he stood,
  Firm as his native hills,
Whose rock-ribbed grandeur well he loved,
  As sportive as their rills.

Intemperance and crime,
  Twin source of human woe,
Stirred his compassion and his ire,
  His pity, and his blow.

Chosen of God was he,
  And fitted for his place
Within the church; a pillar strong,
  Ornate with truth and grace.

A living, polished stone,
  From out her wall he cried,
Rejoicing in the gospel truth
  That Christ the Lord has died.

C. B. Botsford.

PRESS NOTICES.

From Rev. John Q. Adams, San Francisco, Cal., in the "New York Evangelist": —

" The sad news has just reached us that another of the honored standard-bearers in the Presbyterian Church has gone home. It hardly seems possible that *our* Dr. Eaton has gone. But, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he has been gathered in. Again earth seems poorer, and heaven richer.

" It will doubtless be given to other hands to tell the story of his life and work, — one of the most interesting of which we have ever known. But, as one of the young men who knew and loved him well, I would add a few words to the many that will be spoken.

" Dr. Eaton is associated with some of my earliest recollections. My first visit made away from my father's house was in the family of which he was the honored head, and often since has that home welcomed the boy and man. What he was there, what he was in the church of God, and in the families of his flock, God knoweth, but no man can tell. As a husband and father, a pastor and friend, words seem cold when applied to him.

" Of only one characteristic would I speak now, one of the first and most abiding his personal presence impressed upon me. He was an *indefatigable worker for his Lord and Saviour.* Possessed of a strong constitution, he did not know what it was to give up any work set him to do till it was finished. This was illustrated in his study all his life. He was a scholar even to old age, devoting much time to his Greek and Hebrew, while keeping abreast with current thought — and all that he might be more efficient in his work for God. Dartmouth College, his alma mater, honored herself as truly as she honored him, when at her centennial in 1869 she made him a doctor of divinity. If the ministry generally would show equal diligence in this direction, so far as strength and means will allow, there would be fewer complaints that the young men were crowding out the old, or that some one had crossed the 'dead line.' . . .

" It ought not to be forgotten that he always was a *kind, loving, sym-*

pathetic friend of young men. Many a young man in the ministry will feel a personal loss when they know that he has fallen asleep.

"'Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'"

From "The Corning Democrat": —

"Rev. Dr. Bacon closed his discourse last Sunday morning with an extended tribute to the character and life of the late Dr. Eaton, for thirty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Palmyra, N.Y. Dr. Eaton was well known to many of our citizens, his intimate and pleasant relations with the families of Hon. C. C. B. Walker and Hon. S. T. Hayt having been the occasion of his frequent visits to our town. Now the joyful purpose of his coming would be to pronounce a benediction upon a union of hearts and hands, and now it would be to weep with those who wept, in a solemn burial-service for their beloved dead.

"We make the following extract from the sermon referred to above: —

"'. . . He was the personal friend of every one of his people. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, were all alike to him; for the facts of manhood, rather than the accidents of life, were the standard by which he measured the value of a human soul.

"'Dr. Eaton was a preacher who was always interesting; for he had the happy art of "putting things," always expressing his thoughts with vigor and originality. And with the unfailing sympathy of his great, loving heart, the helpfulness of his willing hands, and his hopefulness for the best things in human nature, he was in every regard a model pastor. His heart was always bubbling over with the practical expression of kindness and good will. He was himself the best illustration of the principles which he preached, and the duties which he enjoined.

"'He always took a deep interest in the young, and especially in young men He has helped many a young man to decide the question of his life-work, when sound advice was the supreme need of the hour. It was under his wise instruction and judicious counsel that I, when a young man, was brought into the fellowship of the Christian Church. And through such personal and prayerful interest as a father might take in the welfare of his son, I was led to reconsider the question as to what profession I should choose; and I have no doubt that I am your pastor to-day, because Horace Eaton was my pastor some twenty-five years ago.'"

From the "New York Evangelist," Nov. 15, 1883: —

"On the twenty-first day of October, 1883, the Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., died at his residence in Palmyra, N.Y. I had the pleasure in 1857 and 1858 to know and love him well. Since that, I have met him from time to time, and it has been my privilege to continue the friendship then begun. What was true of the granite a quarter of a century ago is true of its essential qualities to-day. The solidity of Dr. Eaton's character was such that once to know him was always to know him. Everybody who knew him loved him with such sincere devotion that his praises have come in volumes from loving and grateful hearts, and I find it difficult to know what is left for my pen.

"Dr. Eaton had a remarkably rare combination of gifts and elements of character. He was always intensely persistent in pursuit of any object he decided to attempt. His early life, eloquently and affectionately described by others, conspicuously illustrates what pluck, will, energy, and the courage to surmount apparently insurmountable obstacles, can do for the boy, laying broad and deep, and firm as granite, the foundations of the character of the man. It seemed as if difficulty was to him but 'the stimulus to exertion.' One of the chief supports of this element of his character was the underlying fact that he never attempted any thing unworthy of the purest ambition. In all this it is clear that God had taken the poor young Horace to make him a prince and a noble in the court of the King of kings, — the only King to whom his loyal heart ever paid homage. When the Lord adopted him to become a rare and valiant disciple, to illumine every dark place where sorrow or suffering led him, his soul became lighted as with electric lights, bringing out the brilliants of a nature all adorned with God-given gems of rarest lustre. He came as near being a man with a 'conscience void of offence' as any human being I have ever known. To great talents and learning as a theologian, and a classical and *belles-lettres* scholar, he united a modesty so sweet and so sincere, that nobody felt the least jealousy over the consciousness that he was absorbing the affections of all about him.

"His daily life was the farthest remove from 'the pride that apes humility.' He was transparently guileless. He had large learning, but on one subject great ignorance. He never learned or could learn his own essential value. Chief of saints, he might at times have felt with Paul that he was chief of sinners. Being human, he must have had faults; but I never had the time or opportunity to find them. I do not use the language of exaggeration: I know that what I say of him can only be truly said of those rare and precious gems Christ has prepared with peculiar care to shine in His diadem. But the dear departed was in truth one of these. Self-sacrificing, and enduring all hardships, he would go on foot in storm and in the rigors of cold, or the enervations of heat, to do his Saviour's business in a way as noiseless and unseen as the process of germination in the earth beneath, scattering smiles and blessings in abodes which but for him and his Lord knew but little else than drear darkness. In these lowly places the gems of his character sparkled with seraphic splendor. Meet him after such toil at the evening twilight, and say, 'Brother Eaton, you look tired, you have had a hard day's work,' and his self-forgetfulness even then instinctively asserted itself. He would probably answer, 'Brother, it is a great privilege to do even a little, in a humble way, for the Lord.' Bless the dear man! Hunger, cold, weariness, toilsome struggles, were all amply compensated and forgotten in intense absorption of his daily walks with God and for God. There was no crevice anywhere about him for sham.

"As a preacher he was a godly power. A consistent and persistent Presbyterian, he was not a bigot. His practical language was '*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*' (I am a man, and nothing pertaining to man is indifferent to me). I venture the assertion that no member of any church, Roman Catholic or Protestant, ever found a chilled sympathy from Dr. Eaton by reason of creed. His great heart could take a fellow-being in its warm folds without stopping to ask or care whence he came, so only that the heart's visitor needed a brother's welcome. As I used to look out of my office, and see the dear, good man in his daily walks, I felt that in his measure he went about doing good, as did the 'Son of man,' 'God manifest in the flesh.' Such a character never dies. It exhales that subtle, intangible, unseen but potential power we call influence. . . . Thankful for the lesson of his life, I reverence his memory as a priceless treasure. J. D. HUSBANDS.

"ROCHESTER, N.Y., Oct. 30, 1883."

From Rev. S. M. CAMPBELL, D.D., Minneapolis, Minn., in "New York Evangelist": —

"In my last 'Evangelist' I read with deep interest the elegant tribute of Hon. J. D. Husbands to the memory of Dr. Eaton of Palmyra, N.Y. What impresses me in regard to all these men is their goodness. I do not mean goodishness. These were all manly men; but they were preeminently kind and loving men. And Dr. Eaton was one of the best in both particulars. No man had stronger convictions than he. No man was ever truer to such convictions, or more ready to avow them. But he had the gift to do all that without making enemies. What a tribute that was to his worth when the Roman Catholic priest of the village where he died told his people that a good man had fallen, and that they would all do well to show him their respect by attending his funeral! . . . Dr.

Manning of the Old South Church of Boston was nearly sixty years old when he died. Knox, Weed, Hatfield, McColl, and Eaton were considerably older. They all lived to full age; and this world is the poorer, and the better world is the brighter, that they have passed away."

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the session of the Western Presbyterian Church of Palmyra, N.Y., held Nov. 5, 1883, the following minute was adopted, and ordered to be recorded: —

"Whereas it has pleased the Supreme Disposer of events to call from the scenes of his earthly labors the Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., who was for thirty years the pastor of this church, while we bow with resignation to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we find it not merely a duty, but a privilege, to record our sense of bereavement in the loss of him who had so long and so nobly filled the place of spiritual guide to this people; a loss, great, in that we lose his eminently valuable counsel in the affairs of the church, of the community, and of ourselves; great, in that we lose his efficient help in all the great moral movements of the present time; great, in that we lose his example, so pure, so peaceful, so lovely, so full of all the Christian graces; great, in that we lose the further products of such scholarly acquirements; great, in that we lose the further products of such mental powers; great, in that we lose the prayers of one who prayed for this church and people without ceasing.

"We would record our gratitude to our heavenly Father that he has so long permitted us — and the wide community who joined with us at the funeral in testifying to their affection for this 'father in Israel' — to enjoy the example, the teachings, and the prayers of him whose death we now mourn. We are also grateful that we are shown in this noble life and this triumphant death that to be a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ makes one more truly great, and more honored among men, than any mere worldly life. We are also grateful that in this life and death we have another evidence of the truth of the scriptural declaration, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit greater than he that taketh a city,' and of the faithfulness of the promise, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'

"WARREN H. LANDON, *Moderator.*"

A Testimonial of Love and Respect for the late Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., and of Sympathy with his Family: —

We the undersigned, members and guests of the Palmyra Steamer and Hose Companies, assembled in a social gathering, which was appointed long before the illness and decease of our beloved friend, the Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., feel forcibly that his death is every one's loss; and remembering with great gratitude the comforting ministrations he has brought to so many of our families in times of similar sorrow, we wish to send to his family now our heartfelt sympathy, and make known to them that, with all our community, we share in their grief.

We also desire to bear our testimony to his purity of life, and beauty of character. In him we saw the ideal Christian man and pastor, — one without a moral blemish. Unselfish to a fault, his heart constantly overflowed with benevolent love for all mankind. To his neighbors and fellow-creatures of all degree he was the familiar, sympathizing friend, the wise, painstaking, faithful counselor, and in conduct the noble exemplar. None could know him without being made better thereby. Beneficent in life, blessed shall be his memory.

Dated, Firemen's Hall, Palmyra, N.Y., Oct. 23, 1883.

Officers.

George H. Crandall, President.
Edward D. Brigham, Vice-President.
H. E. Negus, Treasurer.
A. D. Lamson, Secretary.
E. B. Anderson, Foreman Steamer.
W. A. Powers, Ass't Foreman.
A. R. Seeley, Foreman Hose.
George Barron, Ass't Foreman.
J. C. Coates, Drill Master.

Members.

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F. L. Williams.
Nelson G. Drake.
C. W. Powers.
A. T. Foskett.
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A. M. Beadle.
E. W. Tappenden.
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D. E. Lyon.
George L. Clark.
F. S. Herbert.
Eugene Conant.
G. D. Williamson.
E. J. Hall.
Charles Lyon.
E. S. Lewis.
LaRue Olvitt.
John Griffin.
R. T. Webster.
N. R. Gardner.
G. W. Bennett.
W. B. Pulver.
Isaac Sanford.
George G. Throop.

Honorary Members and Guests.

Pliny T. Sexton.
John G. Webster.
George McGown.
W. H. Bump.
C. B. Bowman.
Lyman Lyon.
C. D. Johnson.
J. W. Taylor.
E. S. Averill.
F. C. Brown.
Henry R. Durfee.
S. W. Sawyer.
S. E. Harkness.
R. L. Leland.
C. H. Brigham.
C. E. Major.
L. D. Trowbridge.
Selmer E. Braman.
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Oliver Durfee.
Hiram G. Clark.
W. H. H. Osborne.
Henry A. Chase.
I. C. G. Crandell.
Wright Gardner.
W. E. Clark.
J. Edgar, Jr.
Gifford H. Post.
Don Lacava.
F. T. Jones.
John Copin.
S. Nelson Sawyer.

Palmyra Lodge of Good Templars. — In Memoriam: —

"Through the interposition of Divine Providence the shadows have fallen; once more the cup of enjoyment is made to overflow with the bitter waters of Marah; once more death has invaded our circle, and removed from our midst our well-beloved brother, ay! our father, — Rev. Horace Eaton. In the evening of life, in the abundance of usefulness, he has been called to lay aside his armor, and rest from his labors. One of the charter members of our Order, associated with us for sixteen years in mutual friendship, attending meetings when pastoral duties and health permitted, we as a Lodge desire to express our respect for his memory, and record our appreciation of his merits, consistent and exemplary life. Underlying his unassuming deportment was a firm conviction of duty which characterized his whole being. In devotion to the interests of religion and the cause of humanity he has left an imperishable monument in the hearts of all who knew him: therefore

"*Resolved*, That as an Order we realize the loss in the death of our brother of an effective co-worker in the cause of temperance, ever ready with assistance and sympathy.

"*Resolved*, That we sincerely sympathize with the family and friends of our deceased brother, earnestly recommending them to Him who knoweth all their sorrow.

"*Resolved*, That as a tribute of respect our Charter be draped in mourning, and the above resolutions be spread upon the record of our Lodge, and a copy presented to the family of our deceased brother."

Action of the Presbytery of Lyons: —

The committee appointed to prepare a minute on the death of Dr. Eaton reported the following, which was adopted: —

"A MEMORIAL MINUTE.

"Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., the senior member of this Presbytery, died at his home in Palmyra, after a brief illness, Oct. 21, 1883. He had been a member of this body from its organization in 1857, and had been its Moderator several times. Since the re-union in 1869 he had served the Presbytery efficiently as its Committee on Home Missions. He represented the body as Commissioner to General Assembly in 1861, 1870, and 1880, and held the position of Commissioner to Auburn Theological Seminary three full terms, having been elected for the fourth term at its last meeting.

"Dr. Eaton had long been venerated as one of the fathers of this Presbytery and of the younger men in its membership; and many remain to testify that he was a remarkable counsellor, — cautious, considerate, wise, and kind.

"He was universally known among us as the friend of the feeble churches, and carried them always in his heart and prayers and sympathies. As a preacher he was affectionate, earnest, and direct. He made Christ, the Saviour of men, the centre of his theology and of his sermons, as well as of his life.

"He had a great heart, which took in all the world, giving the home and foreign interests of Christ's kingdom an abiding-place in his warm and consecrated ministry.

"In all his relations to this Presbytery he was venerated and loved; and now, that in the fulness of time he has been called to his reward, his labor done, we make this record of his worth and the love we bear to his honored memory.

A. PARKE BURGESS,
W. H. LANDON,
WILLIAM L. PAGE,
WILLIAM R. JOHNSON, } *Committee.*

"Done in Presbytery at Newark, N.Y., Dec. 3, 1883.

"H. M. CLARK, *Stated Clerk.* WILLIAM H. BATES, *Moderator.*"

Chi Alpha Memorial Tribute, New York City, Oct. 27, 1883: —

"Forty years ago this circle welcomed to its confidence and fellowship a brother beloved, who has just entered into rest. . . .

"His struggles for self-support while getting an education gave muscle to his character and enlargement to his usefulness in all his after-life. He was naturally modest and unassuming, conceding to his brethren the highest places and honors; but, where a fundamental doctrine or principle was at stake, he was bold as a lion, and firm as his own native granite. The cordial manner with which he received the young pastor who became his successor in Palmyra, together with the constant fatherly support and encouragement he gave him, are worthy of all praise. In his spirit there was no guile: frank, sincere, and honest as the little child. His Christian sympathies were always fresh as a mountain spring: hence his presence was more than welcomed at the bedside of the sick and dying, and at the burial of the dead. He was noted for what the old divines called spiritual-mindedness. God and His law, His word, His worship, and His service were always first in his affections. To honor Him, to live and preach His gospel, and save the souls Christ died to redeem, was his highest ambition and aim. Zealous and generous himself in his Master's work, he longed and labored to make others like-minded. Nor did he labor in vain. His was a successful ministry. Both the dead and the living speak of the good he did them and through them. The churches and communities he served so long and so well will long hold him in grateful and affectionate remembrance. And now, as we gather up these memories of our confiding, loving, and beloved brother, we feel some as Elisha did when, gathering up Elijah's mantle, and looking after him into heaven, he cried, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!'

"The Christian sympathy and heartfelt condolence of Chi Alpha are tendered Mrs. Eaton and her family.

"E. A. Reed, *Secretary of* X A."

MURAL TABLET.

From the "New York Evangelist": —

"Palmyra. — On Sabbath morning, Oct. 19, 1884, we held a very interesting and impressive service. It was the first anniversary of the death of the Rev. Dr. Eaton, who was the well-known pastor of this church from 1849 to 1879. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor had just erected in the church, to his memory, a beautiful memorial tablet. The Methodists and Baptists, of their own accord, came in to participate in this service, making a congregation of nearly a thousand people. The original company of Jubilee Singers from Fisk University, who have been spending some weeks among us, practising and preparing for their winter's work, furnished the music. It is contrary to their custom to sing in the churches on the Sabbath; but they consented on this occasion on account of Dr. Eaton's lifelong interest in their race. They sang with wonderful pathos three selections from Gospel Hymns, 'It is well with my soul,' 'Gathering Home,' and 'The Sweet By-and-by.' The exercises commenced, as usual, with Scripture and prayer. A short address was made by Mr. George S. Johnson, one of the young men, the youngest elder in the church. It was able, touching, and impressive, and ought not soon to be forgotten by the many young people who were present. At the close of his address, the tablet was unveiled, and in behalf of the young people he formally presented it to the church. It is of beautiful Italian marble, and bears this inscription: —

REV.
HORACE EATON, D.D.
OUR PASTOR.
1849–1879.

DIED

OCT. 21, 1883.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH: YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABORS: AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.
Rev. xiv. 13

"Short responsive addresses in behalf of the church and congregation were made by Henry R. Durfee, Esq., and Elder Franklin Williams. Their interesting and appropriate remarks made a deep impression upon the congregation. After a few words by the pastor, Deacon M. B. Riggs offered prayer, and the service was brought to a close. It is touching and encouraging to see the interest all this community take in any thing connected with the history of this honored but humble man of God.

"W. H. Landon."

On the day previous to this Sabbath, loving hands covered Dr. Eaton's grave with beautiful flowers; and during the memorial service at the church on the Sabbath the pastor read the following anniversary elegy, written by Rev. W. W. Runyan: —

"BESIDE HIS GRAVE." For Oct. 24, 1884.

Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D. Died Oct. 21, 1883.

Time's twelvemonth retinue, in solemn train,
(How like a cortège on its graveyard way!)
Hath borne the sear October round again,
With thronging memories of its saddest day.

Here paused the cortège. Here the mortal form
By tender hands was lowly laid to rest,
Where nevermore Time's rude, relentless storm
May smite the brow, or chill the guileless breast.

Ah, how beloved was he, and how revered!
How he did knit our hearts to him in love!
Is he less honored now, or less endeared?
Is he less worthy since he lives above?

A year of sainthood where the seraphs sing!
No idle year of slumber in a tomb.
Full free from world to world his flight to wing,
How could he choose to bide the charnel gloom?

Methinks I see him in his angel youth,
Where Time is not, and bells do never knoll,
New forms of beauty and new lines of truth
Fresh sculptured on his pure and stainless soul.

As shepherds kind, in deserts bleak and cold,
Call long and loudly to the sheep that roam,
So did this pastor watch his flock and fold,
And woo the wanderer to his distant home.

Once, 'mid these hills, these vales, and verdant glades,
He faithful toiled the weary years along;
But requiems now breathe through the whispering shades,
From nodding reeds and insects' vesper-song.

While rustling foliage and the ripened grass,
With billowy tributes pile his bed of clay,
His feet, enfranchised, tread the Sea of Glass;
His eyes, anointed, drink the perfect day.

We *call* him dead. We deck the sod with flowers,
And dewy Night o'erweeps them, for they die;
But he would chide this halting faith of ours:
He lives in memory, and he lives on high.

O sainted pastor, from thy realm serene
Dost thou not hover o'er the flock beneath?
Dost thou not bend above this pious scene,
And yearn to tell us that there is no death?

So sang a poet once, "There is no death";
And such sweet song might soothe a mourner's cry;
For One diviner than the poet saith,
"Believe in me, and ye shall never die!"

'Tis well we ponder near his narrow house,
That earth's careers all gravitate to dust,
But better far that we renew our vows
To live, like his, a life of holy trust.

THE END.

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